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OF  
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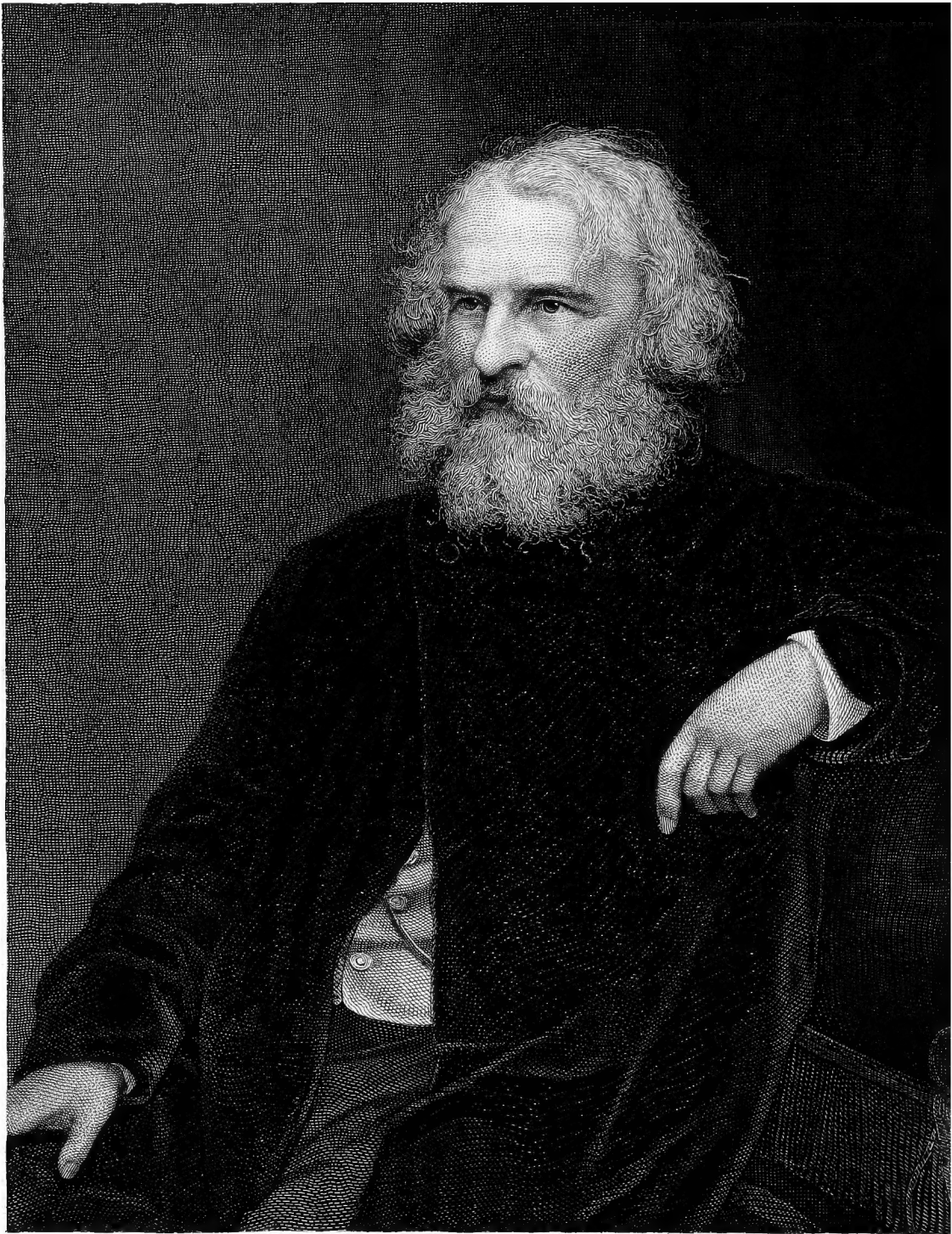












Henry W. Longfellow.



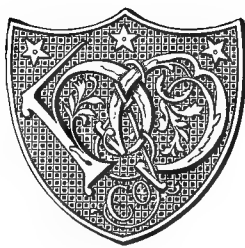




THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*ILLUSTRATED*

VOL. I.



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ARTIST. J. D. MILLIE

But the dark fringe interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves.  
*Prelude.*









Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
Ἐρεβόθεν ἔθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος  
Ἀγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφυρᾶς  
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.



#### PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
 It was a sound of joy !  
 They were my playmates when a child,  
 And rocked me in their arms so wild !  
 Still they looked at me and smiled,  
 As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
 "Come, be a child once more !"  
 And waved their long arms to and fro,  
 And beckoned solemnly and slow ;  
 Oh, I could not choose but go  
 Into the woodlands hoar, —



Into the blithe and breathing air,  
 Into the solemn wood,  
 Solemn and silent everywhere !  
 Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
 Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
 Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
 Of tall and sombrous pines ;  
 Abroad their fan-like branches grew,

And, where the sunshine darted through,  
 Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,  
 Like a fast-falling shower,  
 The dreams of youth came back again, —  
 Low lisps of the summer rain,  
 Dropping on the ripened grain,  
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!  
 Ye were so sweet and wild!  
 And distant voices seemed to say,  
 "It cannot be! They pass away!  
 Other themes demand thy lay;  
 Thou art no more a child!"

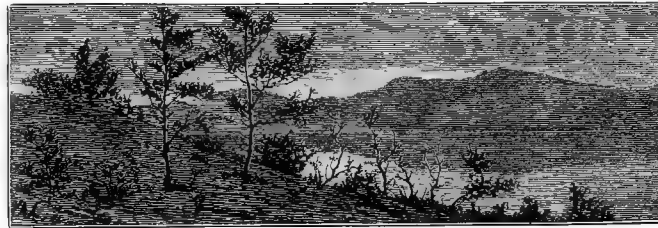
"The land of Song within thee lies,  
 Watered by living springs;  
 The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
 Are gates unto that Paradise,  
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
 Its clouds are angels' wings."

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
 Not mountains capped with snow,  
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
 Where the woodlands bend to see  
 The bending heavens below."

"There is a forest where the din  
 Of iron branches sounds!  
 A mighty river roars between,  
 And whosoever looks therein  
 Sees the heavens all black with sin,  
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds."

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
 Soft rays of sunshine pour;  
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast;  
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;  
 Pallid lips say, 'It is past!  
 We can return no more!'"

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!  
 Yes, into Life's deep stream!  
 All forms of sorrow and delight,  
 All solemn Voices of the Night,  
 That can soothe thee, or affright, —  
 Be these henceforth thy theme."



### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*Ἀσπασία, πρίλλιστος.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
 Sweep through her marble halls!  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with  
 light  
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
 Stoop o'er me from above;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
 The manifold, soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of the  
 Night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
 My spirit drank repose;  
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —  
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
 What man has borne before!  
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this  
 prayer!  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most  
 fair,  
 The best-beloved Night!

## A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream!—  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;  
 “Have naught but the bearded grain?  
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet  
 to me,  
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
 He kissed their drooping leaves;  
 It was for the Lord of Paradise  
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
 The Reaper said, and smiled;

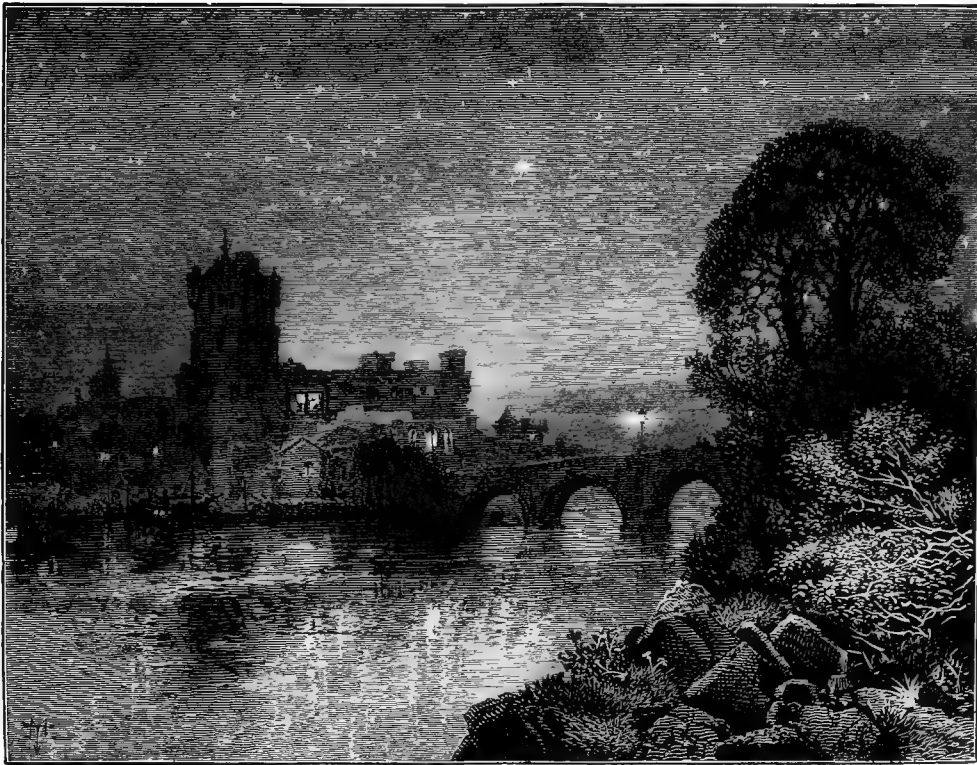
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
 Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
 Transplanted by my care,  
 And saints, upon their garments white,  
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
 The flowers she most did love;  
 She knew she should find them all  
 again  
 In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
 The Reaper came that day;  
 'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
 And took the flowers away.





## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 Oh no! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light  
 But the cold light of stars;  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast,  
 Serene, and resolute, and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.

Oh fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,  
 And the voices of the Night  
 Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
 To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful firelight  
 Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door;  
 The beloved, the true-hearted,  
 Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the roadside fell and perished,  
 Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died!

## FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
 As astrologers and seers of eld;  
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
 Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in those stars above;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
 Written all over this great world of ours;  
 Making evident our own creation,  
 In these stars of earth, these golden flow-  
 ers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
 Of the self-same, universal being,  
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
 Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seem-  
 ing,  
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

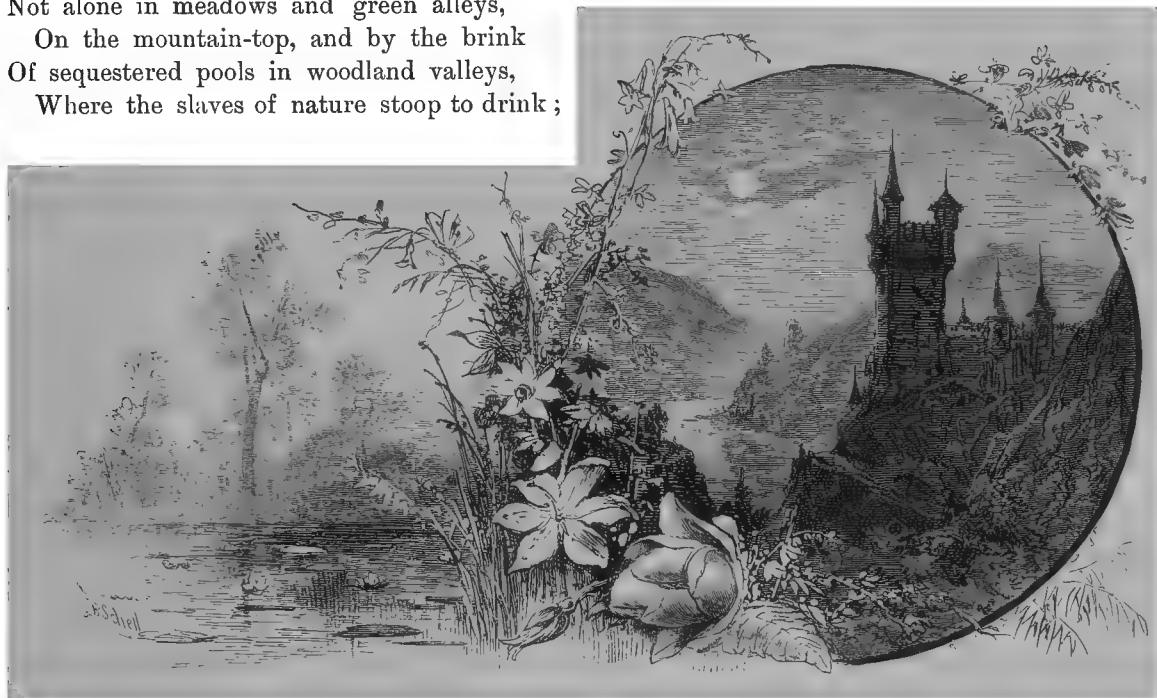
Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
 And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
 In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
 Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling tow-  
 ers,  
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;



In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
 We behold their tender buds expand;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

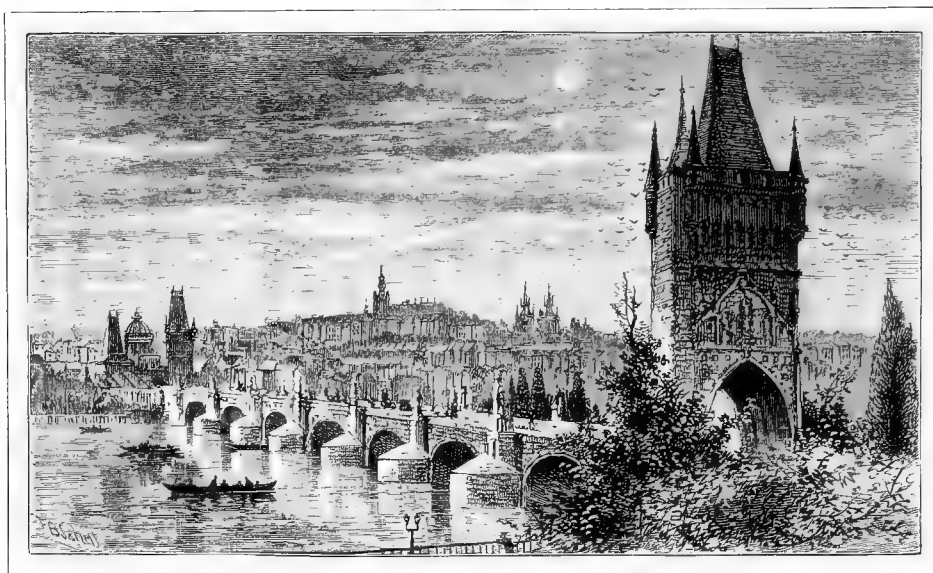
### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous tale,  
 Some legend strange and vague,  
 That a midnight host of spectres pale  
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
 With the wan moon overhead,  
 There stood, as in an awful dream,  
 The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
 The spectral camp was seen,  
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
 No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
 The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
 As clouds with clouds embrace.



But when the old cathedral bell  
 Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
 The white pavilions rose and fell  
 On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far  
 The troubled army fled;  
 Up rose the glorious morning star,  
 The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
 That strange and mystic scroll,  
 That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
 Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
 In Fancy's misty light,  
 Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
 Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
 The spectral camp is seen,  
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
 In the army of the grave;  
 No other challenge breaks the air,  
 But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell  
 Entreats the soul to pray,  
 The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
 The shadows sweep away

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
 The spectral camp is fled;  
 Faith shineth as a morning star,  
 Our ghastly fears are dead.

#### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,  
 And his eye is pale and bleared!  
 Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
 Plucks the old man by the beard,  
 Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
 Solemnly and slow;  
 Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
 It is a sound of woe,  
 A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
 The winds, like anthems, roll ;  
 They are chanting solemn masses,  
 Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
 Pray, pray !"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
 Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
 And patter their doleful prayers ;  
 But their prayers are all in vain,  
 All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,  
 The foolish, fond Old Year,  
 Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
 Like weak, despised Lear,  
 A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,  
 Bids the old man rejoice !  
 His joy ! his last ! Oh, the old man gray  
 Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
 Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,  
 To the voice gentle and low  
 Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
 "Pray do not mock me so !  
 Do not laugh at me !"

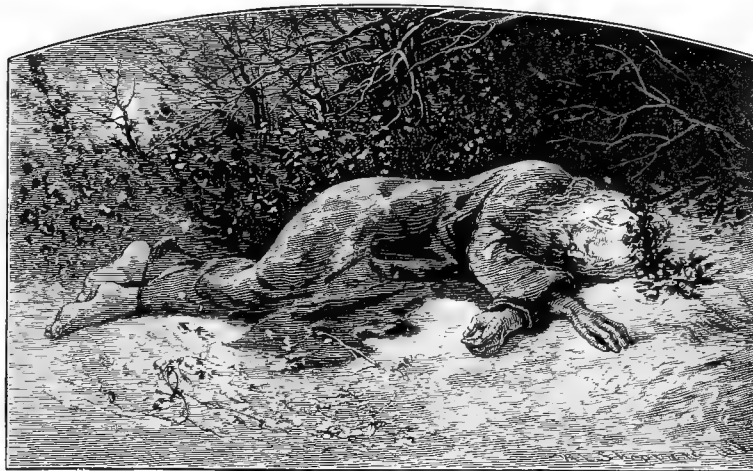
And now the sweet day is dead ;  
 Cold in his arms it lies ;  
 No stain from its breath is spread  
 Over the glassy skies,  
 No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
 And the forests utter a moan,  
 Like the voice of one who crieth  
 In the wilderness alone,  
 "Vex not his ghost !"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
 Gathering and sounding on,  
 The storm-wind from Labrador,  
 The wind Euroclydon,  
 The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest  
 Sweep the red leaves away !  
 Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
 O soul ! could thus decay,  
 And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
 There shall be a darker day ;  
 And the stars, from heaven down-cast  
 Like red leaves be swept away !  
 Kyrie, eleyson !  
 Christe, eleyson !





[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

#### AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright  
forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's  
cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored  
wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves  
along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope  
throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows  
throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.



## AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!  
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers  
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread  
out;

And when the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crim-  
soned,

And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,

Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent  
teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.



## WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
 The summer vine in beauty clung,  
 And summer winds the stillness broke,  
 The crystal icicle is hung.

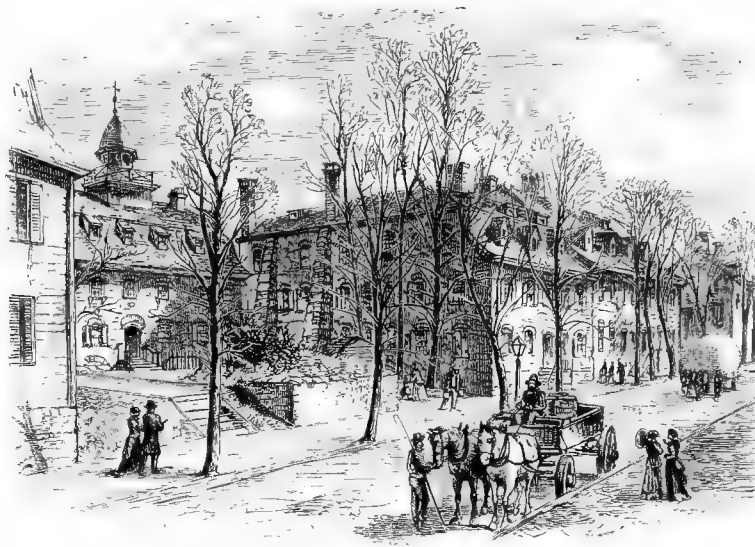
Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
 Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
 Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
 And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
 When birds sang out their mellow lay,

And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
 And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,  
 Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
 Has grown familiar with your song;  
 I hear it in the opening year,  
 I listen, and it cheers me long.



### HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
 Through the chancel shot its ray,  
 Far the glimmering tapers shed  
 Faint light on the cowled head;  
 And the censer burning swung,  
 Where, before the altar, hung  
 The crimson banner, that with prayer  
 Had been consecrated there.  
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
 Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner! May it wave  
 Proudly o'er the good and brave;  
 When the battle's distant wail

Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
 When the clarion's music thrills  
 To the hearts of these lone hills,  
 When the spear in conflict shakes,  
 And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, beneath  
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
 Guard it, till our homes are free!  
 Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
 In the dark and trying hour,  
 In the breaking forth of power,  
 In the rush of steeds and men,  
 His right hand will shield thee then.



“Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! he our love hath shared!  
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner! and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

### SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide  
arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in  
light,  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded  
height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered  
lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland  
fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin  
smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle  
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

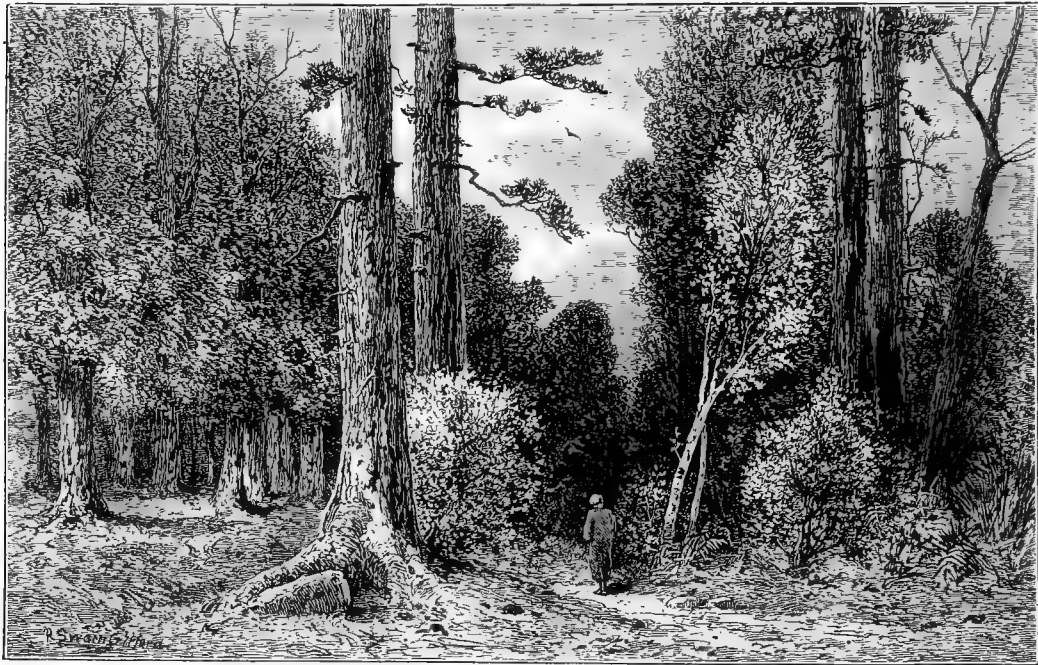
### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south-wind  
blows;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the  
glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft  
air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,

When the fast ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with  
endless laughter.

And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here,  
     amid  
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from  
     earth,  
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air  
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted  
     bards  
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.

For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,  
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,  
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky  
     looks in,  
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,  
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.



And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
 The world; and, in these wayward days of  
     youth,  
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
 As a bright image of the light and beauty  
 That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the  
     clouds  
 When the sun sets. Within her tender eye  
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of May, is  
     hung,

And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair  
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her  
     cheek  
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
 To have it round us, and her silver voice  
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate  
     cadence.



## BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down,  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

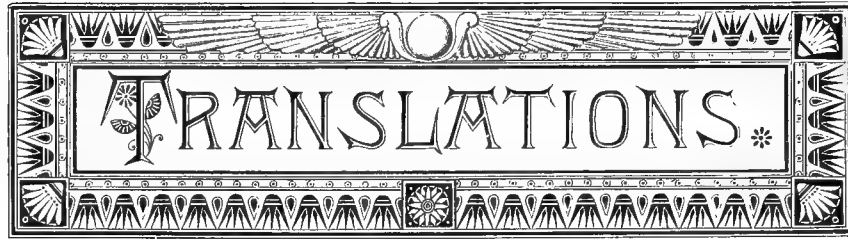
They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head;  
But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh  
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.



[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic.]

### COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

#### FROM THE SPANISH.

OH let the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake;  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past, — the past,  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done;  
And, did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.  
There all are equal; side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
 The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,  
 To Him I cry,  
 Who shared on earth our common lot,  
 But the world comprehended not  
 His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
 Which leads us to the bright abode  
 Of peace above ;  
 So let us choose that narrow way,  
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
 From realms of love.



Our cradle is the starting-place,  
 Life is the running of the race,  
 We reach the goal  
 When, in the mansions of the blest,  
 Death leaves to its eternal rest  
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
 This world would school each wandering thought  
 To its high state.  
 Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
 Up to that better world on high,  
 For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,  
 To guide us to our home above,  
 The Saviour came ;  
 Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
 He suffered in this vale of tears  
 A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
 The shapes we chase,  
 Amid a world of treachery !  
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
 And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,  
 Disastrous accident, and change,  
 That come to all ;  
 Even in the most exalted state,  
 Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;  
 The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek  
 In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
 The hues that play  
 O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
 When hoary age approaches slow,  
 Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
 The glorious strength that youth imparts  
 In life's first stage;  
 These shall become a heavy weight,  
 When Time swings wide his outward gate  
 To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
 Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
 In long array;  
 How, in the onward course of time,  
 The landmarks of that race sublime  
 Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
 Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
 Shall rise no more;  
 Others, by guilt and crime, maintain  
 The scutcheon, that, without a stain,  
 Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
 With what untimely speed they glide,  
 How soon depart!  
 Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
 The vassals of a mistress they,  
 Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;  
 Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
 And they are gone!  
 No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
 But changing, and without repose,  
 Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
 Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
 Reclaimed its prey,  
 Let none on such poor hopes rely;  
 Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
 And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
 Are passions springing from the dust,  
 They fade and die;  
 But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
 They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
 Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
 What are they, all,  
 But the fleet coursers of the chase,  
 And death an ambush in the race,  
 Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
 Brook no delay, but onward speed  
 With loosened rein;  
 And, when the fatal snare is near,  
 We strive to check our mad career,  
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
 And fashion with a cunning art  
 The human face,  
 As we can clothe the soul with light,  
 And make the glorious spirit bright  
 With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour  
 Should we exert that magic power,  
 What ardor show,  
 To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
 Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
 In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
 Famous in history and in song  
 Of olden time,  
 Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
 Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
 Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?  
 Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?  
 On these shall fall  
 As heavily the hand of Death,  
 As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
 Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,  
 Neither its glory nor its shame  
 Has met our eyes;  
 Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,  
 Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
 Their histories.

Little avails it now to know  
 Of ages passed so long ago,

Nor how they rolled ;  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon ?  
Where are the courtly gallantries ?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,  
What were they but a pageant scene ?

What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet ?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore ?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore ?



And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride ;  
Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside !

But oh, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray !  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold ;  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array,  
Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !  
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
 Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
 Unskilled to reign ;  
 What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
 When all the flower of chivalry  
 Was in his train !

But he was mortal ; and the breath,  
 That flamed from the hot forge of Death,  
 Blasted his years ;  
 Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,  
 When raging fierce and fearfully,  
 Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable, the true  
 And gallant Master, whom we knew  
 Most loved of all ;  
 Breathe not a whisper of his pride,  
 He on the gloomy scaffold died,  
 Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,  
 His villages and villas fair,  
 His mighty power,  
 What were they all but grief and shame,  
 Tears and a broken heart, when came  
 The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,  
 Masters, who, in prosperity,  
 Might rival kings ;  
 Who made the bravest and the best  
 The bondsmen of their high behest,  
 Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,  
 When high exalted and elate  
 With power and pride ?  
 What, but a transient gleam of light,  
 A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
 Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,  
 Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
 And baron brave,  
 That might the sword of empire wield,  
 All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
 In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,

In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
 When thou dost show,  
 O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
 One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
 Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
 Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
 And flag displayed ;  
 High battlements intrenched around,  
 Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
 And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,  
 All these cannot one victim keep,  
 O Death, from thee,  
 When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
 And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
 Unerringly.

O World ! so few the years we live,  
 Would that the life which thou dost give  
 Were life indeed !  
 Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
 Our happiest hour is when at last  
 The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
 And sorrows neither few nor brief  
 Veil all in gloom ;  
 Left desolate of real good,  
 Within this cheerless solitude  
 No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
 Or dark despair ;  
 Midway so many toils appear,  
 That he who lingers longest here  
 Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
 And weary hearts ;  
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
 But with a lingering step and slow  
 Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
 To whom all hearts their homage paid,





As Virtue's son,  
Roderic Manrique, he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy,  
Ye saw his deeds!  
Why should their praise in verse be sung?  
The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief!  
To foes how stern a foe was he!  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:  
What grace in youthful gayeties;  
In all how sage!  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car

At battle's call;  
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his  
A Titus' noble charities  
And righteous laws;  
The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully, to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,  
Aurelius' countenance divine,  
Firm, gentle, still;  
The eloquence of Adrian,  
And Theodosius' love to man,  
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command;  
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,

Nor massive plate ;  
 He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,  
 City and tower and castled wall  
 Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,  
 Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
 A common grave ;  
 And there the warrior's hand did gain  
 The rents, and the long vassal train,  
 That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
 The honored and exalted grade  
 His worth had gained,  
 So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
 Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
 His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
 In the stern warfare, which of old  
 'T was his to share,  
 Such noble leagues he made, that more  
 And fairer regions, than before,  
 His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
 Which, with the hand of youth, he traced  
 On history's page ;  
 But with fresh victories he drew  
 Each fading character anew  
 In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
 And veteran service to the state,  
 By worth adored,  
 He stood, in his high dignity,  
 The proudest knight of chivalry,  
 Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
 Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
 And cruel power ;  
 But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
 Soon his own banner was displayed  
 From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,  
 His monarch and his native land  
 Were nobly served ;  
 Let Portugal repeat the story,

And proud Castile, who shared the glory  
 His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
 His life upon the fatal throw  
 Had been cast down ;  
 When he had served, with patriot zeal,  
 Beneath the banner of Castile,  
 His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,  
 That neither history nor song  
 Can count them all ;  
 Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
 Death at his portal came to knock,  
 With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
 To leave this world of toil and care  
 With joyful mien ;  
 Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
 Put on its armor for the fray,  
 The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,  
 So prodigal of health and life,  
 For earthly fame,  
 Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;  
 Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
 They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws near  
 Too terrible for man, nor fear  
 To meet the foe ;  
 Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
 Its life of glorious fame to leave  
 On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth  
 Has no eternity on earth,  
 'T is but a name ;  
 And yet its glory far exceeds  
 That base and sensual life, which leads  
 To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
 Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
 And proud estate ;  
 The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit  
 Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit  
 A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
His prayers and tears;  
And the brave knight, whose arm endures  
Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has  
poured  
The life-blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land,  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart, thy hope is certainty,  
The third, the better life on high  
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;  
My spirit longs to flee away,  
And be at rest;  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh;

The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign  
will  
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth;  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently;  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
Oh, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind;  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest!  
And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with thine amorous, sylvan  
song  
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed  
me,  
Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed  
tree,  
On which thy powerful arms were stretched  
so long!  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide  
shalt be;

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.  
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art  
dying,  
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying,  
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I  
see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt wait-  
ing still for me!

## TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
 Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,  
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
 Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet  
 Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how  
 lost,  
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy  
 feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou  
 shalt see  
 How he persists to knock and wait for  
 thee!"  
 And, oh! how often to that voice of sor-  
 row,  
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,  
 And when the morrow came I answered still,  
 "To-morrow."

## THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on  
 high,  
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade!  
 Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,  
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;  
 But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious pres-  
 ence

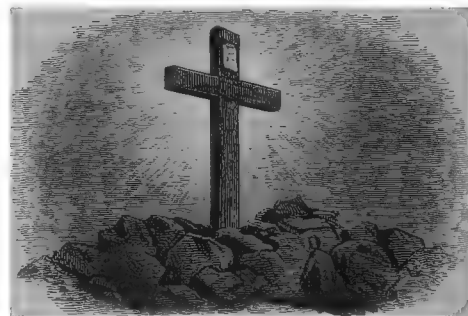
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,  
 death.  
 Beloved country! banished from thy shore,  
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!  
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my  
 dwelling be.

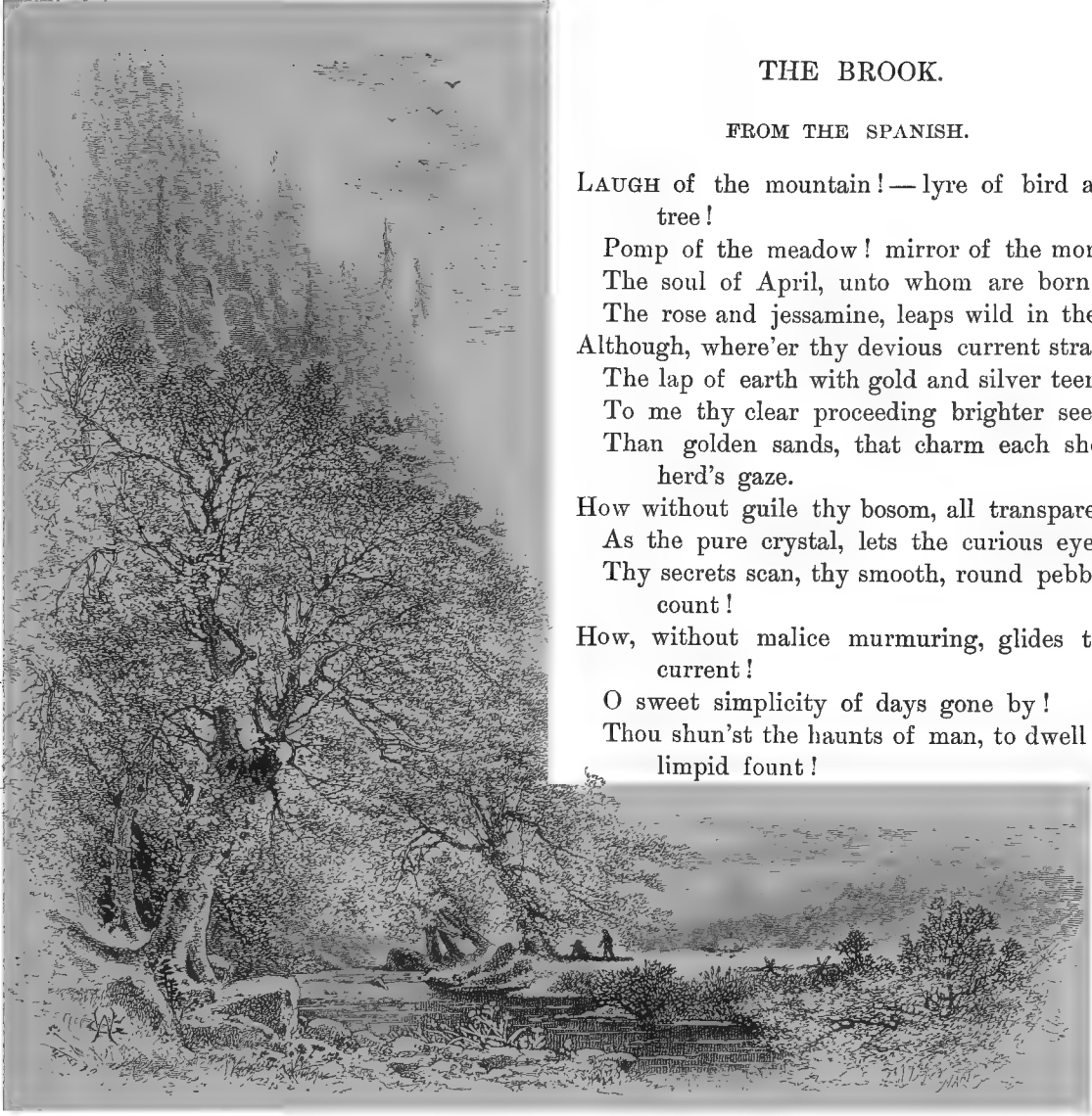
## THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! who seest, from yon starry height,  
 Centred in one the future and the past,  
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
 The world obscures in me what once was  
 bright!  
 Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast  
 given,  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;  
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
 Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.  
 Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass

Doth meet the look of him who seeks it  
 there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.





## THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!

Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!

Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

## THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,

Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red

Down in the west upon the ocean floor,  
Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!

A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.  
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,

Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.  
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared

I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,  
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;

But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,  
He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!"

Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!

Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !  
 See, how he scorns all human arguments,  
 So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
 Than his own wings, between so distant  
 shores !  
 See, how he holds them, pointed straight to  
 heaven,  
 Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like mortal  
 hair !”  
 And then, as nearer and more near us came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he ap-  
 peared,

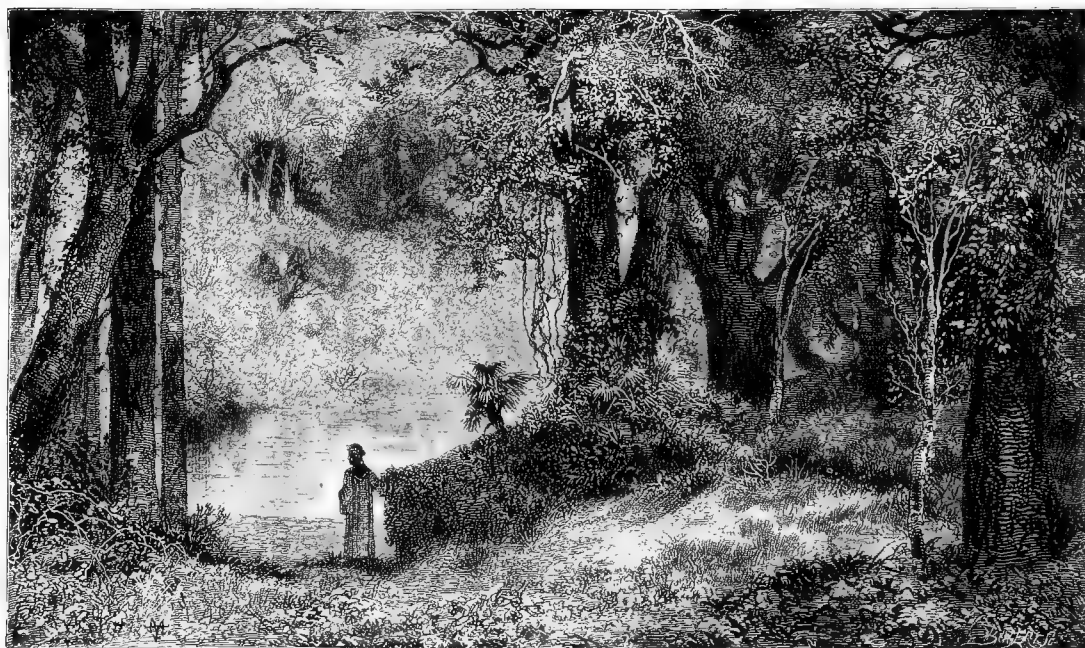
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,  
 But down I cast it ; and he came to shore  
 With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
 So that the water swallowed naught thereof.  
 Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !  
 Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
 And more than a hundred spirits sat within.  
 “*In exitu Israel de Ægypto !*”  
 Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after written.  
 Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

### THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round  
 The heavenly forest, dense and living-green,  
 Which tempered to the eyes the new-born  
 day,  
 Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
 Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
 Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fra-  
 grance.  
 A gently-breathing air, that no mutation

Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
 No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,  
 Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
 Did all of them bow downward towards that  
 side  
 Where its first shadow casts the Holy Moun-  
 tain ;  
 Yet not from their upright direction bent  
 So that the little birds upon their tops



Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;  
 But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
 Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
 That made monotonous burden to their  
     rhymes,  
 Even as from branch to branch it gathering  
     swells,  
 Through the pine forests on the shore of  
     Chiassi,  
 When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.  
 Already my slow steps had led me on  
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
 Could see no more the place where I had  
     entered.

And lo! my further course cut off a river,  
 Which, tow'rd the left hand, with its little  
     waves,  
 Bent down the grass, that on its margin  
     sprang.  
 All waters that on earth most limpid are,  
 Would seem to have within themselves some  
     mixture,  
 Compared with that, which nothing doth  
     conceal,  
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown  
     current,  
 Under the shade perpetual, that never  
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

## BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons,  
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his  
     grave,  
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh,  
 So, upon that celestial chariot,  
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.  
 They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis*,"  
 And scattering flowers above and round  
     about,  
 "*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."  
 Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,  
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,  
 And the other heaven with light serene  
     adorned,  
 And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,  
 So that, by temperate influence of vapors,  
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while;  
 Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,  
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown  
     up,  
 And down descended inside and without,  
 With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,  
 Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,  
 Vested in colors of the living flame.  
 . . . . .  
 Even as the snow, among the living rafters  
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,  
 Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,  
 Whene'er the land, that loses shadow,  
     breathes,  
 Like as a taper melts before a fire,  
 Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,  
 Before the song of those who chime forever  
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres;  
 But, when I heard in those sweet melodies  
 Compassion for me, more than had they said,  
 "Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou thus con-  
     sume him?"  
 The ice, that was about my heart congealed,  
 To air and water changed, and, in my an-  
     guish,  
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from  
     my breast.  
 . . . . .  
 Confusion and dismay, together mingled,  
 Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,  
 To understand it one had need of sight.  
 Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is dis-  
     charged,  
 Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the  
     bow,  
 And with less force the arrow hits the mark;  
 So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,  
 Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,  
 And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its  
     passage.

## SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS. XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,  
 Well dost thou thy power display!  
 For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
 And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.  
 He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,  
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and  
     the rain;  
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
 Their beards of icicles and snow;  
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
 We must cower over the embers low;

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky  
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;  
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;  
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,  
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,  
 Who has toiled for naught both late and  
     early,  
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

## THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,  
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have  
     pressed!  
 Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place  
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,  
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to  
     me!  
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;  
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; Sleep sits upon his brow;  
 His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of  
     harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,  
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold  
     arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!  
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Un-  
     close  
 Thine eye but for one moment on the light!  
 Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again;  
 Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep be-  
     guile!  
 Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,  
 Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

## THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wast born,  
 For thee was a mould meant  
 Ere thou of mother camest.

But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen  
 How long it shall be.



Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be;  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered,  
It is unhigh and low;  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh,  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within;

There thou art fast detained  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell.  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
And leavest thy friends;  
Thou hast no friend,  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee;  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee;  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see.

### KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK. FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.



KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast  
In mist and smoke;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,

In mist and smoke.  
“Fly!” shouted they, “fly, he who can!  
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian  
The stroke?”



Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,  
 Now is the hour!  
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,  
 And smote upon the foe full sore,  
 And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,  
 "Now is the hour!"  
 "Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!  
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
 The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
 Thy murky sky!  
 Then champions to thine arms were sent;  
 Terror and Death glared where he went;  
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent

Thy murky sky!  
 From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol',  
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,  
 And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!  
 Dark-rolling wave!  
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
 Goes to meet danger with despite,  
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
 Dark-rolling wave!  
 And amid pleasures and alarms,  
 And war and victory, be thine arms  
 My grave!

### THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
 Four hale and hearty fellows,  
 And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
 Around the rustic board;  
 Then sat they all so calm and still,  
 And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,  
 A Swabian raised his hand,  
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
 "Long live the Swabian land!"

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
 Cannot with that compare;  
 With all the stout and hardy men  
 And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,  
 And dashed his beard with wine;  
 "I had rather live in Lapland,  
 Than that Swabian land of thine!"

"The goodliest land on all this earth,  
 It is the Saxon land!"

There have I as many maidens  
 As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and  
 Saxon!"

A bold Bohemian cries;  
 "If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
 In Bohemia it lies."

"There the tailor blows the flute,  
 And the cobbler blows the horn,  
 And the miner blows the bugle,  
 Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter  
 Up to heaven raised her hand,  
 And said, "Ye may no more contend, —  
 There lies the happiest land!"

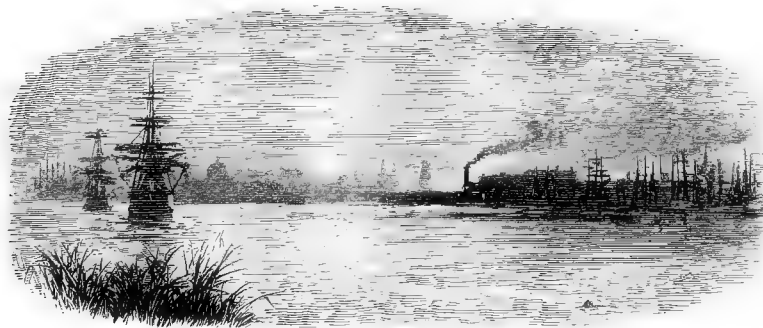
## THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave?  
 Whither, with so much haste,  
 As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,  
 Stained with my margin's dust;

From the struggle and the strife  
 Of the narrow stream I fly  
 To the Sea's immensity,  
 To wash from me the slime  
 Of the muddy banks of Time."



## THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN.

How they so softly rest,  
 All they the holy ones,  
 Unto whose dwelling-place  
 Now doth my soul draw near!

How they so softly rest,  
 All in their silent graves,  
 Deep to corruption  
 Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still!  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies!

And, by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber!

### THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play;  
And everything, that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,  
With thy fluttering golden band?"—

"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea  
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?  
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,

For full to sinking is my house  
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys?  
When thy merry companions are still, at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,  
God bless them every one!  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow;  
And this same song, my whole life long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

### WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,  
Nor who the counsel gave;  
But I must hasten downward,  
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?  
 That can no murmur be;  
 'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing  
 Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
 And wander merrily near;  
 The wheels of a mill are going  
 In every brooklet clear.



## BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
 Take care!  
 She can both false and friendly be,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!  
 She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
 Take care!  
 She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!  
 And she has hair of a golden hue,  
 Take care!  
 And what she says, it is not true,

Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!  
 She has a bosom as white as snow,  
 Take care!  
 She knows how much it is best to show,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!  
 She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
 Take care!  
 It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,  
 Beware! Beware!  
 Trust her not,  
 She is fooling thee!

## SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,  
 When the bridal party  
     To the church doth hie!  
 Bell! thou soundest solemnly,  
 When, on Sabbath morning,  
     Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;  
 Tellest thou at evening,  
     Bed-time draweth nigh!  
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully,  
 Tellest thou the bitter  
     Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?  
 How canst thou rejoice?  
     Thou art but metal dull!  
 And yet all our sorrowings,  
 And all our rejoicings,  
     Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,  
 Which we cannot fathom,  
     Placed within thy form!  
 When the heart is sinking,  
 Thou alone canst raise it,  
     Trembling in the storm!

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
     That Castle by the Sea?  
 Golden and red above it  
     The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward  
     To the mirrored wave below;  
 And fain it would soar upward  
     In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,  
     That Castle by the Sea,  
 And the moon above it standing,  
     And the mist rise solemnly."

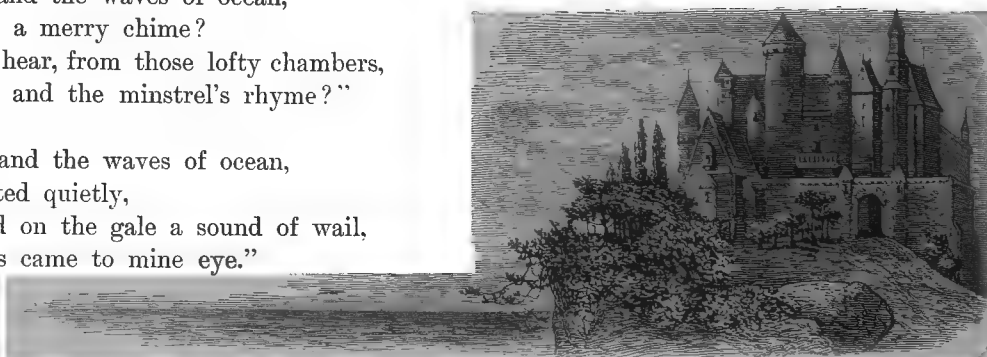
"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
     Had they a merry chime?  
 Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,  
     The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
     They rested quietly,  
 But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
     And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets  
     The King and his royal bride?  
 And the wave of their crimson mantles?  
     And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
     A beauteous maiden there?  
 Resplendent as the morning sun,  
     Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
     Without the crown of pride;  
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,  
     No maiden was by their side!"



## THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness.

Thus began the King and spake :  
"So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked on ;

In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.

"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"  
"Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;  
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"



When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
And the castle 'gan to rock ;  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls glances ;  
Waves a mighty shadow in ;

With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around ;  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
 Every Knight and every Dame;  
 'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
 With mournful mind  
 The ancient King reclined,  
 Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,  
 But the guest a beaker took:  
 "Golden wine will make you whole!"  
 The children drank,  
 Gave many a courteous thank:  
 "Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,  
 Son and daughter; and their faces  
 Colorless grow utterly;  
 Whichever way  
 Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
 He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both  
 Takest thou in the joy of youth;  
 Take me, too, the joyless father!"  
 Spake the grim Guest,  
 From his hollow, cavernous breast:  
 "Roses in the spring I gather!"

### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land!  
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
 Who leads us with a gentle hand  
 Thither, oh, thither,  
 Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
 To you, ye boundless regions  
 Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions  
 Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and  
 band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
 Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
 For all the broken-hearted  
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth  
 stand  
 To lead us with a gentle hand  
 To the land of the great Departed,  
 Into the Silent Land!

### L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose  
 After the Evening's close,  
 And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear  
 Of all who doubt and fear,  
 And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
 That in the groves of balm  
 Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more  
 With the perpetual roar  
 Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
 But speaking from death's frost,  
 Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
 Amid the chills and damps  
 Of the vast plain where Death encamps!





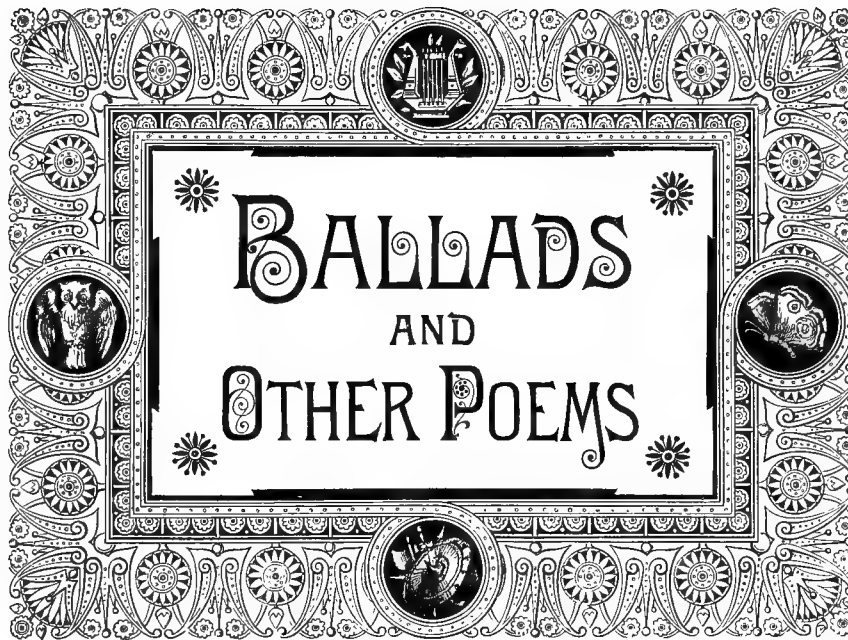


ARTIST: F. A. ABBEY

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid."  
*The Skeleton in Armor*



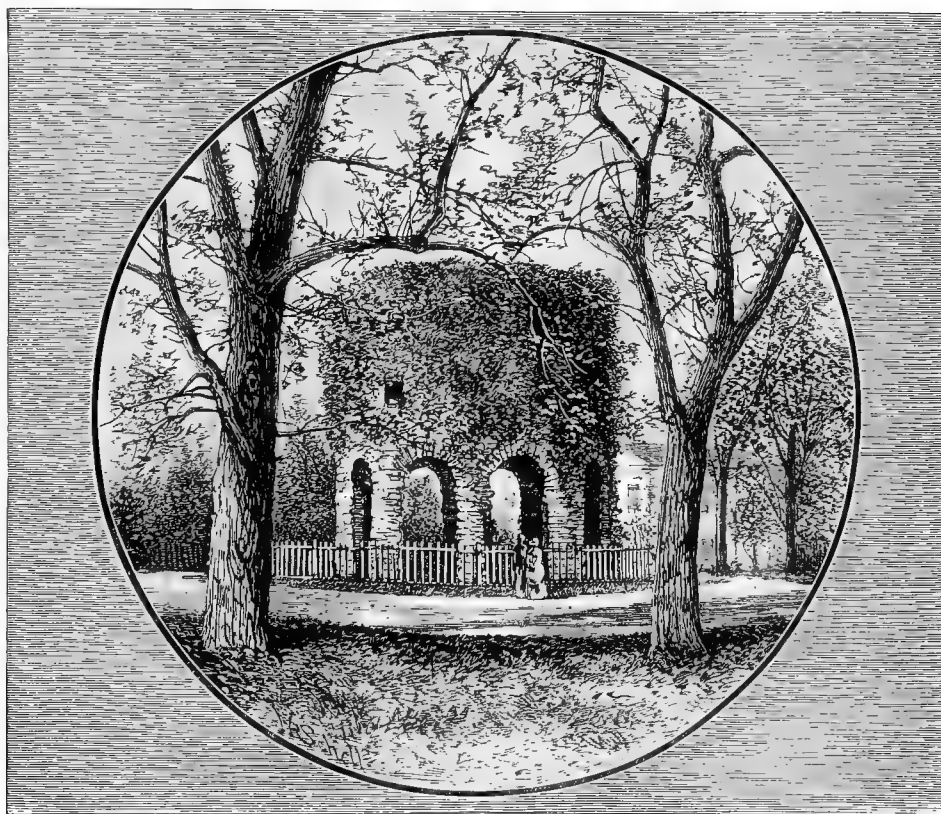








THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.



"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

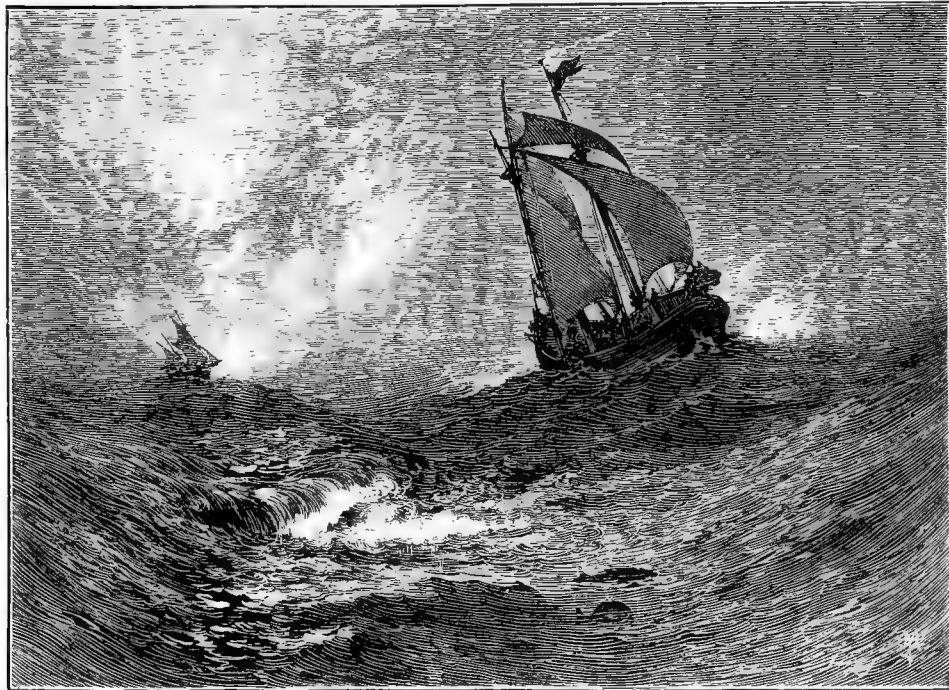
Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
     No Saga taught thee!  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man’s curse;  
     For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,  
 By the wild Baltic’s strand,  
 I, with my childish hand,  
     Tamed the gervalcon;  
 And, with my skates fast-bound,  
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
 That the poor whimpering hound  
     Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
 Tracked I the grisly bear,  
 While from my path the hare  
     Fled like a shadow;  
 Oft through the forest dark  
 Followed the were-wolf’s bark,  
 Until the soaring lark  
     Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,  
 Joining a corsair’s crew,  
 O’er the dark sea I flew  
     With the marauders.  
 Wild was the life we led;  
 Many the souls that sped,  
 Many the hearts that bled,  
     By our stern orders.



“Many a wassail-bout  
 Wore the long Winter out;  
 Often our midnight shout  
     Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk’s tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail,  
     Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
     Burning yet tender;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
     Fell their soft splendor.



"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,  
'Death without quarter!'  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
Oh, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended!

There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skoal!*”  
Thus the tale ended.



### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailør,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!”  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“’T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —  
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!”

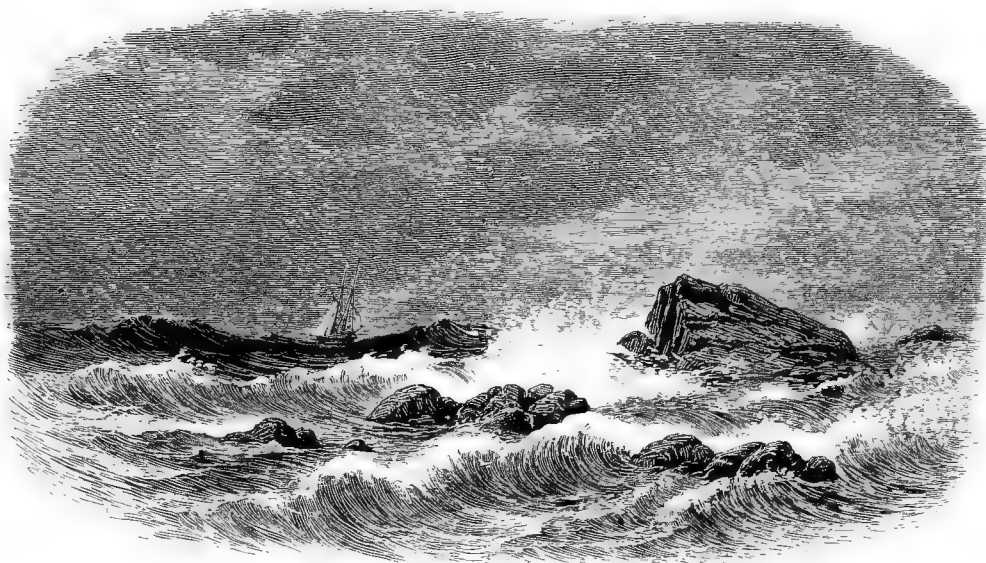
“O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
 Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land;  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.



The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
 She drifted a dreary wreck,  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
 With the masts went by the board;  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
 In the midnight and the snow!  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!



## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;  
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:  
"This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;

Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
It has lasted longer than is right;  
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than  
all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
And through the rift, the wild flames start;  
The guests in dust are scattered all,  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The graybeard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,  
But never, ah never can meet with the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside  
A Knight full well equipped;

His steed was black, his helm was barred;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail  
 Twelve little golden wheels;  
 Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
 And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast  
 A lance that was poised in rest;  
 And it was sharper than diamond-stone,  
 It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
 A wreath of ruddy gold;  
 And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
 The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon  
 If he were come from heaven down;  
 "Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,  
 "So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,  
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet;

I am an Unknown Knight,  
 Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,  
 And have three Maidens thee bedight;  
 So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
 For all the Maidens' honor!"

The first tilt they together rode  
 They put their steeds to the test;  
 The second tilt they together rode,  
 They proved their manhood best.

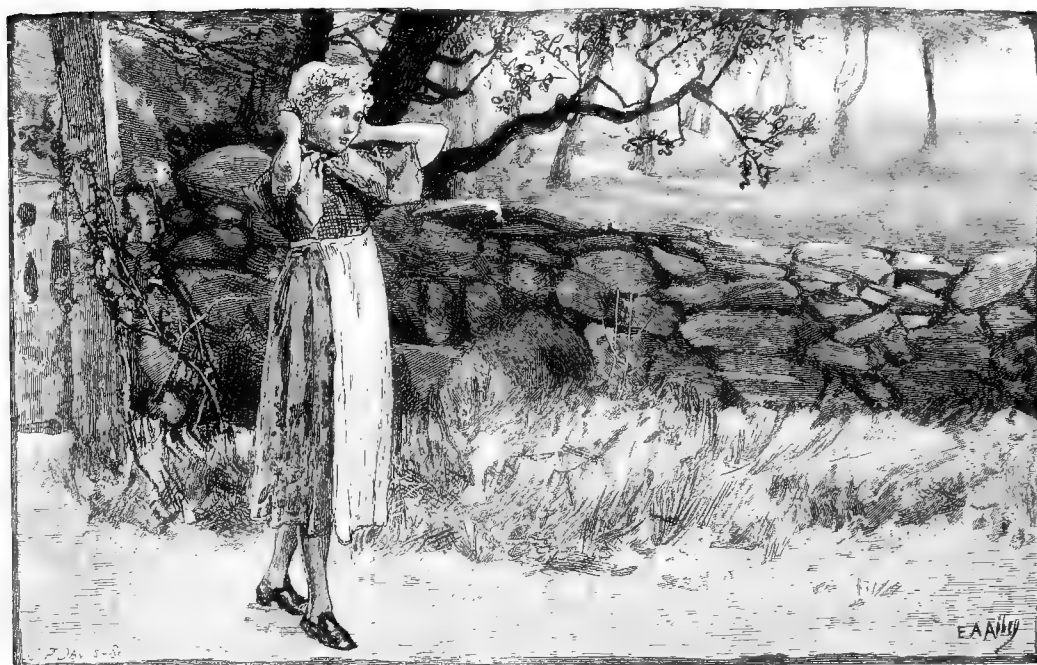
The third tilt they together rode,  
 Neither of them would yield;  
 The fourth tilt they together rode,  
 They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,  
 And their blood runs unto death;  
 Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,  
 The youngest sorrows till death.





FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.



PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village  
 Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,  
 Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun  
 Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.  
 Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,  
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet  
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted  
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches  
 Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.  
 Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor  
 Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron  
 Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.  
 Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,  
 (There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,  
 Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,  
 So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron  
 Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,  
 While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.  
 Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season  
 When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,  
 Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.  
 Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was  
 Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.  
 There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions  
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall  
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood  
 Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.  
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,  
 Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.  
 But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,  
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels  
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,  
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled  
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.  
 Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,  
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.  
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,  
 So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice  
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
 Of the sublime Wallín, of David's harp in the North-land  
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions  
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
 And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
 Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.  
 Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness  
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.  
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.  
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly  
 Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)  
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,  
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;  
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.  
 All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.  
 But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man  
 Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,  
 Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,  
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.  
 Then, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,  
 Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,  
 Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.  
 But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,  
 Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —  
 Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.  
 Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning  
 Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's  
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal  
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.  
 Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,  
 Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.  
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,  
 And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,  
 Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,  
 Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.  
 E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,  
 Leaf by leaf puts forth, and warmed, by the radiant sunshine,  
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom  
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,  
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
 Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers  
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;— and straightway transfigured  
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.





Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment  
 Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.  
 Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent  
 Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.  
 So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,  
 This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye  
 Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.  
 Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;  
 Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor  
 Downward rains from the heaven;—to-day on the threshold of childhood  
 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,  
 For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
 Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth  
 Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye, before ye make answer!  
 Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.  
 Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.  
 Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,  
 Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy  
 Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting  
 Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him  
 Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.  
 Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?  
 Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?  
 Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish  
 God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?  
 Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,  
 Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,  
 Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?  
 Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a clear voice  
 Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing  
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher  
 Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,  
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!  
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!  
 Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,  
 Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,  
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.  
 Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue  
 Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.  
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,  
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.  
 Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
 Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,  
 Oh, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminèd, where Judgment  
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,  
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!  
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal  
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,  
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,  
Known them all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.  
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.  
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows  
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.  
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert  
Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth  
Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,  
Follows so long as she may her friend; oh do not reject her,  
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens. —  
Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant  
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.  
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit  
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.  
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,  
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,  
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.  
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven  
Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship;  
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.  
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,  
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children  
Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and consoles them.  
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded,  
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.  
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?  
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?  
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring  
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who  
Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created.  
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.  
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,  
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums  
Lay themselves down at his feet, and He sees them, but counts them as nothing.  
Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,  
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in his anger  
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.  
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,  
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,

Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.  
 Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number  
 Lie in his bosom like children; He made them for this purpose only.  
 Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth his spirit  
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its  
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.  
 Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.  
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother  
 Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that you may be happy  
 Gave He his only Son. When He bowed down his head in the death-hour  
 Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.  
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing  
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising  
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other  
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, — Atonement!  
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.  
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;  
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;  
 Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;  
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.  
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;  
 One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.  
 Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?  
 Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing  
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided  
 By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?  
 Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter  
 Of the Eternal's language; — on earth it is callèd Forgiveness!  
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples?  
 Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know Him?  
 Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,  
 Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,  
 Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd  
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.



This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.  
 Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among mortals  
 Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,  
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.  
 Hope,— so is called upon earth his recompense,— Hope, the befriending,  
 Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful  
 Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it  
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !  
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,  
 Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
 Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been transfigured,  
 Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.



Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,  
 Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.  
 Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,  
 For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foundation  
 Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh  
 Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.  
 There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,  
 Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.  
 Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous  
 Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an offspring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than  
 Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.  
 Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness  
 Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he who  
 Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until death's hand  
 Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you ?  
 Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only  
 More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
 Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,  
 Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.  
 Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,  
 Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not before him.  
 Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
 Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing  
 Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapors ;  
 Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,  
 Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,  
 Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,  
 Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.  
 You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,  
 Never forgets he the weary ; — then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !  
 Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,  
 Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not ;  
 Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.  
 God of the universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,  
 Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven !  
 Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,  
 Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a father.  
 May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,  
 Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ; again may they know me,  
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,  
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,  
 Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me ! ”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the old man  
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.  
 Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly  
 With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous accents,  
 Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.  
 Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sunday  
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.  
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his  
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts high and holy  
 Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.  
 “ On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard !  
 Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,  
 Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accomplished.  
 Warm is the heart ; — I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.  
 What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is  
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.



Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,  
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
 What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.  
 Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,  
 Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions  
 Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning  
 Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the  
 Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.  
 Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise.  
 See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,  
 Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,  
 Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals,  
 Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms  
 Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,  
 Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,  
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.  
 Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,  
 Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,  
 Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.  
 Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended,  
 Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.  
 Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.  
 Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting  
 Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.  
 Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed  
 Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment  
 Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all  
 Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,  
 Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows  
 Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement  
 Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.  
 But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,  
 Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,  
 And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh  
 Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!  
 Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"  
 Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,  
 "Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,  
 Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:  
 "O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,  
 Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"  
 Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,  
 Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.  
 Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,  
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard  
 Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.  
 But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a  
 Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.  
 Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it  
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there  
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.  
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds  
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,  
 Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,  
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he  
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,  
 Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.





## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.



UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.



And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more,

How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.

## ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;  
 Her level rays, like golden bars,  
 Lie on the landscape green,  
 With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
 As if Diana, in her dreams,  
 Had dropt her silver bow  
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
 She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
 When, sleeping in the grove,  
 He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
 Love gives itself, but is not bought ;  
 Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
 Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,  
 The crown of all humanity, —  
 In silence and alone  
 To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep  
 Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
 And kisses the closed eyes  
 Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !  
 O drooping souls, whose destinies  
 Are fraught with fear and pain,  
 Ye shall be loved again !

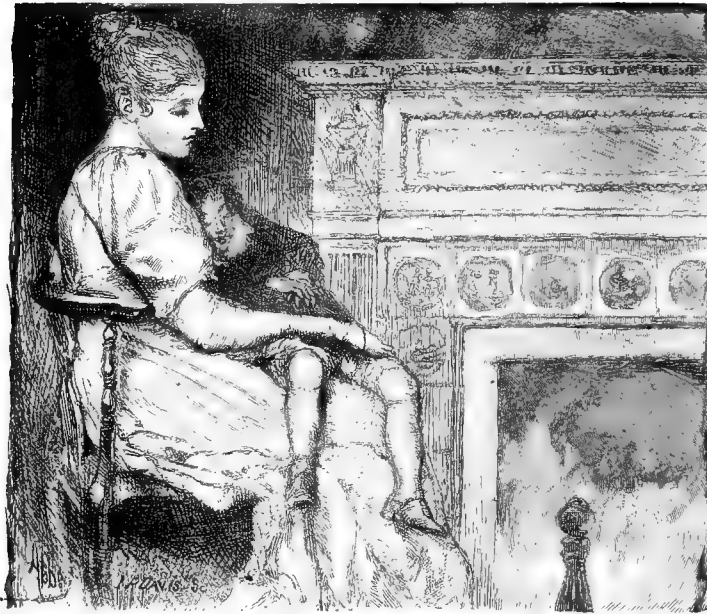


No one is so accursed by fate,  
 No one so utterly desolate,  
     But some heart, though unknown,  
 Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,  
 An angel touched its quivering strings;  
     And whispers, in its song,  
 “Where hast thou stayed so long?”

### THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.



A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
 I wander through the world;  
 Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent  
     And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
     Close in my heart was locked,  
 And in the sweet repose of life  
     A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream, — away!  
     Too long did it remain!  
 So long, that both by night and day  
     It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;  
     To a grave so cold and deep

The mother beautiful was brought;  
     Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
     I bathe mine eyes and see;  
 And wander through the world once more,  
     A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair —  
     Left me that vision mild;  
 The brown is from the mother's hair,  
     The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
     Pale grows the evening-red;  
 And when the dark lock I behold,  
     I wish that I were dead.

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.

*Spanish Proverb.*

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

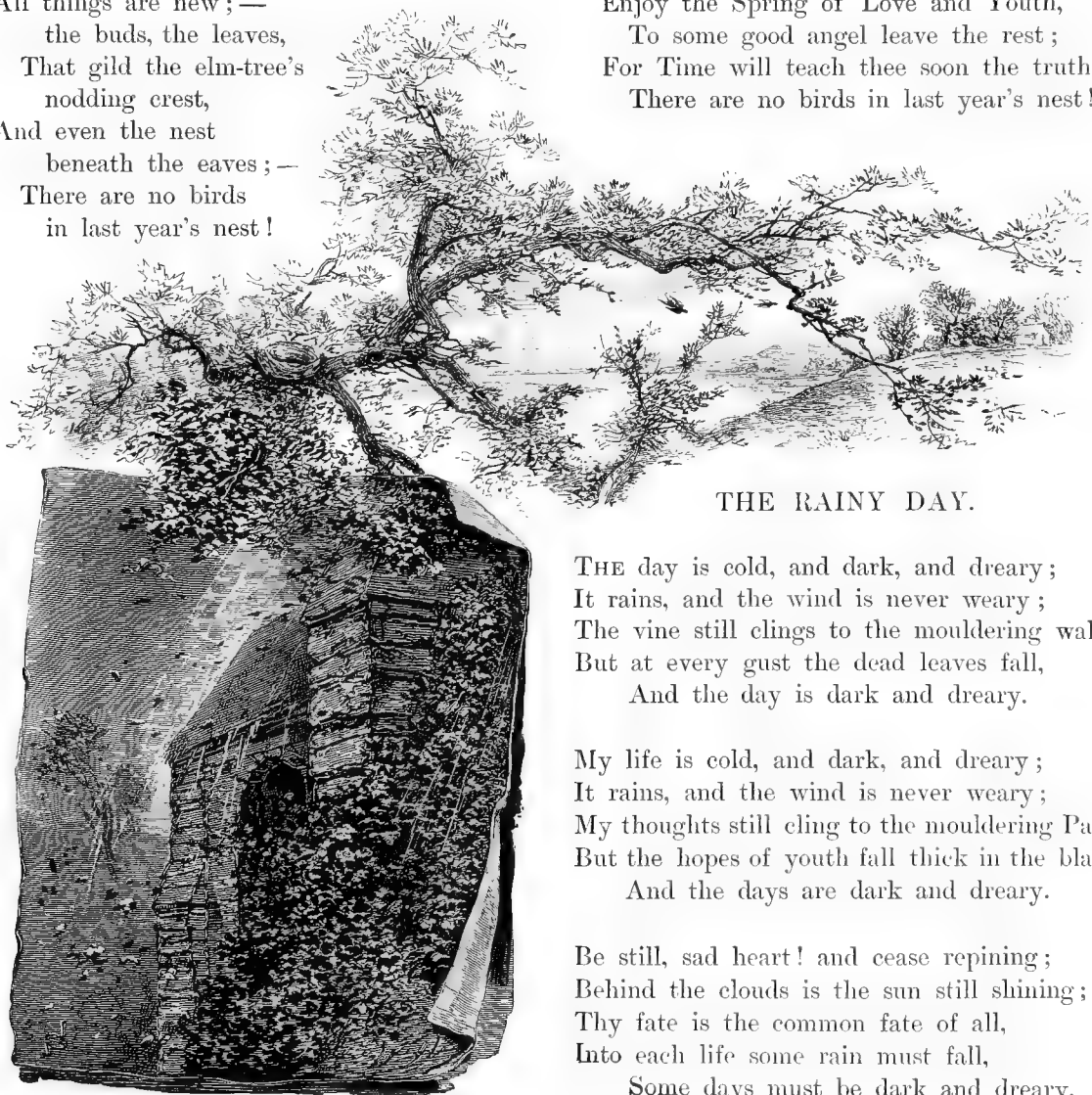
So blue you winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ; —  
the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's  
nodding crest,  
And even the nest  
beneath the eaves ; —  
There are no birds  
in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest !



## THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

## GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
 The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping  
 dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
 The seed that they had garnered in their  
 hearts,  
 Their bread of life, alas! no more their  
 own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
 In the sure faith, that we shall rise again

At the great harvest, when the archangel's  
 blast  
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
 In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
 With that of flowers, which never bloomed  
 on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the  
 sod,  
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
 This is the field and Acre of our God,  
 This is the place where human harvests grow.

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES.



RIVER! that in silence windest  
 Through the meadows, bright and free,  
 Till at length thy rest thou findest  
 In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
 Half in rest, and half in strife,  
 I have seen thy waters stealing  
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
 Many a lesson, deep and long;  
 Thou hast been a generous giver;  
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
 I have watched thy current glide,  
 Till the beauty of its stillness  
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

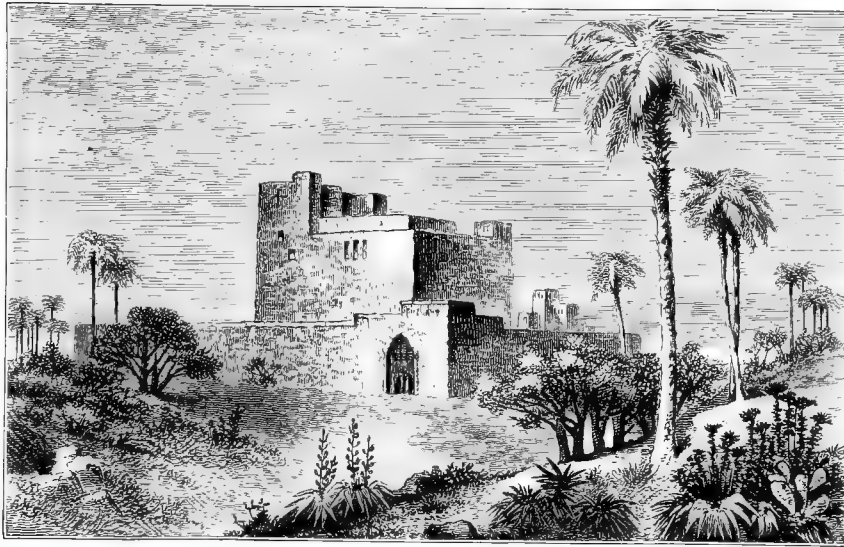
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'Tis for this, thou Silent River!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

## BLIND BARTIMEUS.



BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits;  
He hears the crowd; — he hears a breath  
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"  
And calls, in tones of agony,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!*

The thronging multitudes increase;  
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!  
But still, above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;  
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"  
*Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!*

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands  
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"  
And he replies, "Oh, give me light!  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight."  
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε·*  
*Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!*  
*Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!*  
*Ἦ πίστις σου σεσωκέν σε!*

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;  
 And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
 I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
 And chant a melancholy hymn  
     With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands green,  
 Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
 Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
 Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
     Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
 Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
 When the deep fountains of the heart,  
 By strong convulsions rent apart,  
     Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
 With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
 Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned  
 Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
     And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
 The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
 And in an earlier age than ours  
 Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
     Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;  
 And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
 Mingled it in their daily food;  
 And he who battled and subdued,  
     A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,  
 The leaves that give it bitterness,  
 Nor prize the colored waters less,  
 For in thy darkness and distress  
     New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know  
 How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
 How bitter are the drops of woe,  
 With which its brim may overflow,  
     He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;  
 Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
 The blackness of that noonday night,  
 He asked but the return of sight,  
     To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
 Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear  
 Our portion of the weight of care,  
 That crushes into dumb despair  
     One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
 Steeped to the lips in misery,  
 Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
     Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!  
 The Battle of our Life is brief,  
 The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief,  
     Then sleep we side by side.

## MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,  
 In whose orbs a shadow lies  
 Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
 Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
 As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
 Where the brook and river meet,  
 Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
 On the brooklet's swift advance,  
 On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
 Beautiful to thee must seem,  
 As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
 When bright angels in thy vision  
 Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
 As the dove, with startled eye,  
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
 That our ears perceive no more,  
 Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!  
 Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!  
 Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
 Morning rises into noon,  
 May glides onward into June.



Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
 Birds and blossoms many-numbered; —  
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
 When the young heart overflows,  
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
 Gates of brass cannot withstand  
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
 In thy heart the dew of youth,  
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
 Into wounds that cannot heal,  
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
 Into many a sunless heart,  
 For a smile of God thou art.



## EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,  
     Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,  
     Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,  
     Excelsior !

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;  
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,  
     Excelsior !

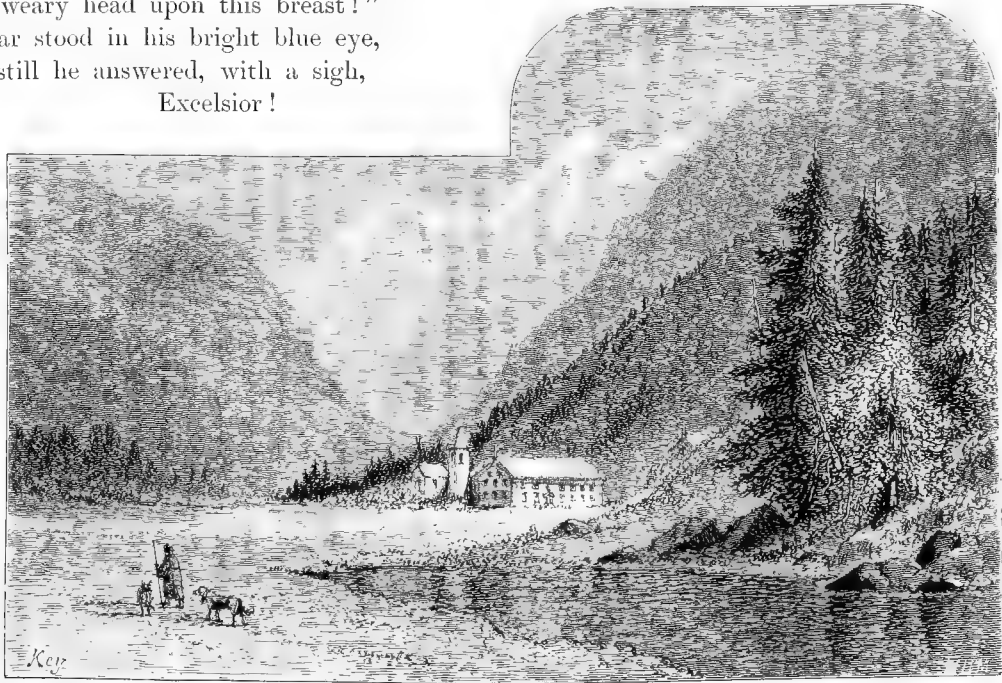
“Oh stay,” the maiden said, “and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast !”  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answered, with a sigh,  
     Excelsior !

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !  
 Beware the awful avalanche !”  
 This was the peasant’s last Good-night,  
 A voice replied, far up the height,  
     Excelsior !

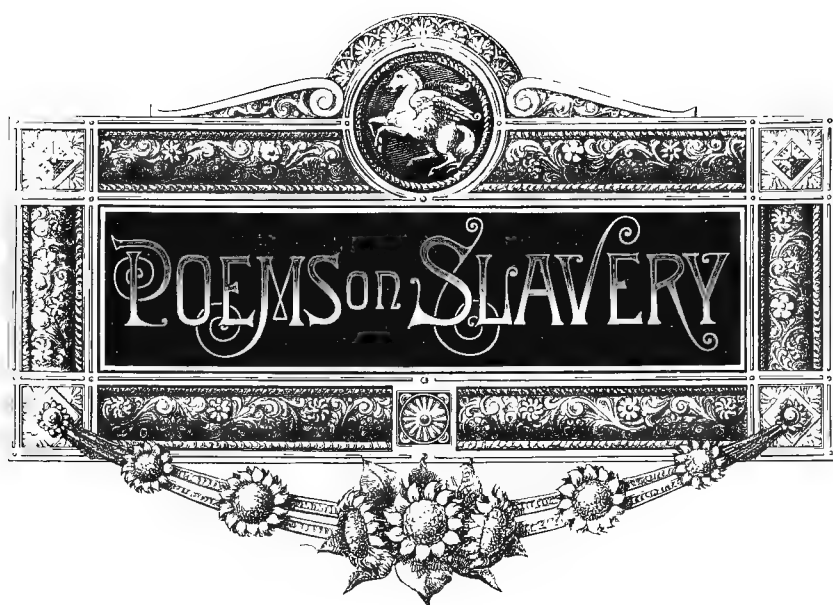
At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air,  
     Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half-buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device,  
     Excelsior !

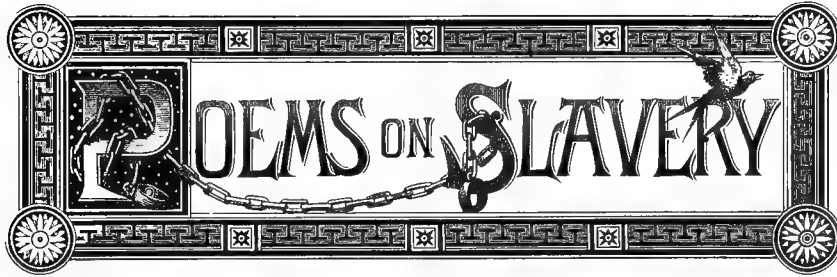
There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell, like a falling star,  
     Excelsior !











[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

#### TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,

The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

#### THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand! —  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
 The bright flamingoes flew ;  
 From morn till night he followed their flight,  
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
 And the hyena scream,  
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
 Beside some hidden stream ;  
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
 Shouted of liberty ;  
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
 With a voice so wild and free,  
 That he started in his sleep and smiled  
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
 Nor the burning heat of day ;  
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
 And his lifeless body lay  
 A worn-out fether, that the soul  
 Had broken and thrown away !

### THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.



SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
 In valleys green and cool ;  
 And all her hope and all her pride  
 Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
 That robes the hills above,  
 Though not of earth, encircles there  
 All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
 With praise and mild rebukes ;  
 Subduing e'en rude village churls  
 By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
 Of One who came to save ;  
 To cast the captive's chains aside  
 And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
 When all men shall be free ;  
 And musical, as silver bells,  
 Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
 In decent poverty,  
 She makes her life one sweet record  
 And deed of charity.

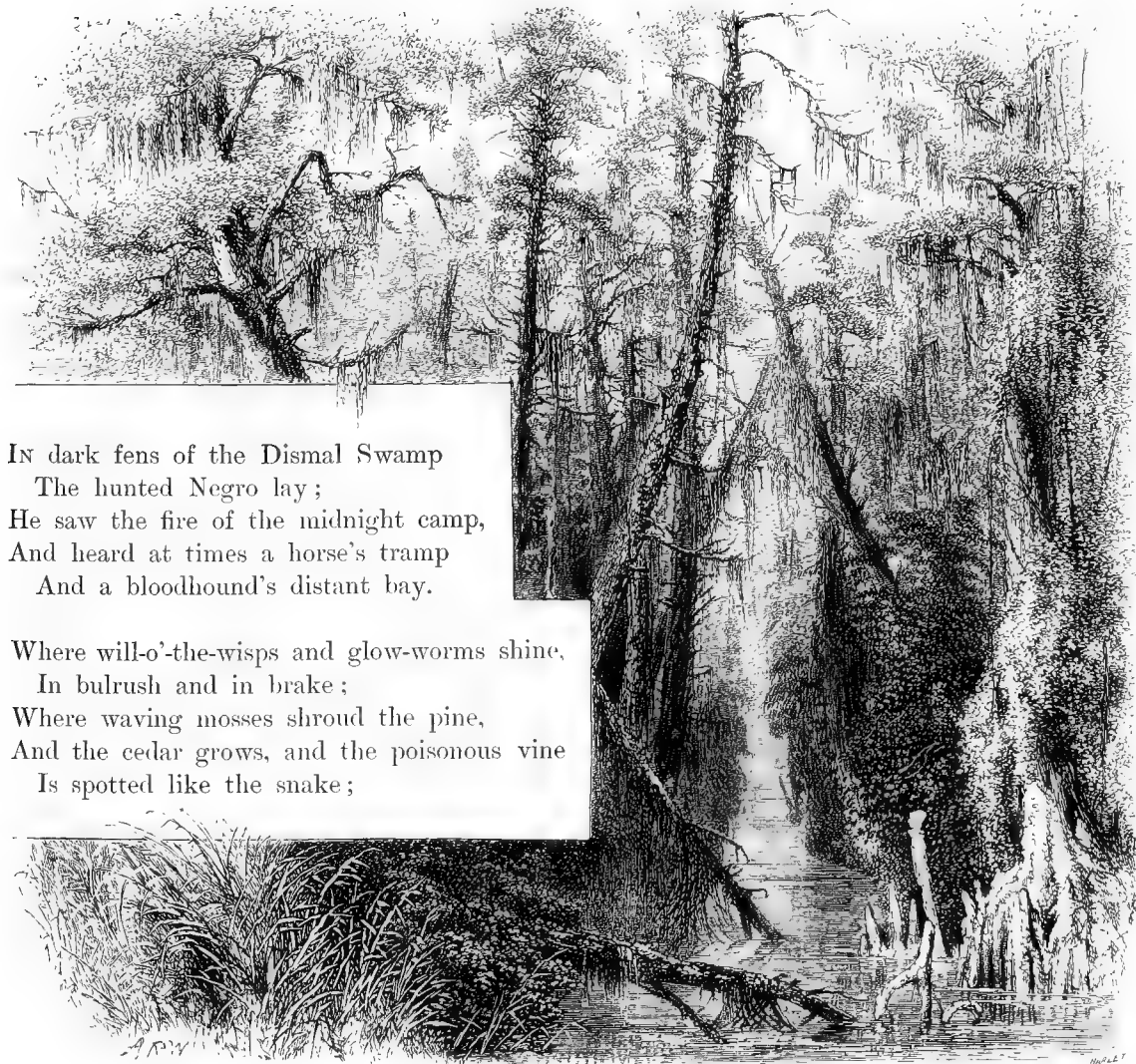
For she was rich, and gave up all  
 To break the iron bands

Of those who waited in her hall,  
 And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
 Their outbound sails have sped,  
 While she, in meek humility,  
 Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
 That clothe her with such grace ;  
 Their blessing is the light of peace  
 That shines upon her face.

### THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.



In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
 The hunted Negro lay ;  
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
 And heard at times a horse's tramp  
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,  
 In bulrush and in brake ;  
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
 Or a human heart would dare,  
 On the quaking turf of the green morass  
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
 Great scars deformed his face ;  
 On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
 And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
 Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
 All things were glad and free ;  
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
 And wild birds filled the echoing air  
 With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
 From the morning of his birth ;  
 On him alone the curse of Cain  
 Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
 And struck him to the earth !

#### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !  
 He, a Negro and enslaved,  
 Sang of Israel's victory,  
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
 Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
 In a voice so sweet and clear  
 That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
 When upon the Red Sea coast  
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
 Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
 For its tones by turns were glad,  
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
 And an earthquake's arm of might  
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel  
 Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
 And what earthquake's arm of might  
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

#### THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,  
 Half buried in the sands,  
 Lie skeletons in chains,  
 With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
 Deeper than plummet lies,  
 Float ships, with all their crews,  
 No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
 Freight with human forms,  
 Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
 Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;  
 They gleam from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from yawning waves,  
 " We are the Witnesses ! "

Within Earth's wide domains  
 Are markets for men's lives ,  
 Their necks are galled with chains,  
 Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
 In deserts makes its prey ;  
 Murders, that with affright  
 Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;  
 Anger, and lust, and pride ;  
 The foulest, rankest weeds,  
 That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;  
 They glare from the abyss ;  
 They cry, from unknown graves,  
 " We are the Witnesses ! "

## THE QUADROON GIRL



THE Slaver in the broad lagoon  
 Lay moored with idle sail ;  
 He waited for the rising moon,  
 And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
 And all her listless crew  
 Watched the gray alligator slide  
 Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,  
 Reached them from time to time,  
 Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
 Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
 Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;  
 The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
 He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides  
 In yonder broad lagoon ;  
 I only wait the evening tides,  
 And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,  
 In timid attitude,  
 Like one half curious, half amazed,  
 A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
 Her arms and neck were bare;  
 No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,  
 And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile  
 As holy, meek, and faint,  
 As lights in some cathedral aisle  
 The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren, — the farm is old,"  
 The thoughtful planter said;  
 Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
 And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife  
 With such accursed gains:  
 For he knew whose passions gave her life,  
 Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;  
 He took the glittering gold!  
 Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek  
 Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,  
 He led her by the hand,  
 To be his slave and paramour  
 In a strange and distant land!

### THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore  
 The lion in his path, — when, poor and blind,  
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
 Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be  
 A pander to Philistine revelry, —

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow  
 Destroyed himself, and with him those who  
 made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;  
 The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of  
 all,  
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

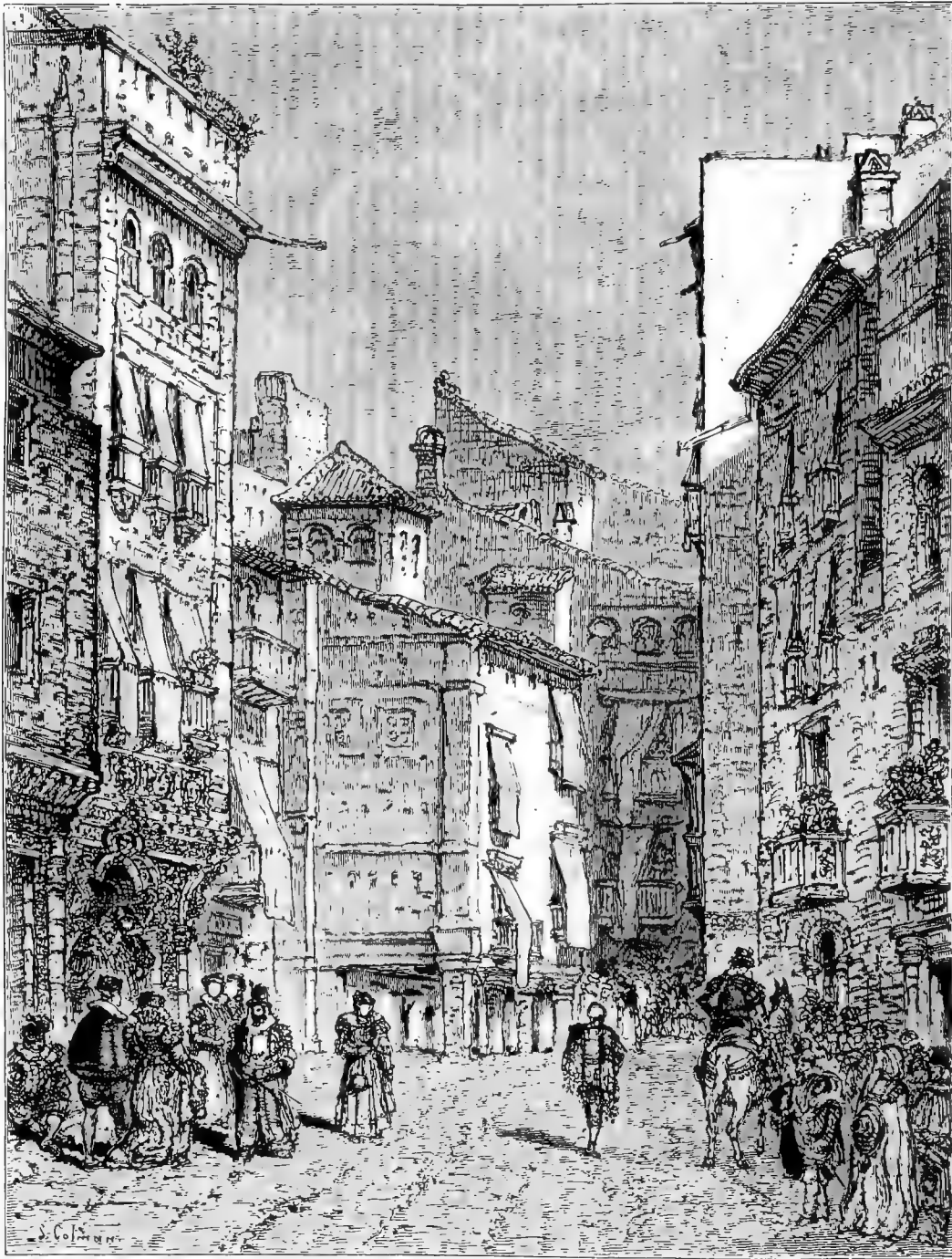
There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,  
 Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds  
 of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
 And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,  
 Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.









ARTIST: SAMUEL COLMAN

STREET IN MADRID











## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN } . . . . .	<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO } . . . . .	
THE COUNT OF LARA } . . . . .	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS } . . . . .	
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	
BELTRAN CRUZADO . . . . .	<i>Count of the Gypsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN . . . . .	<i>A young Gypsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO . . . . .	<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO . . . . .	<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO . . . . .	<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA . . . . .	<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR . . . . .	<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA . . . . .	<i>A Gypsy Girl.</i>
ANGELICA . . . . .	<i>A poor Girl.</i>
MARTINA . . . . .	<i>The Padre Cura's Niece.</i>
DOLORES . . . . .	<i>Preciosa's Maid.</i>
<i>Gypsies, Musicians. etc</i>	

### ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night.*  
*The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing*  
*with DON CARLOS.*

*Lara.* You were not at the play to-night,  
Don Carlos;  
How happened it?

*Don C.* I had engagements elsewhere.  
Pray who was there?

*Lara.* Why, all the town and court.  
The house was crowded; and the busy fans  
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies  
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.  
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;  
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,  
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,  
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

*Don C.* What was the play?

*Lara.* It was a dull affair;  
One of those comedies in which you see,

As Lope says, the history of the world  
Brought down from Genesis to the day of  
Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,  
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,  
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and  
saying,

"Oh, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,  
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,  
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,  
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,  
Who looks intently where he knows she is  
not!

*Don C.* Of course, the Preciosa danced to-  
night?

*Lara.* And never better. Every footstep fell  
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.  
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

*Don C.* Almost beyond the privilege of  
woman!  
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal, — queen-like, — and her face  
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

*Lara.* May not a saint fall from her Paradise,  
And be no more a saint?

*Don C.* Why do you ask?

*Lara.* Because I have heard it said this angel fell,

And though she is a virgin outwardly,  
Within she is a sinner; like those panels  
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks  
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary  
On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

*Don C.* You do her wrong; indeed, you do  
her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.



*Lara.* How credulous you are! Why look  
you, friend,  
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,  
In this whole city! And would you persuade  
me  
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,  
Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,  
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood  
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held  
A model for her virtue?

*Don C.* You forget  
She is a Gypsy girl.

*Lara.* And therefore won  
The easier.

*Don C.* Nay, not to be won at all!  
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes  
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.  
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember  
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,  
Whose craft was to betray the young and  
fair;  
And yet this woman was above all bribes.  
And when a noble lord, touched by her  
beauty,  
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,  
Offered her gold to be what she made others,  
She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,  
And smote him in the face!



*Lara.* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

*Don C.* It proves a nobleman may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I believe  
That woman, in her deepest degradation,  
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,  
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark, retains  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

*Lara.* Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

*Don C. (rising).* I do not think so.

*Lara.* I am sure of it.  
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer.  
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

*Don C.* 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay  
You will not be persuaded.

*Lara.* Yes; persuade me.

*Don C.* No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

*Lara.* No one so blind as he who will not see!

*Don C.* And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,  
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

*Lara.* Greater faith!  
I have the greatest faith; for I believe  
Victorian is her lover. I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter  
Another, and another, and another,  
Chasing each other through her zodiac,  
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,  
What speed with Preciosa?

*Fran.* None, my lord.  
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

*Lara.* Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

*Fran.* Yes, my lord;  
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

*Lara.* What was he doing there?

*Fran.* I saw him buy  
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

*Lara.* Was there another like it?

*Fran.* One so like it  
I could not choose between them.

*Lara.* It is well.  
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.  
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

*Chispa.* Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

*First Mus.* Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

*Chispa.* Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

*First Mus.* Why so?

*Chispa.* Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

*First Mus.* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa.* Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

*First Mus.* No, your honor.

*Chispa.* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*Second and Third Musicians.* We play the bandurria.

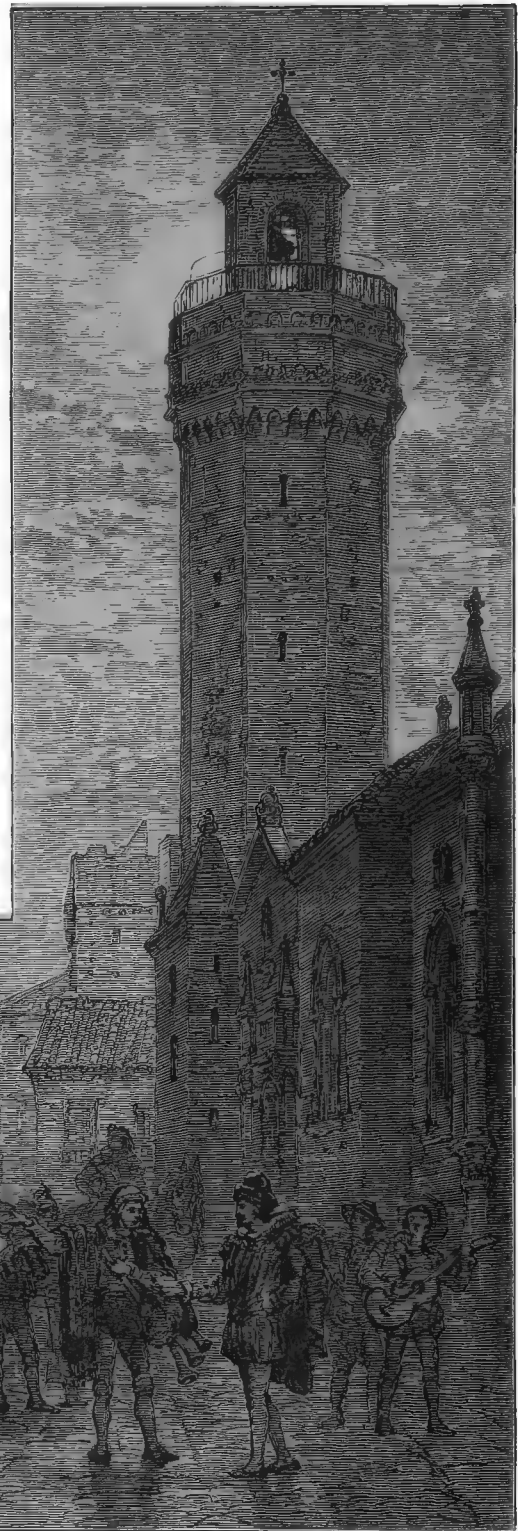
*Chispa.* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*Fourth Mus.* The fife.

*Chispa.* I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus.* We are the singers, please your honor.

*Chispa.* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral



of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *PRECIOSA'S chamber. She stands at the open window.*

*Prec.* How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.  
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,  
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

(*Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.*)

*Vict.* Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!  
*Prec.* I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!  
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!  
Did no one see thee?  
*Vict.* None, my love, but thou.  
*Prec.* 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone  
I chide myself for letting thee come here  
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?  
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.  
*Vict.* Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.  
Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,  
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;  
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night  
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.  
*Prec.* An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.  
*Vict.* And we shall sit together unmolested,  
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,  
As singing birds from one bough to another.  
*Prec.* That were a life to make time envious!  
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.  
I saw thee at the play.  
*Vict.* Sweet child of air!  
Never did I behold thee so attired  
And garmented in beauty as to-night!  
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?  
*Prec.* Am I not always fair?  
*Vict.* Ay, and so fair  
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,  
And wish that they were blind.  
*Prec.* I heed them not;  
When thou art present, I see none but thee!  
*Vict.* There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes  
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.  
*Prec.* And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.  
*Vict.* Thou comest between me and those books too often!  
I see thy face in everything I see!  
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,



The canticles are changed to sarabands,  
And with the learned doctors of the schools  
I see thee dance cachuchas.

*Prec.* In good sooth,  
I dance with learned doctors of the schools  
To-morrow morning.

*Vict.* And with whom, I pray?

*Prec.* A grave and reverend Cardinal, and  
his Grace  
The Archbishop of Toledo.

*Vict.* What mad jest  
Is this?

*Prec.* It is no jest; indeed it is not.

*Vict.* Prithce, explain thyself.

*Prec.* Why, simply thus.  
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into  
Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

*Vict.* I have heard it whispered.

*Prec.* Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold  
With his own eyes these dances; and the Arch-  
bishop  
Has sent for me —

*Vict.* That thou mayest dance before them!  
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe  
The fire of youth into these gray old men!  
'T will be thy proudest conquest!

*Prec.* Saving one.  
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,  
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

*Vict.* The sweetest beggar that e'er asked  
for alms;  
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw  
thee

I gave my heart away!

*Prec.* Dost thou remember  
When first we met?

*Vict.* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

*Prec.* 'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blos-  
somed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.  
The priests were singing, and the organ  
sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.  
It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.  
I never had been happy till that moment.

*Vict.* Thou blessed angel!

*Prec.* And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak  
To any one that day. But from that day  
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

*Vict.* Remember him no more. Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !  
I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

*Prec.* I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

*Vict.* That was the first sound in the song of love !

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.  
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear  
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

*Prec.* That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings ?

*Vict.* So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.  
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,  
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

*Prec.* I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !

I cannot reason ; I can only feel !  
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think  
We cannot walk together in this world !  
The distance that divides us is too great !  
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;  
I must not hold thee back.

*Vict.* Thou little skeptic !  
Dost thou still doubt ? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect !  
The intellect is finite ; but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.  
Compare me with the great men of the earth ;  
What am I ? Why, a pygmy among giants !  
But if thou lovest, — mark me ! I say lovest,  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !  
The world of the affections is thy world,  
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,  
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced ?

*Prec.* Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven ;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.  
How shall I more deserve it ?

*Vict.* Loving more.

*Prec.* I cannot love thee more ; my heart is full.

*Vict.* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands  
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,  
And still do thirst for more.

*A Watchman (in the street).* Ave Maria  
Purissima ! 'T is midnight and serene !

*Vict.* Hear'st thou that cry ?

*Prec.* It is a hateful sound,  
To scare thee from me !

*Vict.* As the hunter's horn  
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds  
The moor-fowl from his mate.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go !

*Vict.* I must away to Alcalá to-night.  
Think of me when I am away.

*Prec.* Fear not !  
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

*Vict. (giving her a ring).* And to remind  
thee of my love, take this ;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity ;  
A ruby, — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

*Prec.* It is an ancient saying, that the ruby  
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves  
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,  
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas !  
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

*Vict.* What convent of barefooted Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology ?

*Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth).*  
Hush ! hush !

Good night ! and may all holy angels guard  
thee !

*Vict.* Good night ! good night ! Thou art  
my guardian angel !  
I have no other saint than thou to pray to !

*(He descends by the balcony.)*

*Prec.* Take care, and do not hurt thee.  
Art thou safe ?

*Vict. (from the garden).* Safe as my love  
for thee ! But art thou safe ?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight  
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;  
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night  
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

*Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief).*

Thou silly child! Take this to blind  
thine eyes.

It is my benison!

*Vict.* And brings to me  
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind  
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath  
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

*Prec.* Make not thy voyage long.

*Vict.* To-morrow night  
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star  
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!  
My beauteous star! My star of love, good  
night!

*Prec.* Good night!

*Watchman (at a distance).* Ave Maria  
Purissima!

SCENE IV. — *An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BALTSAR  
asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

*Chispa.* And here we are, half-way to  
Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body  
o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out,  
and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Bal-  
tasar!

*Bal. (waking).* Here I am.

*Chispa.* Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed  
Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring  
a light, and let me have supper.

*Bal.* Where is your master?

*Chispa.* Do not trouble yourself about him.  
We have stopped a moment to breathe our  
horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and  
down in the open air, looking into the sky  
as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy  
my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I  
am in a hurry, and every man stretches his  
legs according to the length of his coverlet.  
What have we here?

*Bal. (setting a light on the table).* Stewed  
rabbit.

*Chispa (eating).* Conscience of Portalegre!  
Stewed kitten, you mean!

*Bal.* And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with  
a roasted pear in it.

*Chispa (drinking).* Ancient Baltasar, amigo!  
You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar.  
I tell you this is nothing but Vinto Tinto of  
La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

*Bal.* I swear to you by Saint Simon and  
Judas, it is all as I say.

*Chispa.* And I swear to you by Saint Peter  
and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing.  
Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's  
dinner, very little meat and a great deal of  
tablecloth.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha!



*Chispa.* And more noise than nuts.

*Bal.* Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

*Chispa.* No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

*Bal.* Why does he go so often to Madrid?

*Chispa.* For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

*Bal.* I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

*Chispa.* What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

*Vict. (without).* Chispa!

*Chispa.* Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

*Vict.* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

*Chispa.* Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

*Hyp.* I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be late. Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo. The only place in which one cannot find him Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney-corner, Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day,"

*Vict.* Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

*Hyp.* Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

*Vict.* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say; Those that remained, after the six were burned, Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

*Hyp.* Thou meanest Preciosa.

*Vict.* Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image haunted me Long after we returned to Alcalá. She's in Madrid.

*Hyp.* I know it.

*Vict.* And I'm in love.

*Hyp.* And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

*Vict.* Oh pardon me, my friend, If I so long have kept this secret from thee; But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time, They sink again, they were not meant for us.

*Hyp.* Alas! alas! I see thou art in love. Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell  
me, lover,  
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?  
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;  
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
Nec centenni commendare  
Sciret Seraph studio!*

*Vict.* Pray, do not jest! This is no time  
for it!  
I am in earnest!

*Hyp.* Seriously enamored?  
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá  
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,  
How meanest thou?

*Vict.* I mean it honestly.

*Hyp.* Surely thou wilt not marry her!

*Vict.* Why not?

*Hyp.* She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,  
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy  
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict.* They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended.

*Hyp.* But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her.

*Vict.* In truth I will.  
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!  
She is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

*Hyp.* If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy  
forehead,  
'T will be indeed a wonder.

*Vict.* Out upon thee  
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,  
Is there no virtue in the world?

*Hyp.* Not much.  
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this  
moment;  
Now, while we speak of her?

*Vict.* She lies asleep,  
And from her parted lips her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of  
flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast  
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,  
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
Like a light barge safe moored.

*Hyp.* Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

*Vict.* Oh, would I had the old magician's  
glass

To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

*Hyp.* And wouldst thou venture?

*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would!

*Hyp.* Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er  
reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

*Vict.* Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!  
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we, by some spell of magic, change  
The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we cast  
Into the hollow chasms of human life!

What groups should we behold about the  
death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal poms, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and strug-  
gling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

*Hyp.* Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,  
That is the very point I most should dread.  
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,  
Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair  
cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,  
Desertest for this Glaucè.

*Vict.* Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,  
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,  
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

*Hyp. (rising).* And so, good night! Good  
morning, I should say.

*(Clock strikes three.)*

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of  
Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day!

And so, once more, good night! We'll speak  
more largely



Of Preciosa when we meet again.  
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,  
 Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,  
 In all her loveliness. Good night! [*Exit.*  
*Vict.* Good night!  
 But not to bed; for I must read awhile.



(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.*)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch  
 The changing color of the waves that break  
 Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!  
 Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,  
 Making night glorious with your smile, where  
 are ye?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,  
 Juices of those immortal plants that bloom  
 Upon Olympus, making us immortal?  
 Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake  
 grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with  
 groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,  
 And make the mind prolific in its fancies?

I have the wish, but want the will, to act!  
 Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words  
 Have come to light from the swift river of  
 Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,  
 Where is the strength to wield the arms ye  
 bore?

From the barred visor of Antiquity  
 Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,  
 As from a mirror! All the means of action —  
 The shapeless masses, the materials —  
 Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
 Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
 Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.  
 That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits  
 At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
 With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.  
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,  
 And begs a shelter from the inclement night.  
 He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
 And, by the magic of his touch at once  
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
 And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
 It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,  
 Rude popular traditions and old tales  
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering  
 bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.  
 But there are brighter dreams than those of  
 Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the  
 heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!  
 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,  
 Like the enamored knight beside the foun-  
 tain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;  
 Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,  
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many  
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows ever-  
 more,

But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!  
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.  
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,  
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel  
 The pressure of her head! God's benison  
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,  
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom  
 at night

With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(*Gradually sinks asleep.*)



## ACT II.

SCENE I. — PRECIOSA'S chamber. Morning.  
PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

*Prec.* Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.  
The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.  
What is your landlord's name?  
*Ang.* The Count of Lara.  
*Prec.* The Count of Lara? Oh, beware that man!  
Mistrust his pity, — hold no parley with him!  
And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold.  
*Ang.* You know him, then!  
*Prec.* As much  
As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,  
Beware of him!

*Ang.* Alas! what can I do?  
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,  
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

*Prec.* Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair  
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.

What is your name?

*Ang.* Angelica.

*Prec.* That name  
Was given you, that you might be an angel  
To her who bore you! When your infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.  
Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.  
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.  
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,  
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.

I have no other shield than mine own virtue.  
That is the charm which has protected me!  
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it  
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

*Ang. (rising).* I thank you for this counsel,  
dearest lady.

*Prec.* Thank me by following it.

*Ang.* Indeed I will.

*Prec.* Pray, do not go. I have much more  
to say.

*Ang.* My mother is alone. I dare not leave  
her.

*Prec.* Some other time, then, when we meet  
again.

You must not go away with words alone.

*(Gives her a purse.)*

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang.* I thank you, lady.

*Prec.* No thanks. To-morrow come to me  
again.

I dance to-night, — perhaps for the last time.  
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,  
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

*Ang.* Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be  
grateful

For so much kindness?

*Prec.* I deserve no thanks,

Thank Heaven, not me.

*Ang.* Both Heaven and you.

*Prec.* Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

*Ang.* I will. And may the Blessed Virgin  
guard you,

And all good angels. *[Exit.]*

*Prec.* May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of an-  
gels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,  
My richest maja dress, — my dancing dress,  
And my most precious jewels! Make me  
look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize  
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

*(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)*

*Cruz.* Ave Maria!

*Prec.* O God! my evil genius!  
What seekest thou here to-day?

*Cruz.* Thyself, — my child.

*Prec.* What is thy will with me?

*Cruz.* Gold! gold!

*Prec.* I gave thee yesterday; I have no  
more.

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné, — give me  
his gold!

*Prec.* I gave the last in charity to-day.

*Cruz.* That is a foolish lie.

*Prec.* It is the truth.

*Cruz.* Curses upon thee! Thou art not my  
child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?  
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

*Prec.* To one

Who needs it more.

*Cruz.* No one can need it more.

*Prec.* Thou art not poor.

*Cruz.* What, I, who lurk about  
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;  
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;  
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;  
I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cru-  
zado, —

Not poor!

*Prec.* Thou hast a stout heart and strong  
hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst  
thou more?

*Cruz.* The gold of the Busné! give me his  
gold!

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for  
all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,  
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,  
Never denied thee; never had a wish  
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!  
Be merciful, be patient, and ere long  
Thou shalt have more.

*Cruz.* And if I have it not,  
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich cham-  
bers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,  
And live in idleness; but go with me,  
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,  
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;  
For here we stay not long.

*Prec.* What! march again?

*Cruz.* Ay, with all speed. I hate the  
crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!  
Air, — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,  
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.  
Then I am free and strong, — once more my-  
self,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

*Prec.* God speed thee on thy march! — I  
cannot go.

*Cruz.* Remember who I am, and who thou  
art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.  
Bartolomé Román —

*Prec. (with emotion).* Oh, I beseech thee!  
If my obedience and blameless life,  
If my humility and meek submission  
In all things hitherto, can move in thee  
One feeling of compassion; if thou art  
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me  
One look of her who bore me, or one tone  
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead  
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,  
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!  
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee  
To use no violence, nor do in haste  
What cannot be undone!

*Cruz.* O child, child, child!  
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird  
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.  
I will not leave thee here in the great city  
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready  
To go with us; and until then remember  
A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*

*Prec.* Woe is me!  
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!  
But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
Befall what may; they cannot take that from  
me.

SCENE II. — *A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The  
ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

*Arch.* Knowing how near it touched the  
public morals,  
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten  
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,  
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid  
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,  
By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.  
All this you know.

*Card.* Know and approve.

*Arch.* And further,  
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed.

*Card.* I trust forever.  
It was a cruel sport.

*Arch.* A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card.* Yet the people  
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.  
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.  
Hence I would act advisedly herein;  
And therefore have induced your Grace to see  
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

*Serv.* The dancing-girl, and with her the  
musicians  
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.  
*Arch.* Bid them come in. Now shall your  
eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head.  
She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.*)

*Card. (aside).* Oh, what a fair and minister-  
ing angel  
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman  
fell!

*Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP).* I  
have obeyed the order of your Grace.  
If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech  
Your holy benediction.

*Arch.* May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

*Card. (aside).* Her acts are modest, and her  
words discreet!  
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.  
Is thy name Preciosa?

*Prec.* Thus I am called.

*Card.* That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy  
father?

*Prec.* Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

*Arch.* I have a dim remembrance of that  
man:

He was a bold and reckless character,  
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

*Card.* Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days?

*Prec.* Yes; by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed. I can remember still  
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;  
The villages, where, yet a little child,  
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;  
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the  
shepherd;

The march across the moor; the halt at noon;  
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted  
The forest where we slept; and, further back,

As in a dream or in some former life,  
Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.* 'Tis the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was  
pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see thee  
dance.

*Prec.* Your Grace shall be obeyed.

*(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)*



SCENE III. — *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

*Don C.* Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

*Hyp.* And a good evening to my friend,  
Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.  
I was in search of you.

*Don C.* Command me always.

*Hyp.* Do you remember, in Quevedo's  
Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,  
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

*Don C.* I do;

But what of that?

*Hyp.* I am that wretched man.

*Don C.* You mean to tell me yours have  
risen empty?

*Hyp.* And amen! said my Cid Campeador.

*Don C.* Pray, how much need you?

*Hyp.* Some half-dozen ounces,

Which, with due interest—

*Don C.* (*giving his purse*). What, am I a  
Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

*Hyp.* Thank you. A pretty purse.

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;  
Perhaps a keepsake.

*Don C.* No, 'tis at your service.

*Hyp.* Thank you again. Lie there, good  
Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me often,  
I am the debtor of my friend.

*Don C.* But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

*Hyp.* This moment.

*Don C.* And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

*Hyp.* Indifferent well; that is to say, not  
well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances  
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch  
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.  
He is in love.

*Don C.* And is it faring ill

To be in love?

*Hyp.* In his case very ill.

*Don C.* Why so?

*Hyp.* For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination;

A child of air; an echo of his heart;

And, like a lily on a river floating,

She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

*Don C.* A common thing with poets. But  
who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—

Must wear the outward semblance of his  
thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

*Hyp.* Well, it is a woman!

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite saint

With gems and gold, until at length she  
gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

*Don C.* Well, well! who is this doll?

*Hyp.* Why, who do you think?

*Don C.* His cousin Violante.

*Hyp.* Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

*Don C.* I cannot guess; so tell me who it  
is.

*Hyp.* Not I.

*Don C.* Why not?

*Hyp.* (*mysteriously*). Why? Because Mari  
Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

*Don C.* Jestings aside, who is it?

*Hyp.* Preciosa.

*Don C.* Impossible! The Count of Lara  
tells me

She is not virtuous.

*Hyp.* Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,  
Walking as in a dream.

*Don C.*

He comes this way.

*Hyp.* It has been truly said by some wise  
man,

That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.  
(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

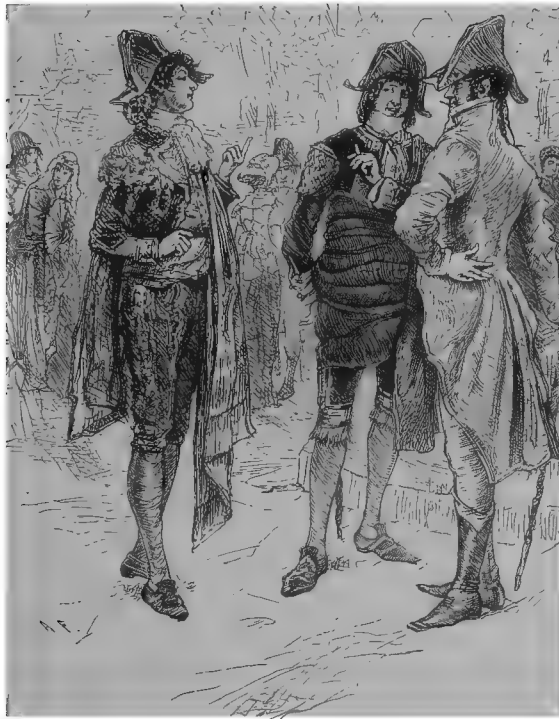
*Vict.* Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!  
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked  
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;  
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,  
And is forever hallowed.

*Hyp.* Mark him well!  
See how he strides away with lordly air,  
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

*Don C.* What ho! Victorian!

*Hyp.* Wilt thou sup with us?



*Hyp.* Ay de mí!

*Vict.* You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes  
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see  
In evening skies.

*Vict.* Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.

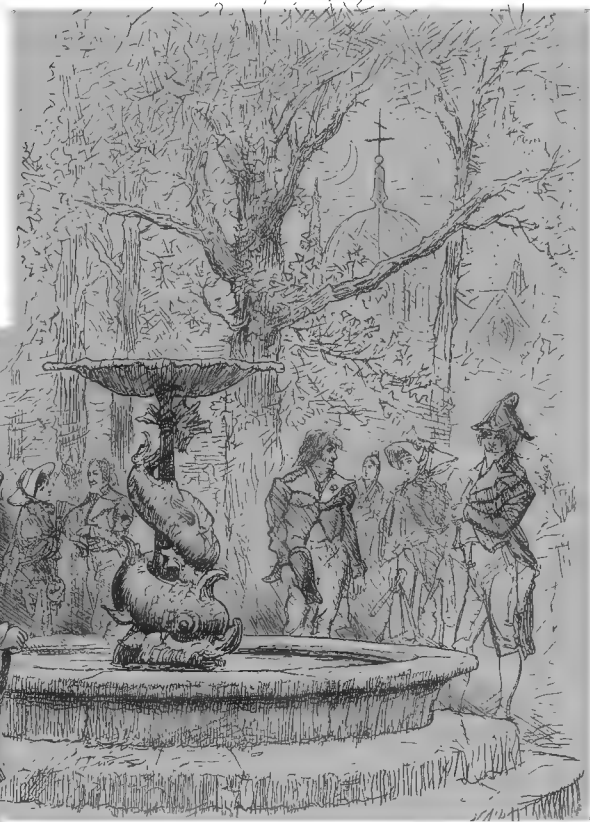
How fares Don Carlos?

*Don C.* At your service ever.

*Vict.* How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

*Don C.* Ay, soft, emerald eyes!  
She has gone back to Cadiz.



*Hyp.* But, speaking of green eyes,  
Are thine green?

*Vict.* Not a whit. Why so?

*Hyp.* I think  
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

*Vict.* No, I am not jealous.

*Hyp.* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Why?

*Hyp.* Because thou art in love.  
And they who are in love are always jealous.  
Therefore thou shouldst be.

*Vict.* Marry, is that all?  
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don  
Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

*Hyp.* Ay, in truth  
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.  
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara  
Lays siege to the same citadel.

*Vict.* Indeed!  
Then he will have his labor for his pains.

*Hyp.* He does not think so, and Don Carlos  
tells me

He boasts of his success.

*Vict.* How 's this, Don Carlos?

*Don C.* Some hints of it I heard from his  
own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,  
As a gay man might speak.

*Vict.* Death and damnation!  
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,  
And throw it to my dog! But, no, no, no!  
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.  
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise  
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

[*Exit.*

*Hyp.* Now what a coil is here! The Aveng-  
ing Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,  
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode  
To Paris for the ears of Oliver.

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!  
But come; we will not follow. Let us join  
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There  
We shall find merrier company; I see  
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,  
And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — PRECIOSA'S chamber. *She is sitting, with  
a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers.  
A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters  
behind unperceived.*

*Prec. (reads).*

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,  
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,  
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,  
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking,  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say. In distant villages  
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted  
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
Scattered them in their flight, do they take  
root,

And grow in silence, and in silence perish.  
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.  
Dolores!

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha!

*Lara.* Señora, pardon me!

*Prec.* How 's this? Dolores!

*Lara.* Pardon me —

*Prec.* Dolores!

*Lara.* Be not alarmed; I found no one in  
waiting.

If I have been too bold —

*Prec. (turning her back upon him).* You are  
too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

*Lara.* My dear lady,  
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!  
'Tis for your good I come.

*Prec. (turning toward him with indigna-  
tion).* Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,  
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?  
Oh shame! shame! shame! that you, a noble-  
man,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,

And think to buy my honor with your gold!



I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!  
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!  
Begone, I say!

*Lara.* Be calm; I will not harm you.

*Prec.* Because you dare not.

*Lara.* I dare anything!  
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.  
In this false world, we do not always know  
Who are our friends and who our enemies.  
We all have enemies, and all need friends.  
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

*Prec.* If to this  
I owe the honor of the present visit,

You might have spared the coming. Having  
spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

*Lara.* I thought it but a friendly part to  
tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.  
For my own self, I do not credit them;  
But there are many who, not knowing you,  
Will lend a readier ear.

*Prec.* There was no need  
That you should take upon yourself the duty  
Of telling me these tales.

*Lara.* Malicious tongues  
Are ever busy with your name.



*Prec.* Alas!  
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,  
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jest.  
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.  
I give no cause for these reports. I live  
Retired; am visited by none.

*Lara.* By none?  
Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

*Prec.* How mean you?

*Lara.* Nay, nay; I will not wound your  
gentle soul  
By the report of idle tales.

*Prec.* Speak out!  
What are these idle tales? You need not  
spare me.

*Lara.* I will deal frankly with you. Par-  
don me;  
This window, as I think, looks toward the  
street,  
And this into the Prado, does it not?  
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall, —  
You see the roof there just above the trees, —  
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,  
That on a certain night, — be not offended

If I too plainly speak, — he saw a man  
Climb to your chamber window. You are  
silent!

I would not blame you, being young and  
fair —

(*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a  
dagger from her bosom.*)

*Prec.* Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!  
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer  
And I will strike!

*Lara.* Pray you, put up that dagger.  
Fear not.

*Prec.* I do not fear. I have a heart  
In whose strength I can trust.

*Lara.* Listen to me.  
I come here as your friend, — I am your  
friend, —

And by a single word can put a stop  
To all those idle tales, and make your name  
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,  
Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,  
I love you even to madness, and that love  
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,  
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(*VICTORIAN enters behind.*)

*Prec.* Rise, Count of Lara! That is not  
the place

For such as you are. It becomes you not  
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;  
For your sake I will put aside all anger,  
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,  
And as my heart now prompts me. I no  
more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.  
But if, without offending modesty  
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart  
To love you.

*Lara.* O sweet angel!

*Prec.* Ay, in truth,  
Far better than you love yourself or me.

*Lara.* Give me some sign of this, — the  
slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

*Prec.* Nay, come no nearer.  
The words I utter are its sign and token.  
Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not such  
As you would offer me. For you come here  
To take from me the only thing I have,  
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends  
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes  
That fill you heart with happiness; but I  
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treas-  
ure,

And you would take that from me, and for  
what?

To flatter your own vanity, and make me  
What you would most despise. Oh, sir, such love,  
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.  
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.  
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,  
And bids you look into your heart, and see  
How you do wrong that better nature in you,  
And grieve your soul with sin.

*Lara.* I swear to you,  
I would not harm you; I would only love you.  
I would not take your honor, but restore it,  
And in return I ask but some slight mark  
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,  
As you confess you do, oh let me thus  
With this embrace —

*Vict. (rushing forward).* Hold! hold!

This is too much.

What means this outrage?

*Lara.* First, what right have you  
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

*Vict.* I too am noble, and you are no more!  
Out of my sight!

*Lara.* Are you the master here?

*Vict.* Ay, here and elsewhere, when the  
wrong of others

Gives me the right!

*Prec. (to LARA).* Go! I beseech you, go!

*Vict.* I shall have business with you, Count,  
anon!

*Lara.* You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*

*Prec.* Victorian!

Oh, we have been betrayed!

*Vict.* Ha! ha! betrayed!

'T is I have been betrayed, not we! — not we!

*Prec.* Dost thou imagine —

*Vict.* I imagine nothing;

I see how 't is thou whilest the time away  
When I am gone!

*Prec.* Oh, speak not in that tone!  
It wounds me deeply.

*Vict.* 'T was not meant to flatter.

*Prec.* Too well thou knowest the presence  
of that man  
Is hateful to me!

*Vict.* Yet I saw thee stand  
And listen to him, when he told his love.

*Prec.* I did not heed his words.

*Vict.* Indeed thou didst,  
And answeredst them with love.

*Prec.* Hadst thou heard all —

*Vict.* I heard enough.

*Prec.* Be not so angry with me.

*Vict.* I am not angry; I am very calm.

*Prec.* If thou wilt let me speak —

*Vict.* Nay, say no more.  
I know too much already. Thou art false!  
I do not like these Gypsy marriages!  
Where is the ring I gave thee?

*Prec.* In my casket.

*Vict.* There let it rest! I would not have  
thee wear it:  
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

*Prec.* I call the Heavens to witness —

*Vict.* Nay, nay, nay!  
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!  
They are forsworn!

*Prec.* Victorian! dear Victorian!

*Vict.* I gave up all for thee; myself, my  
fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!

And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

*Prec.* And this from thee!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V. — *The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.*

*Lara.* There's nothing in this world so  
sweet as love,

And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!

I've learned to hate, and therefore am re-  
venged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!

The fire that I have kindled —

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,  
What tidings from Don Juan?

*Fran.* Good, my lord;  
He will be present.

*Lara.* And the Duke of Lermos?

*Fran.* Was not at home.

*Lara.* How with the rest?

*Fran.* I've found  
The men you wanted. They will all be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirlwind

Of such discordant noises, that the dance

Must cease for lack of music.

*Lara.* Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,  
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not

close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and  
sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

*Vict.* Oh shame! Oh shame! Why do I walk  
abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,  
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry, "Hide thyself!" Oh what a thin partition



Doth shut out from the curious world the  
knowledge  
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!  
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are  
windows,  
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every  
face  
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,  
And in derision seems to smile at me!

*Hyp.* Did I not caution thee? Did I not  
tell thee  
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

*Vict.* And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,  
We may be over-hasty in condemning!  
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

*Hyp.* And therefore is she cursed, loving  
him.

*Vict.* She does not love him! 'T is for  
gold! for gold!

*Hyp.* Ay, but remember, in the public  
streets

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,  
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

*Vict.* She had that ring from me! God!  
she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.  
Where stays the coward?

*Hyp.* Nay, he is no coward;  
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.  
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pas-  
time.

And therefore be not over-confident,  
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he  
comes.

(Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.)

*Lara.* Good evening, gentlemen.

*Hyp.* Good evening, Count.

*Lara.* I trust I have not kept you long in  
waiting.

*Vict.* Not long, and yet too long. Are you  
prepared?

*Lara.* I am.

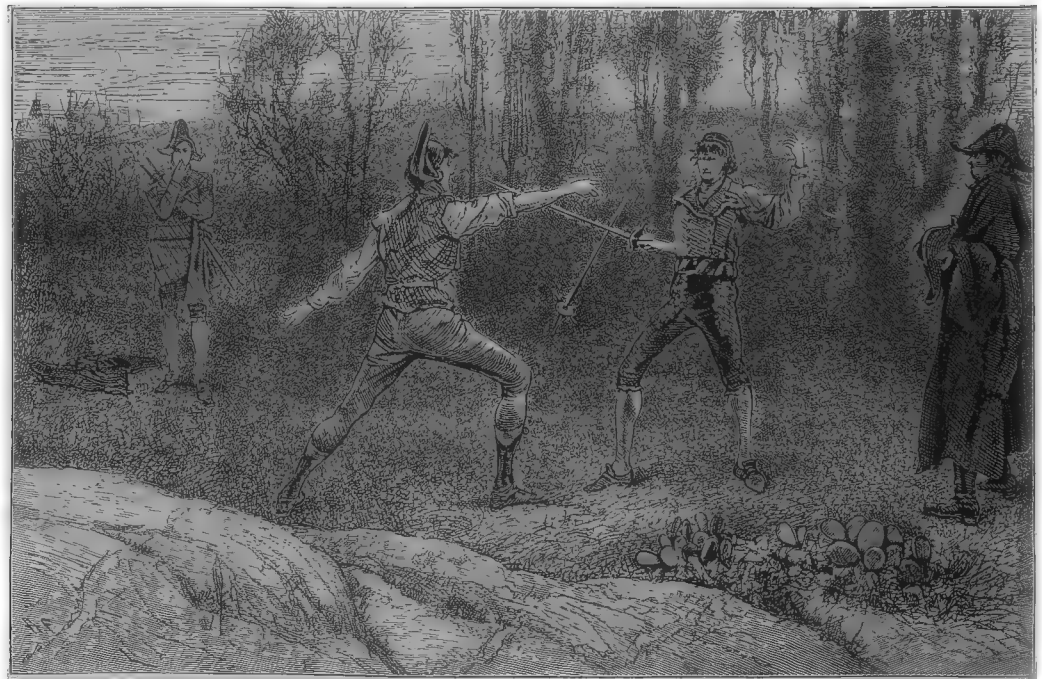
*Hyp.* It grieves me much to see  
this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way  
Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your swords?

*Vict.* No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long  
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues  
of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.



(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account?

*Lara.* Strike! strike!

*Vict.* You are disarmed.

I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

*Hyp.* Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing To move you to extremes.

*Lara.* I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

*Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

*Lara.* I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you,

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

*Vict.* Ay, false as hell itself!

*Lara.* In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vict.* Say, can you prove this to me? Oh, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

*Lara.* You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so, Francisco?

*Fran.* Ay, my lord.

*Lara.* If further proof

Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

*Vict.* Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(*Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.*)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

*Hyp.* Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*]

*Lara.* Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with FRANCISCO.*]

SCENE VII. — *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

*Bart.* In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

*Cruz.* And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

*Bart.* There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

*Cruz.* Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

*Bart.* First tell me what keeps thee here?

*Cruz.* Preciosa.

*Bart.* And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

*Cruz.* The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

*Bart.* I hear she has a Busné lover.

*Cruz.* That is nothing.

*Bart.* I do not like it. I hate him, — the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out,

and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz.* Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

*Bart.* Meanwhile, show me her house.

*Cruz.* Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

*Bart.* No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. — *The Count of Lara's chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

*Lara.* So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

*Don J.* Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom Tumultuous as the sea!

*Don L.* I pitied her.

*Lara.* Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

*Don J.* Will you serenade her?

*Lara.* No music! no more music!

*Don L.* Why not music? It softens many hearts.

*Lara.* Not in the humor She now is in. Music would madden her.

*Don J.* Try golden cymbals.

*Don L.* Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

*Lara.* To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

*All.*

*Preciosa.*

*Lara* (*holding up his glass*). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! Oh nevermore henceforth Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet down.*)

*Don J.*

*Ite! missa est!*

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X. — *Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

*Cruz.* This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

*Bart.* Why not?

*Cruz.* Because she is not at home.

*Bart.* No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!

I come to watch o'er thee!

To be near thee, — to be near thee,

Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,

Thy lips are crimson flowers!

Good night! Good night, beloved,

While I count the weary hours.

*Cruz.* They are not coming this way.

*Bart.* Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest

Argent-clear above!

All night long enlighten

My sweet lady-love;

Moon that shinest,

All night long enlighten!



*Bart.* Woe be to him, if he comes this way!  
*Cruz.* Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister  
 Sang to each other;  
 For so many sisters  
 Is there not one brother!  
 Ay, for the partridge, mother!  
 The cat has run away with the partridge!  
 Puss! puss! puss!

*Bart.* Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen with FRANCISCO.*)

*Lara.* The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,  
 And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.

Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.  
 (*Exeunt. Reënter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*)

*Bart.* They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. — PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

*Dol.* She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window, and listens.*)

All silent in the street,  
 And in the garden. Hark!

*Prec.* (*in her sleep*). I must go hence!  
 Give me my cloak!

*Dol.* He comes! I hear his footsteps.

*Prec.* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever  
 That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.  
 I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

*Dol.* (*from the window*). Who's there?

*Voice* (*from below*). A friend.

*Dol.* I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

*Prec.* I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!  
 Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now, — give me my castanets.

Where is Victoriano? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.  
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!  
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me!  
save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

*Dol.* It is midnight.

*Prec.* We must be patient. Smooth this  
pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

*Voice.* Muera!

*Another voice.* O villains! villains!

*Lara.* So! have at you!

*Voice.* Take that!

*Lara.* Oh, I am wounded!

*Dol.* (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria!

### ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

#### SONG.

Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!  
Enemy  
Of all that mankind may not rue!  
Most untrue  
To him who keeps most faith with thee.  
Woe is me!  
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.  
Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict.* Yes, Love is ever busy with his  
shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight.

*Hyp.* Thinking to walk in those Arcadian  
pastures,  
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

#### SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits  
Give us clearly to comprehend,  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
They are cheats,  
Thorns below and flowers above.  
Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

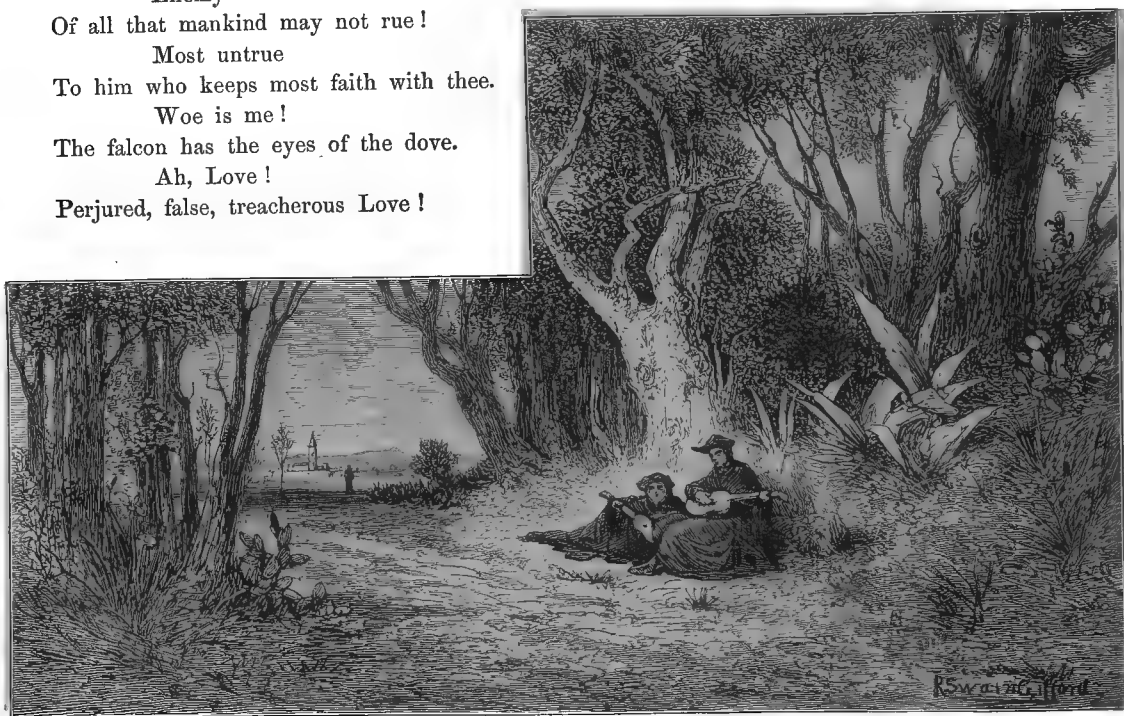
*Vict.* A very pretty song. I thank thee  
for it.

*Hyp.* It suits thy case.

*Vict.* Indeed, I think it does.  
What wise man wrote it?

*Hyp.* Lopez Maldonado.

*Vict.* In truth, a pretty song.





*Hyp.* With much truth in it.  
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest  
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

*Vict.* I will forget her! All dear recollec-  
tions  
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a  
book,  
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!  
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,  
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,  
A voice within her will repeat my name,  
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"  
Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,  
That the loud march, the deafening beat of  
drums,  
The shattering blast of the brass-throated  
trumpet,  
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,  
And a swift death, might make me deaf forever  
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

*Hyp.* Then let that foolish heart upbraid no  
more!  
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

*Vict.* Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain  
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword  
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,  
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not  
sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,  
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices  
Are heard along the shore.

*Hyp.* And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.  
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.  
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,  
To make them jog on merrily with life's  
burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.  
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
To talk of dying.

*Vict.* Yet I fain would die!  
To go through life, unloving and unloved;  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We cannot still; that longing, that wild im-  
pulse,  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our  
cloaks;

All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone!  
Would I were with them!

*Hyp.* We shall all be soon.

*Vict.* It cannot be too soon; for I am weary  
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends  
as strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;  
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and  
beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave  
us

A mockery and a jest; maddened, — con-  
fused, —

Not knowing friend from foe.

*Hyp.* Why seek to know?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!  
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

*Vict.* I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But Hope no  
longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,  
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut  
off,

And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless!

*Hyp.* Yet thou shalt not perish.  
The strength of thine own arm is thy salva-  
tion.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there  
shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

*Vict.* Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!  
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide  
Over the red roofs of the cottages,  
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shep-  
herd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,  
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,  
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

*Hyp.* Amen! amen! Not half a league  
from hence  
The village lies.

*Vic.* This path will lead us to it,  
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail  
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,  
And, like an idle mariner on the main,  
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Public square in the village of Guadarrama.*  
*The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with*  
*their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a*  
*group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A*  
*Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO*  
*CRESPO.*

*Pancho.* Make room, ye vagabonds and  
Gypsy thieves!

Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

*Pedro C.* Keep silence all! I have an edict  
here

From our most gracious lord, the King of  
Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

Which I shall publish in the market-place.

Open your ears and listen!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.*)

*Padre Cura,*  
Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

*Padre C.* Good day, and God be with you!

Pray, what is it?

*Pedro C.* An act of banishment against the  
Gypsies!

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

*Pancho.* Silence!

*Pedro C. (reads).* "I hereby order and  
command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,  
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall hence-  
forth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds  
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,  
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,  
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;  
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;  
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes  
them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."



Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized !  
You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

*Pancho.* And if in seventy days you are not  
gone,  
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear  
and discontent. PANCHO follows.*)

*Padre C.* A righteous law ! A very right-  
eous law !  
Pray you, sit down.

*Pedro C.* I thank you heartily.

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S  
door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approach-  
ing during the dialogue which follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you say,  
Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all  
things, —

How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

*Padre C.* Why, look you ;  
They came with Hercules from Palestine,  
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir  
Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.  
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,  
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor  
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.  
They never marry, never go to mass,  
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,  
Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

*Pedro C.* Good reasons, good, substantial  
reasons all !

No matter for the other ninety-five.  
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,  
They should be burnt.

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.*)

*Padre C.* And pray, whom have we here ?

*Pedro C.* More vagrants ! By Saint Laza-  
rus, more vagrants !

*Hyp.* Good evening, gentlemen ! Is this  
Guadarrama ?

*Padre C.* Yes, Guadarrama, and good even-  
ing to you.

*Hyp.* We seek the Padre Cura of the vil-  
lage ;  
And, judging from your dress and reverend  
mien,  
You must be he.



*Padre C.* I am. Pray, what 's your  
pleasure ?

*Hyp.* We are poor students travelling in  
vacation.  
You know this mark ?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

*Padre C. (joyfully).* Ay, know it, and have  
worn it.

*Pedro C. (aside).* Soup-eaters ! by the mass !  
The worst of vagrants !  
And there 's no law against them. Sir, your  
servant. [*Exit.*]

*Padre C.* Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

*Hyp.* Padre Cura,  
From the first moment I beheld your face,  
I said within myself, "This is the man !"  
There is a certain something in your looks,  
A certain scholar-like and studious some-  
thing, —

You understand, — which cannot be mistaken ;  
Which marks you as a very learned man,  
In fine, as one of us.

*Vict. (aside).* What impudence !

*Hyp.* As we approached, I said to my com-  
panion,  
"That is the Padre Cura ; mark my words !"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,  
 "Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,  
 Must be the sacristan."

*Padre C.* Ah! said you so?  
 Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!  
*Hyp.* Indeed! you much astonish me! His  
 air

Was not so full of dignity and grace  
 As an alcalde's should be.

*Padre C.* That is true.  
 He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,  
 Who have their camp here in the neighbor-  
 hood.

There's nothing so undignified as anger.

*Hyp.* The Padre Cura will excuse our bold-  
 ness,

If, from his well-known hospitality,  
 We crave a lodging for the night.

*Padre C.* I pray you!  
 You do me honor! I am but too happy  
 To have such guests beneath my humble roof.  
 It is not often that I have occasion  
 To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores,*  
*Nec sinit esse ferus*, Cicero says.

*Hyp.* 'T is Ovid, is it not?

*Padre C.* No, Cicero.

*Hyp.* Your Grace is right. You are the  
 better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!  
 But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

*Padre C.* Pass this way.  
 He was a very great man, was Cicero!  
 Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — A room in the PADRE CURA'S house.

*Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

*Padre C.* So then, Señor, you come from  
 Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

*Hyp.* And left behind an honored name, no  
 doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

*Padre C.* Gerónimo  
 De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

*Hyp.* Descended from the Marquis San-  
 tillana?

From the distinguished poet?

*Padre C.* From the Marquis,  
 Not from the poet.

*Hyp.* Why, they were the same.  
 Let me embrace you! Oh, some lucky star  
 Has brought me hither! Yet once more! —  
 once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,  
 And our professor, when we are unruly,  
 Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!  
 It was not so in Santillana's time!"

*Padre C.* I did not think my name re-  
 membered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered; it is idolized.

*Padre C.* Of what professor speak you?

*Hyp.* Timoneda.

*Padre C.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beet-  
 ling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech  
 As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

*Padre C.* Indeed, I have. Oh, those were  
 pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!  
 I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!  
 I've turned my back on what was then be-  
 fore me;

And the bright faces of my young companions  
 Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

*Hyp.* Cueva? Cueva?

*Padre C.* Fool that I am! He was before  
 your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

*Hyp.* I should not like to try my strength  
 with you.

*Padre C.* Well, well. But I forget; you  
 must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(*Enter MARTINA.*)

*Hyp.* You may be proud of such a niece as  
 that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)  
 He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

*Mart.* Servant, sir.

*Padre C.* This gentleman is hungry. See  
 thou to it.

Let us have supper.

*Mart.* 'T will be ready soon.  
*Padre C.* And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas  
 Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.  
 Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*  
*Hyp.* Hist! Martina!  
 One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!  
 To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.  
 Is it not so?

*Mart.* There have been Gypsies here.  
*Hyp.* Yes, and have told your fortune.  
*Mart.* (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune?  
*Hyp.* Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.  
 I'll tell you what they said. They said, — they said,  
 The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,  
 And him you should not marry. Was it not?  
*Mart.* (*surprised*). How know you that?  
*Hyp.* Oh, I know more than that.  
 What a soft, little hand! And then they said,  
 A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall  
 And rich, should come one day to marry you,  
 And you should be a lady. Was it not?  
 He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

*Vict.* The muleteer has come.  
*Hyp.* So soon?  
*Vict.* I found him  
 Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
 And, from a pitcher that he held aloft  
 His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.  
*Hyp.* What news from Court?  
*Vict.* He brought this letter only.  
 (*Reads.*)

Oh, cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
 That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,  
 Sweet Preciosa? how art thou avenged!  
*Hyp.* What news is this, that makes thy  
 cheek turn pale,  
 And thy hand tremble?  
*Vict.* Oh, most infamous!  
 The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!



*Hyp.* That is no news, forsooth.  
*Vict.* He strove in vain  
 To steal from me the jewel of my soul,  
 The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,  
 He swore to be revenged; and set on foot  
 A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.  
 She has been hissed and hooted from the  
 stage,  
 Her reputation stained by slanderous lies  
 Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beg-  
 gar,  
 She roams a wanderer over God's green  
 earth,  
 Housing with Gypsies!  
*Hyp.* To renew again  
 The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd  
 swains  
 Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Di-  
 ana.  
*Redit et Virgo!*  
*Vict.* Dear Hypolito,  
 How have I wronged that meek, confiding  
 heart!  
 I will go seek for her; and with my tears  
 Wash out the wrong I've done her!  
*Hyp.* Oh, beware!  
 Act not that folly o'er again.  
*Vict.* Ay, folly,  
 Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,  
 I will confess my weakness, — I still love  
 her!  
 Still fondly love her!

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

*Hyp.* Tell us, Padre Cura,  
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?

*Padre C.* Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

*Vic.* Kind Heaven,  
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

*Hyp.* And have they with them a pale,  
beautiful girl,  
Called Preciosa?

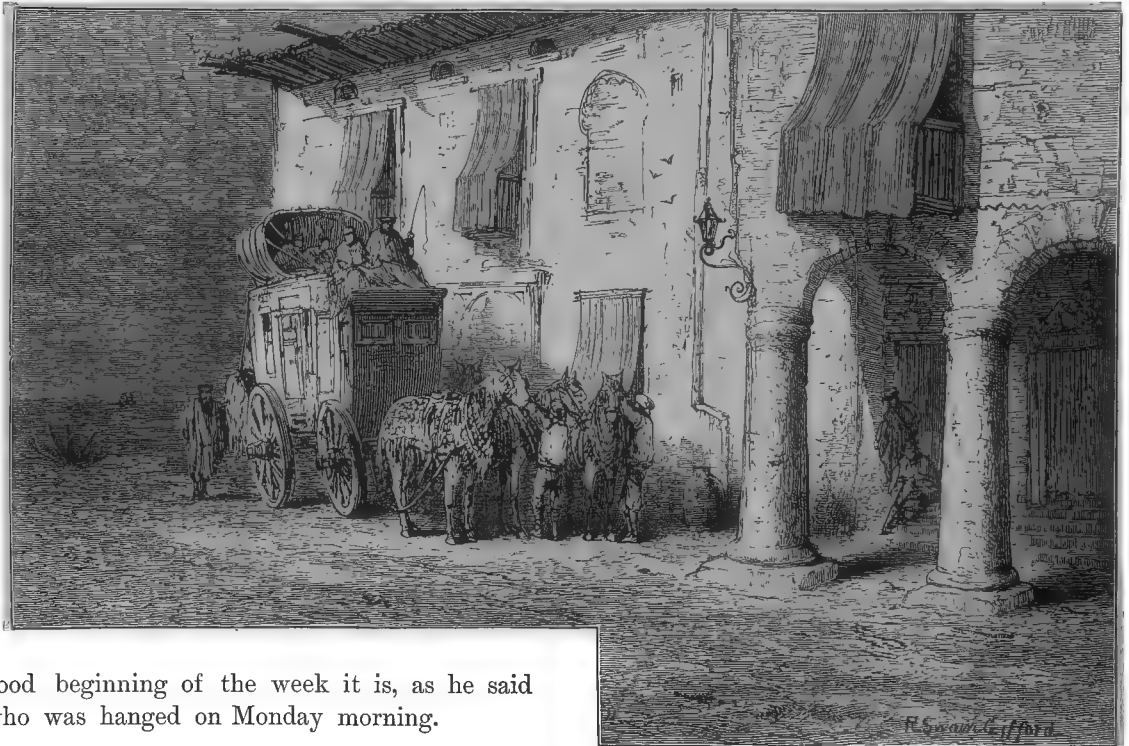
*Padre C.* Ay, a pretty girl.  
The gentleman seems moved.

*Hyp.* Yes, moved with hunger,  
He is half famished with this long day's  
journey.

*Padre C.* Then, pray you, come this way.  
The supper waits. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

*Chispa.* Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a



good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

*Don C.* Are not the horses ready yet?

*Chispa.* I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

*Mosq.* Pray, have a little patience.  
I'm not a musket.

*Chispa.* Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

*Mosq.* You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

*Chispa.* Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

*Mosq.* No; she has a beard.

*Chispa.* Go to! go to!

*Mosq.* Are you from Madrid?

*Chispa.* Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

*Mosq.* What's the news at Court?

*Chispa.* Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

*Mosq.* Oh! oh! you hurt me!

*Don C.* Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

*Mosq.* Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

*Don C.* And where?

*Mosq.* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*]

*Don C.* Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

*Chispa.* Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

*Don C.* Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

*Chispa.* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

*Don C.* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

*Chispa.* Among the Squires?

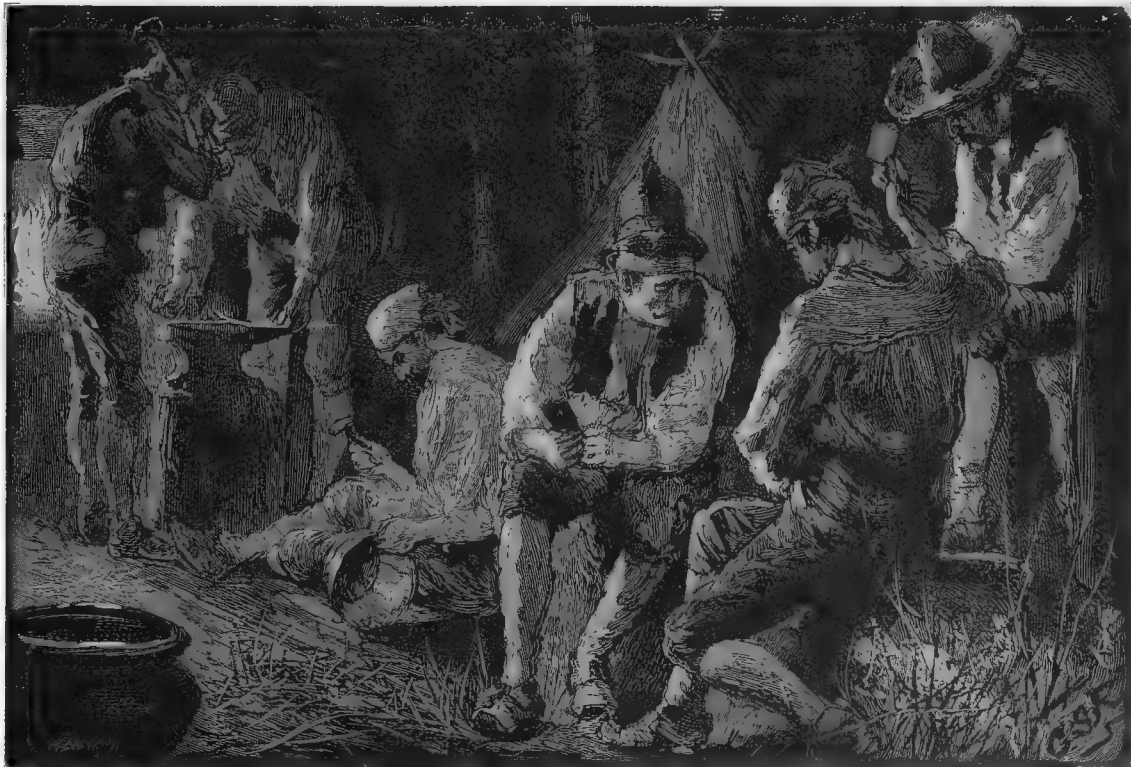
*Don C.* No; among the Gypsies, block-head!

*Chispa.* I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,  
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?  
Oh how from their fury shall I flee?



*First Gypsy (playing).* Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,  
And thus his ditty ran;  
God send the Gypsy lassie here,  
And not the Gypsy man.

*First Gypsy (playing).* There you are in your morocco!

*Second Gypsy.* One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

*First Gypsy.* Have at you, Chirelin.

*Gypsies (at the forge sing).*

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gypsy man,  
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

*Cruz.* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz. (to the left).* And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

*Gypsies.* Ay!

*Cruz.* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

*Gypsies.* Ay! ay!

*Cruz.* Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

*Prec.* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees,  
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows,  
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness! So within me  
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being  
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!  
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

*Bart.* Ho! Preciosa!

*Prec.* O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

*Bart.* Lo! I am here.

*Prec.* Whence comest thou?

*Bart.* From the rough ridges of the wild  
Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,  
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold  
Come I for thee, my lamb.

*Prec.* Oh, touch me not!

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!  
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, begone from  
here!

Thou art in danger! They have set a price  
Upon thy head!

*Bart.* Ay, and I've wandered long  
Among the mountains; and for many days  
Have seen no human face, save the rough  
swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,  
And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,  
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

*Prec.* Betray thee? I betray thee?

*Bart.* Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!  
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!  
Fly with me!

*Prec.* Speak of that no more. I  
cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

*Bart.* Oh, recall the time  
When we were children! how we played together,

How we grew up together; how we plighted  
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.



I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!  
Fulfil thy promise.

*Prec.* 'T was my father's promise,  
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,  
Nor promised thee my hand!

*Bart.* False tongue of woman!  
And heart more false!

*Prec.* Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;  
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,  
It is my destiny. Thou art a man  
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with  
me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live,  
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,  
Better than I, and fairer; and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her  
from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.  
I never sought thy love; never did aught  
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.  
Beware, beware of that.

*Bart.* For thy dear sake  
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me pa-  
tience.

*Prec.* Then take this farewell, and depart  
in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

*Bart.* Come, come with me.

*Prec.* Hark! I hear footsteps.

*Bart.* I entreat thee, come!

*Prec.* Away! It is in vain.

*Bart.* Wilt thou not come?

*Prec.* Never!

*Bart.* Then woe, eternal woe,  
upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.  
[Exit.]

*Prec.* All holy angels keep me in this hour!  
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!  
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!  
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!  
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to  
die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,  
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkind-  
ness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest forever! O dull heart,  
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to  
beat,  
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

*Vict.* 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she  
stands

Under the tent-like trees!

*Hyp.* A woodland nymph!

*Vict.* I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

*Hyp.* Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

*Vict.* (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy!

*Prec.* (aside, with emotion). That voice!  
that voice from heaven! Oh speak again!

Who is it calls?

*Vict.* A friend.

*Prec.* (aside). 'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my  
prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,  
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.  
False friend or true?

*Vict.* A true friend to the true;  
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell for-  
tunes?

*Prec.* Not in the dark. Come nearer to the  
fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

*Vict.* (putting a piece of gold into her hand).  
There is the cross.

*Prec.* Is 't silver?

*Vict.* No, 't is gold.

*Prec.* There's a fair lady at the Court, who  
loves you,

And for yourself alone.

*Vict.* Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;  
Not this old woman's tale!

*Prec.* You are passionate;  
And this same passionate humor in your blood  
Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;  
The line of life is crossed by many marks.  
Shame! shame! Oh you have wronged the  
maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

*Vict.* I never loved a maid:  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

*Prec.* How know you that?



*Vict.* A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

*Prec.* There, take back your gold !  
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !  
There is no blessing in its charity !  
Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;  
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending  
hers.

*Vict. (aside).* How like an angel's speaks  
the tongue of woman,  
When pleading in another's cause her own !  
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.  
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

*Prec.* No ; never from my hand  
Shall that be taken !

*Vict.* Why, 't is but a ring.  
I'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,  
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

*Prec.* Why would you have this ring ?

*Vict.* A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain  
keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.  
Pray, let me have the ring.

*Prec.* No, never ! never !  
I will not part with it, even when I die ;  
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,  
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token  
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

*Vict.* How ? dead ?

*Prec.* Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than dead.  
He is estranged ! And yet I keep this ring.  
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,  
To prove to him that I was never false.

*Vict. (aside).* Be still, my swelling heart !  
one moment, still !

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.  
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,  
And that you stole it.

*Prec.* Oh, you will not dare  
To utter such a falsehood !

*Vict.* I not dare ?  
Look in my face, and say if there is aught  
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee !  
(*She rushes into his arms.*)

*Prec.* 'T is thou ! 't is thou ! Yes ; yes ;  
my heart's elected !  
My dearest-dear Victorian ! my soul's heaven !  
Where hast thou been so long ? Why didst  
thou leave me ?

*Vict.* Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.  
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

*Prec.* Hadst thou not come —

*Vict.* I pray thee, do not chide me!

*Prec.* I should have perished here among  
these Gypsies.

*Vict.* Forgive me, sweet! for what I made  
thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's  
joy,

Thou being absent? Oh, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,  
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!  
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou for-  
give me?

*Prec.* I have forgiven thee. Ere those  
words of anger  
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against  
thee,  
I had forgiven thee.

*Vict.* I'm the veriest fool  
That walks the earth, to have believed thee  
false.

It was the Count of Lara —

*Prec.* That bad man  
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not  
heard —

*Vict.* I have heard all. And yet speak on,  
speak on!  
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;  
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,  
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.  
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,  
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

*Hyp.* All gentle quarrels in the pastoral  
poets,  
All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,  
All chaste embraces on the public stage,  
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars  
Have winked at, as the natural course of  
things,  
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the  
student,  
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

*Prec.* Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.  
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

*Hyp.* Not to-night;  
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,  
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding day would last from now till  
Christmas.

*Chispa* (*within*). What ho! the Gypsies,  
ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(*Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.*)

*Vict.* What now?  
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been  
robbed?

*Chispa.* Ay, robbed and murdered; and  
good evening to you,  
My worthy masters.

*Vict.* Speak; what brings thee here?

*Chispa* (*to PRECIOSA*). Good news from  
Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,  
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,  
But your true father has returned to Spain  
Laden with wealth. You are no more a  
Gypsy.

*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!

*Chispa.* And we have all  
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?

*Chispa.* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

*Prec.* Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!  
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!  
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;  
This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,  
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!  
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child! a waking  
dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou  
rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good;  
And I am now the beggar.

*Prec.* (*giving him her hand*). I have still  
A hand to give.

*Chispa* (*aside*). And I have two to take.  
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven  
gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to  
crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find  
almonds?

*Vict.* What more of this strange story?

*Chispa.* Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village  
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,  
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,  
To make the celebration more complete.

*Vict.* No; let it be a day of general joy;  
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.  
Now let us join Don Carlos.

*Hyp.* So farewell,  
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades,

Sung under ladies' windows in the night,  
And all that makes vacation beautiful!  
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,  
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,  
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,  
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. — *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains.*

*Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door,  
'Tis the break of day, and we must away  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet;  
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

*(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)*

*Monk.* Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

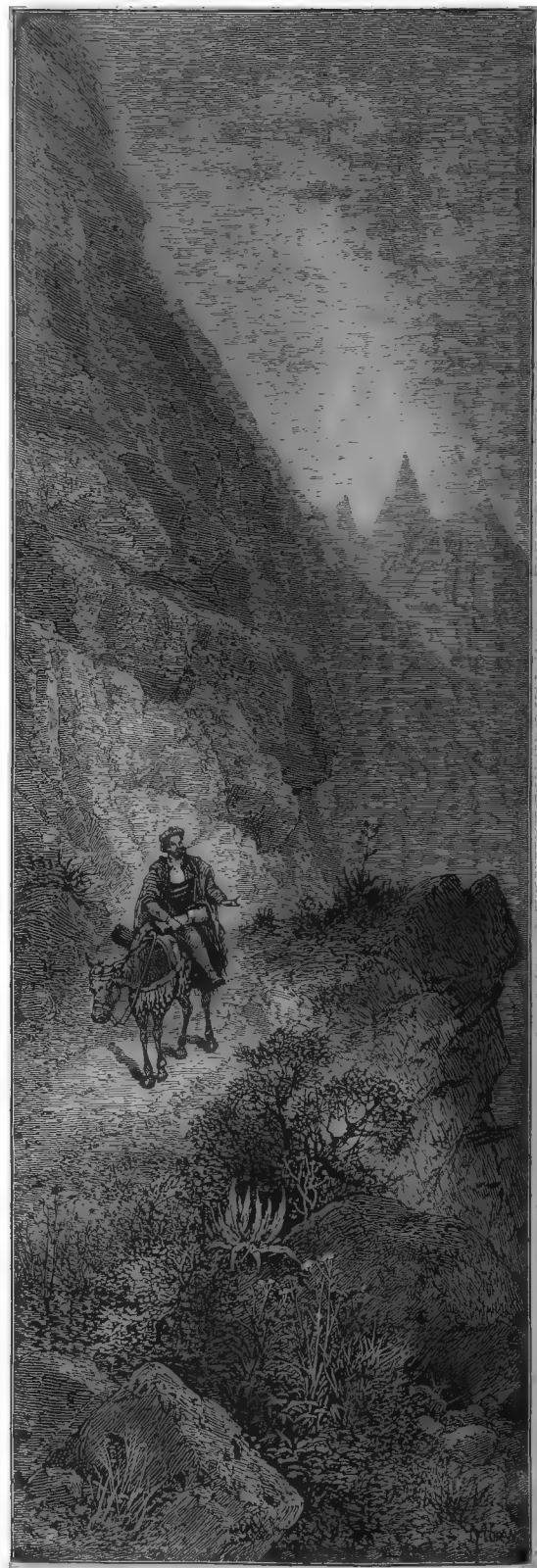
*Shep.* Olá!

*Monk.* Is this the road to Segovia?

*Shep.* It is, your reverence.

*Monk.* How far is it?

*Shep.* I do not know.



*Monk.* What is that yonder in the valley?

*Shep.* San Ildefonso.

*Monk.* A long way to breakfast.

*Shep.* Ay, marry.

*Monk.* Are there robbers in these mountains?

*Shep.* Yes, and worse than that.

*Monk.* What?

*Shep.* Wolves.

*Monk.* Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

*Shep.* What wilt thou give me?

*Monk.* An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

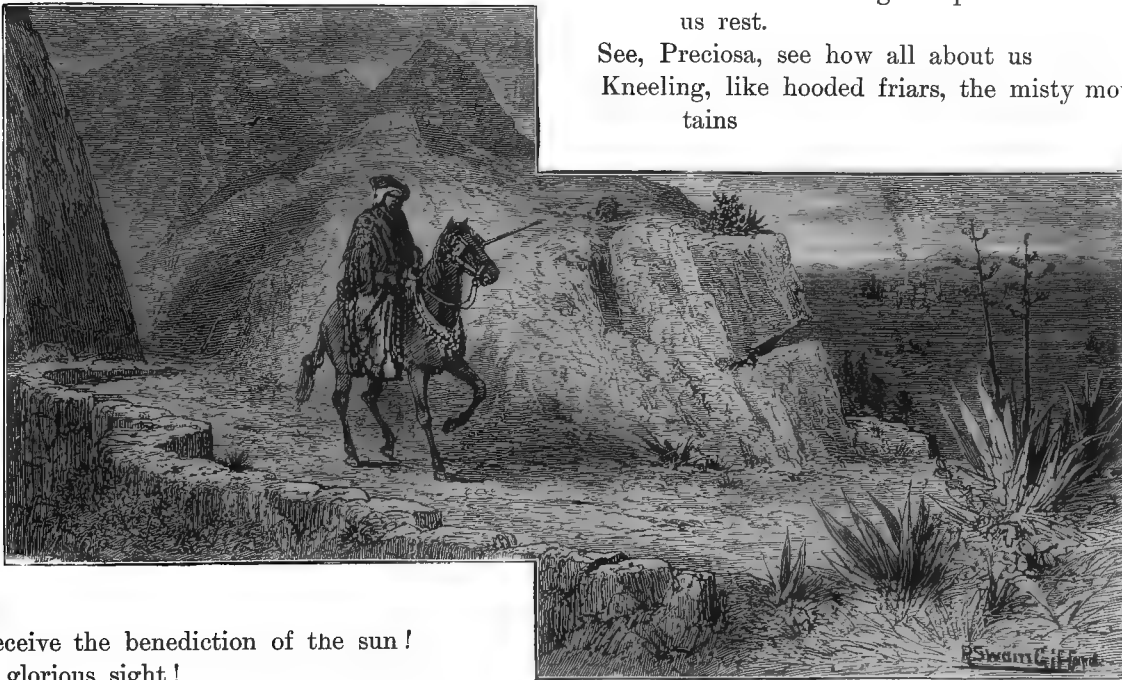
## SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried;  
Onward, caballito mio,  
With the white star in thy forehead!  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack!  
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.*)

*Vict.* This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains



Receive the benediction of the sun!  
O glorious sight!

*Prec.* Most beautiful indeed!

*Hyp.* Most wonderful!

*Vict.* And in the vale below,  
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,  
Sends up a salutation to the morn,  
As if an army smote their brazen shields,  
And shouted victory!

*Prec.* And which way lies Segovia?

*Vict.* At a great distance yonder  
Dost thou not see it?

*Prec.* No. I do not see it.

*Vict.* The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge,  
There, yonder!

*Hyp.* 'Tis a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar, built by the Moors,  
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas  
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. Oh, many a time  
Out of its grated windows have I looked  
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,  
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,  
Glides at its foot.

*Prec.* Oh yes! I see it now,  
 Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,  
 So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail  
     thither,  
 Freight with prayers and hopes, and forward  
     urged  
 Against all stress of accident, as in  
 The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide  
 Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic  
     Mountains,  
 And there were wrecked, and perished in the  
     sea! (*She weeps.*)

*Vict.* O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear un-  
     moved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!  
 But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
 Melts thee to tears! Oh, let thy weary heart  
 Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,  
 Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted  
 And filled with my affection.

*Prec.* Stay no longer!  
 My father waits. Methinks I see him there,  
 Now looking from the window, and now watch-  
     ing  
 Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,  
 And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father!  
     father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

*Chispa.* I have a father, too, but he is a  
 dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was  
 I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win  
 nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half  
 the time on foot, and the other half walking;  
 and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the  
 night. And so we plough along, as the fly  
 said to the ox. Who knows what may hap-  
 pen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am  
 not yet so bald that you can see my brains;  
 and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to  
 Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedi-  
 cite! [*Exit.*]

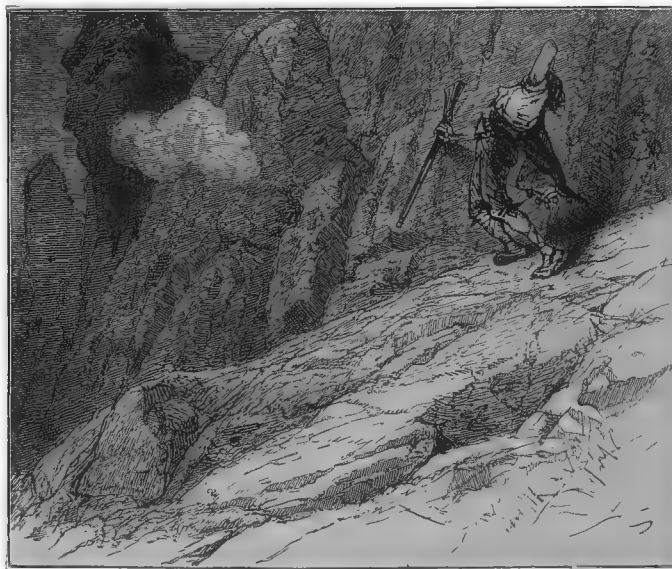
(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pur-  
     suit, with a carbine in his hand.*)

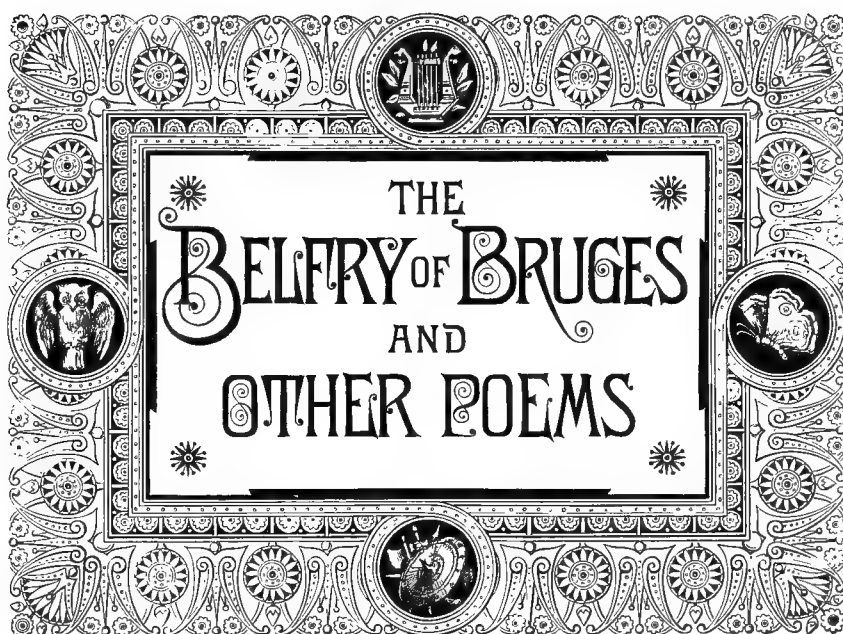
*Bart.* They passed this way. I hear their  
     horses' hoofs!  
 Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,  
 This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!  
 Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my  
     God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)











### CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and husk of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous  
eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it  
watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that  
lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the  
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and  
with streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and  
vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its  
chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early  
morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the  
ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the  
swallows wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed  
more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back  
the olden times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the  
melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when  
the nuns sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like  
the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk  
the earth again ;



All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly  
on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her  
hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke  
slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the  
sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and  
Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of  
the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White  
Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden  
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land  
with terror smote;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the  
tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon  
and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory  
in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The  
awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back  
into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, be-  
fore I was aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-  
illuminated square.

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.



THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;  
 There the green lane descends,  
 Through which I walked to church with thee,  
 O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees  
 Lay moving on the grass;  
 Between them and the moving boughs,  
 A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
 And thy heart as pure as they:  
 One of God's holy messengers  
 Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees  
 Bend down thy touch to meet,  
 The clover-blossoms in the grass  
 Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
 Of earth and folly born!"  
 Solemnly sang the village choir  
 On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
 Poured in a dusty beam,  
 Like the celestial ladder seen  
 By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind  
 Sweet-scented with the hay,  
 Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
 That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,  
 Yet it seemed not so to me;  
 For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
 And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
 Yet it seemed not so to me;  
 For in my heart I prayed with him,  
 And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;  
 Thou art no longer here:  
 Part of the sunshine of the scene  
 With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,  
 Like pine trees dark and high,  
 Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
 A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
 As when the sun, concealed  
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs,  
 Shines on a distant field.

#### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
 But from their silent pipes no anthem peal-  
     ing  
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and  
 dreary,  
 When the death-angel touches those swift  
 keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, through the ages that have gone before  
 us,  
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's  
 song,  
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's  
 skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning vil-  
lage ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy  
drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;  
  
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched  
asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.  
  
Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly  
voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?  
  
Were half the power, that fills the world with  
terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps  
and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long genera-  
tions,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
" Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the  
skies !

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across  
broad meadow-lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nurem-  
berg, the ancient, stands.  
  
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old  
town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the  
rooks that round them throng :  
  
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the em-  
perors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying,  
centuries old ;  
  
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted,  
in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its  
hand through every clime.  
  
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with  
many an iron band,



Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen  
Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old  
heroic days

Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maxi-  
milian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous  
world of Art:

Fountains wrought with richest sculpture stand-  
ing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and  
bishops carved in stone,

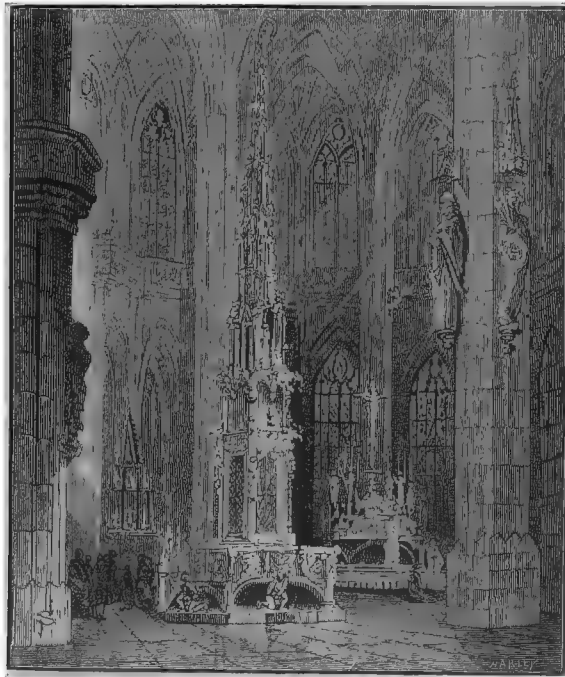
By a former age commissioned as apostles to  
our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps en-  
shrined his holy dust,

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard  
from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a  
pix of sculpture rare,

Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising  
through the painted air.



Here, when Art was still religion, with a sim-  
ple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evan-  
gelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still  
with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the  
Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tomb-stone  
where he lies;

Dead he is not, but departed,— for the artist  
never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine  
seems more fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he  
once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately,  
these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting  
rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they  
to the friendly guild,

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in  
spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too  
the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered  
to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes  
the flowers of poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues  
of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate  
of the gentle craft,

Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge  
folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a  
nicely sanded floor,

And a garland in the window, and his face  
above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam  
Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his  
great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to  
drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the  
master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before  
my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like  
a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for  
thee the world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans  
Sachs thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region  
far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang  
in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a  
floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of  
toil.



### THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

IN his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster  
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;  
 Many a carol, old and saintly,  
     Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
 Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
 That the storm was heard but faintly,  
     Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
 Where the monk, with accents holy,  
     Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
 As he paused awhile and listened,  
 And the dying baron slowly  
     Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
 Born and cradled in a manger!  
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
     Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted  
 Figures on the casement painted,  
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
     "Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition  
 He beheld, with clearer vision,  
 Through all outward show and fashion,  
     Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
 Reason spake more loud than passion,  
     And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
 Every serf born to his manor,  
 All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
     By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
 He recorded their dismissal,  
 Death relaxed his iron features,  
     And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
 Since in death the baron slumbered  
 By the convent's sculptured portal,  
     Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages  
 Living in historic pages,  
 Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
     Unconsumed by moth or rust.

#### RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!  
 After the dust and heat,  
 In the broad and fiery street,  
 In the narrow lane,  
 How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
 Like the tramp of hoofs!  
 How it gushes and struggles out  
 From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane  
 It pours and pours;  
 And swift and wide,  
 With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars  
 The rain, the welcome rain!

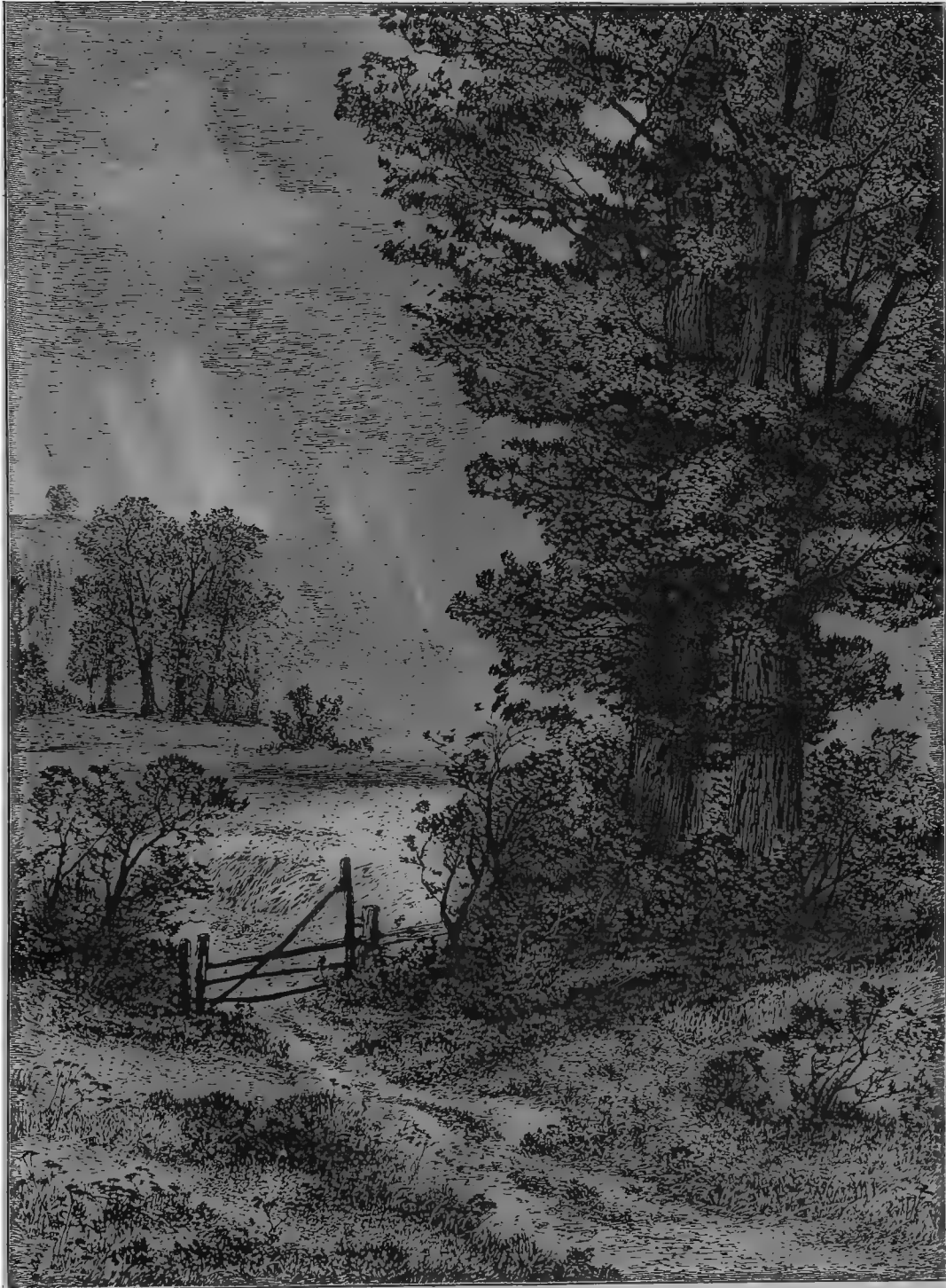
The sick man from his chamber looks  
 At the twisted brooks;  
 He can feel the cool  
 Breath of each little pool;  
 His fevered brain  
 Grows calm again,  
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
 Come the boys,  
 With more than their wonted noise  
 And commotion;









ARTIST: J. APPLETON BROWN

RAIN IN SUMMER.



And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,

The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

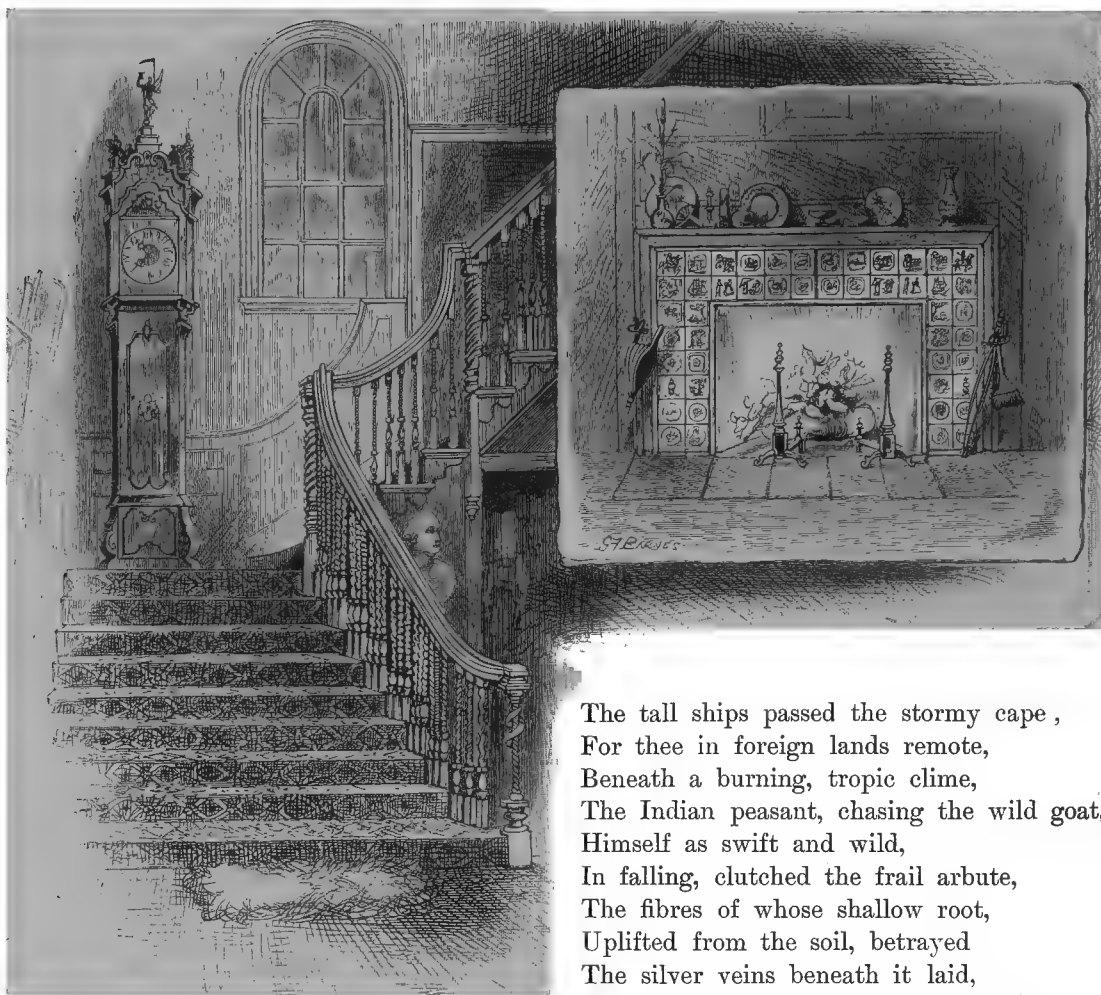
He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told, —  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

#### TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !

The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin ;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.



With what a look of proud command  
 Thou shakest in thy little hand  
 The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
 Making a merry tune !  
 Thousands of years in Indian seas  
 That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
 Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
 Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !  
 Those silver bells  
 Reposed of yore,  
 As shapeless ore,  
 Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
 Of darksome mines,  
 In some obscure and sunless place,  
 Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
 Or Potosí's o'erhanging pines !  
 And thus for thee, O little child,  
 Through many a danger and escape,

The tall ships passed the stormy cape ,  
 For thee in foreign lands remote,  
 Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
 The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
 Himself as swift and wild,  
 In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
 The fibres of whose shallow root,  
 Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
 The silver veins beneath it laid,  
 The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
 Thou hearest footsteps from afar !  
 And, at the sound,  
 Thou turnest round  
 With quick and questioning eyes,  
 Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
 Beholds on every hand  
 Some source of wonder and surprise !  
 And, restlessly, impatiently,  
 Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

The four walls of thy nursery  
 Are now like prison walls to thee.  
 No more thy mother's smiles,  
 No more the painted tiles,  
 Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
 That won thy little, beating heart before ;  
 Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
 Thy pattering footstep falls.  
 The sound of thy merry voice  
 Makes the old walls  
 Jubilant, and they rejoice  
 With the joy of thy young heart,  
 O'er the light of whose gladness  
 No shadows of sadness  
 From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.  
 And yonder meadows broad and damp  
 The fires of the besieging camp  
 Encircled with a burning belt.  
 Up and down these echoing stairs,  
 Heavy with the weight of cares,  
 Sounded his majestic tread;  
 Yes, within this very room  
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?  
 Out, out! into the open air!  
 Thy only dream is liberty,  
 Thou carest little how or where.

I see thee eager at thy play,  
 Now shouting to the apples on the tree,  
 With cheeks as round and red as they;  
 And now among the yellow stalks,  
 Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
 As restless as the bee.  
 Along the garden walks,  
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace;  
 And see at every turn how they efface  
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
 That rise like golden domes  
 Above the cavernous and secret homes  
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.  
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,  
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
 Dost persecute and overwhelm  
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant  
 looks,  
 And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,  
 Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
 Thou comest back to parley with repose!  
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
 And shining with the argent light of dews,



Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
From which the laughing birds have taken  
wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam ;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate !  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear ;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years ;  
And yet upon its outer rim,  
A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;  
A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil

With the hot tears and sweat of toil, —  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power, —  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold ;  
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.





## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam impended;  
And Day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of Night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries.  
I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars.  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see, but hear,  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near,  
Onward to vaster and wider rings,  
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,  
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march,  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy.  
Sirius was rising in the east;  
And, slow ascending one by one,  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star,  
Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion, hunter of the beast!  
His sword hung gleaming by his side,  
And, on his arm, the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint;  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars,  
That were to prove her strength and  
try  
Her holiness and her purity.



Thus moving on, with silent pace,  
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,  
 She reached the station of Orion.  
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm !  
 And suddenly from his outstretched arm  
 Down fell the red skin of the lion  
 Into the river at his feet.  
 His mighty club no longer beat  
 The forehead of the bull ; but he  
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,  
 When, blinded by CEnopion,  
 He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
 And, climbing up the mountain gorge,  
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,  
 An angel with a trumpet said,  
 " Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er !"  
 And, like an instrument that flings  
 Its music on another's strings,  
 The trumpet of the angel cast  
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,  
 And on from sphere to sphere the words  
 Reëchoed down the burning chords, —  
 " Forevermore, forevermore,  
 The reign of violence is o'er !"

### THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
 As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
 In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
 Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from the ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moonlight,  
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
 Among the wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,

I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, oh how often,  
 I had wished that the ebbing tide  
 Would bear me away on its bosom  
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,  
 And my life was full of care,  
 And the burden laid upon me  
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
 It is buried in the sea ;  
 And only the sorrow of others  
 Throws its shadow over me.

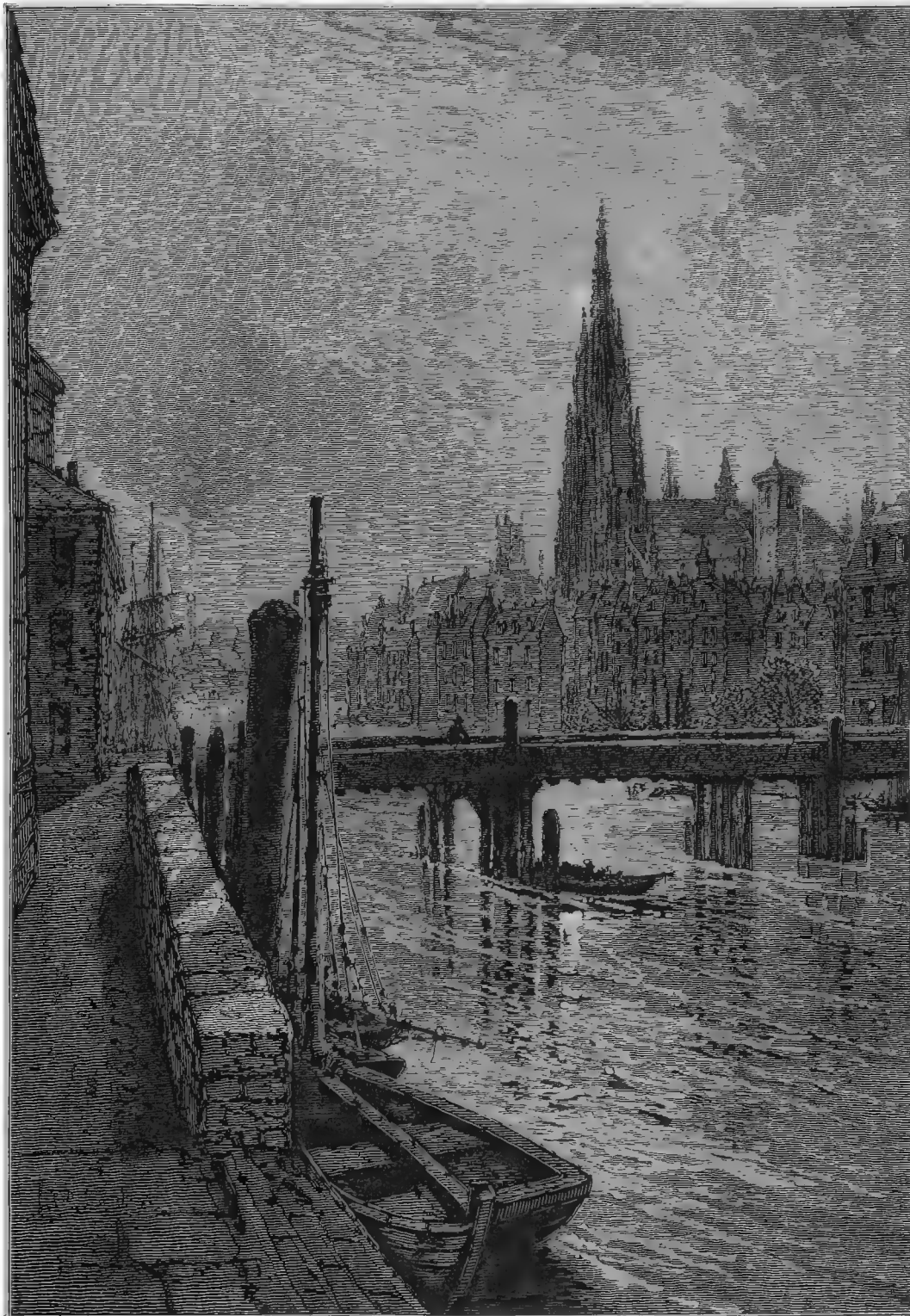
Yet whenever I cross the river  
 On its bridge with wooden piers,  
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
 Of care-encumbered men,  
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
 Still passing to and fro,  
 The young heart hot and restless,  
 And the old subdued and slow !







ARTIST: F. E. SCHELL.

"And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.  
*The Bridge.*



And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes ;

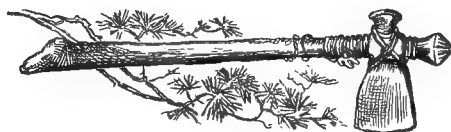
The moon and its broken reflection  
 And its shadows shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

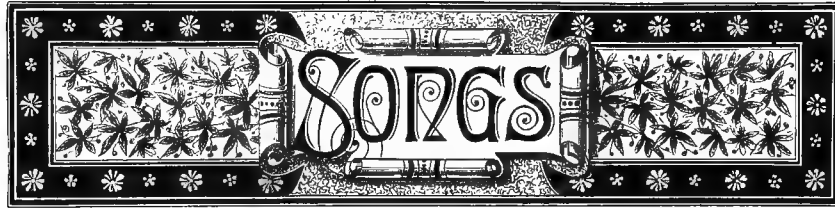
### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas ;  
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken !  
 Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints ?  
 How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies ?  
 How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains ?  
 Ah ! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
 Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,  
 Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions  
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,  
 Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !  
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple  
 Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
 Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.  
 There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !  
 There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,  
 Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha  
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?  
 Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
 Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,  
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
 Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
 Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires  
 Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak  
 Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;  
 It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !  
 Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,  
 Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !





## THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
 That is not akin to pain,  
 And resembles sorrow only  
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
 Not from the bards sublime,  
 Whose distant footsteps echo  
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
 Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
 As showers from the clouds of summer,  
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
 And nights devoid of ease,  
 Still heard in his soul the music  
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
 The restless pulse of care,  
 And come like the benediction  
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
 The poem of thy choice,  
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares, that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away.

## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
 The night is descending;  
 The marsh is frozen,  
 The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
 The red sun flashes  
 On village windows  
 That glimmer red.



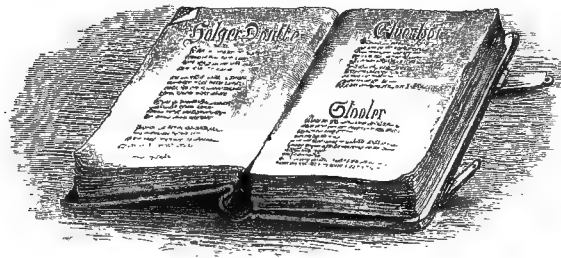
The snow recommences ;  
 The buried fences  
 Mark no longer  
     The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
 Like fearful shadows,  
 Slowly passes  
     A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
 And every feeling  
 Within me responds  
     To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
 My heart is bewailing  
 And tolling within  
     Like a funeral bell.

## TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK.



WELCOME, my old friend,  
 Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
 While the sullen gales of autumn  
 Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
 Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
 Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
 First I met thee.

There are marks of age,  
 There are thumb-marks on thy margin,  
 Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,  
 At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
 Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
 As the russet, rain-molested  
 Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
 Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
 As the leaves with the libations  
 Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
 Days departed, half-forgotten,  
 When in dreamy youth I wandered  
 By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear  
 The old ballad of King Christian  
 Shouted from suburban taverns  
 In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
 Who, in solitary chambers,  
 And with hearts by passion wasted,  
 Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
 Where thy songs of love and friendship  
 Made the gloomy Northern winter  
 Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
 In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
 Chanted staves of these old ballads  
 To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering song shall nestle  
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.

#### WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,



On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

### DRINKING SONG.

#### INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!  
From the pitcher, placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
Much this mystic throng expresses:  
Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
And Silenus of excesses.



These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus!

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

*L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"*

JACQUES BRIDAINE.



SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
    "Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —  
    "Forever — never!  
    Never — for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — Forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared;  
 The stranger feasted at his board;  
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never ceased, —  
     "Forever — never!"  
     Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
 O precious hours! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
 There, in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
 Some are married, some are dead;  
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"  
 As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient timepiece makes reply, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
 Where all parting, pain, and care,  
 And death, and time shall disappear, —  
 Forever there, but never here!  
 The horologe of Eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly, —  
     "Forever — never!  
     Never — forever!"

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

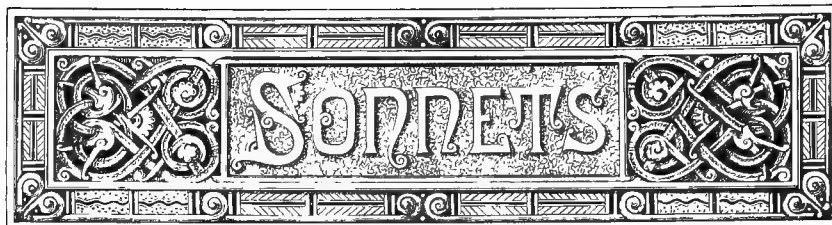
I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For who has sight so keen and strong,  
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
 And the song, from beginning to end,  
 I found again in the heart of a friend.





## THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
 The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
 And then anon she doth herself divest  
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,  
 With slumber and soft dreams of love  
 oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
 My morning and my evening star of love!  
 My best and gentlest lady! even thus,  
 As that fair planet in the sky above,  
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,  
 And from thy darkened window fades the  
 light.

## AUTUMN.

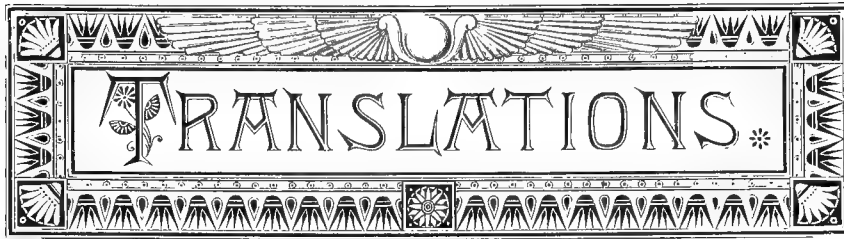
THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
 With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
 Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast  
 domain!

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging  
 eaves;  
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers at-  
 tended;  
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
 And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden  
 leaves!

## DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms  
 of gloom,  
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;  
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks  
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
 As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,  
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's de-  
 crease;  
 And, as he asks what there the stranger  
 seeks,  
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers  
 "Peace!"



## THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful  
are thy branches!

Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful  
are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless  
is thy bosom!

To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless  
is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st  
for thine example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st  
for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror  
of thy falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror  
of thy falsehood!

## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or  
come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so  
tall,

The more the hail beats, and the more the  
rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and  
strong,

Through crosses, through sorrows, through  
manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander  
alone

In a desolate land where the sun is scarce  
known, —

Through forests I'll follow, and where the  
     sea flows,  
 Through ice, and through iron, through armies  
     of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
 The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
 Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
 Where there is not one heart, and one mouth,  
     and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;  
 Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;  
 Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my  
     dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;  
 I am king of the household, and thou art its  
     queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest  
     rest,  
 That makes of us twain but one soul in one  
     breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we  
     dwell;  
 While wrangling soon changes a home to a  
     hell.

### THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
     The cathedral door above;  
 Yet I saw but one among them  
     Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,  
     As their robes the sowers wind, —  
 Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
     Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,  
     High in wind and tempest wild;  
 Oh, were I like him exalted,  
     I would be like him a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and blossoms, —  
     To the doors of heaven would bear,  
 Calling even in storm and tempest,  
     Round me still these birds of air.

### THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour  
     Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,  
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
     In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,  
     Sees He how with zealous care  
 At the ruthless nail of iron  
     A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
     With its beak it doth not cease,

From the cross 't would free the Saviour,  
     Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:  
     "Blest be thou of all the good!  
 Bear, as token of this moment,  
     Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;  
     Covered all with blood so clear,  
 In the groves of pine it singeth  
     Songs, like legends, strange to hear.



## THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,  
 The heaven hath its stars;  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;  
 Yet greater is my heart,

And fairer than pearls and stars  
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
 Come unto my great heart;  
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
 Are melting away with love!

## POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

## MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good?  
 Who has it not wants hardihood,  
 Who has it has much trouble and care,  
 Who once has had it has despair.

## THE BEST MEDICINES.

JOY and Temperance and Repose  
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

## SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,  
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

## POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A BLIND man is a poor man, and blind a  
 poor man is;  
 For the former seeth no man, and the latter  
 no man sees.

## LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I,  
 To my Lord heartily,  
 To my Prince faithfully,  
 To my Neighbor honestly.  
 Die I, so die I.

## CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds  
 and doctrines three  
 Extant are; but still the doubt is, where  
 Christianity may be.

## THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are  
 driven ever round;  
 If they have nothing else to grind, they must  
 themselves be ground.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and warmth  
 and comfort it bespoke;  
 But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites  
 us, like the smoke.

## ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not always are  
 combined;  
 Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

## RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet  
 they grind exceeding small;  
 Though with patience he stands waiting, with  
 exactness grinds he all.

## TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

## RHYMES.

IF perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;  
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

## CURFEW.

## I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall!  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all!

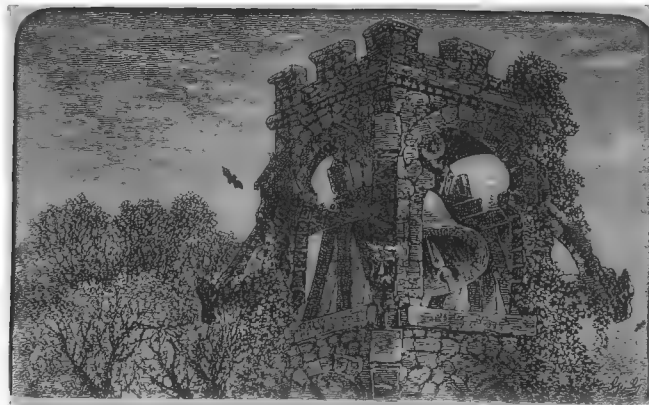
## II.

THE book is completed,  
And closed, like the day;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;  
Forgotten they lie;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.







ARTIST : E. A. ABBEY

EVANGELINE.

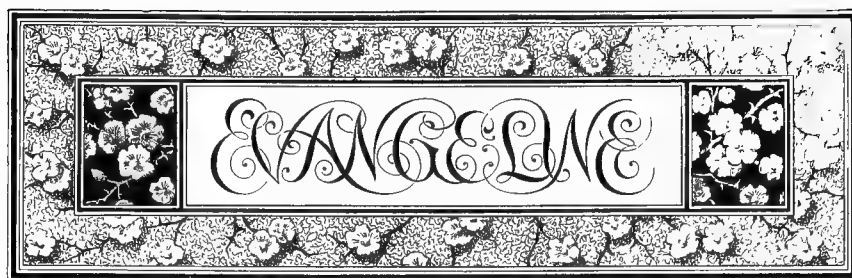










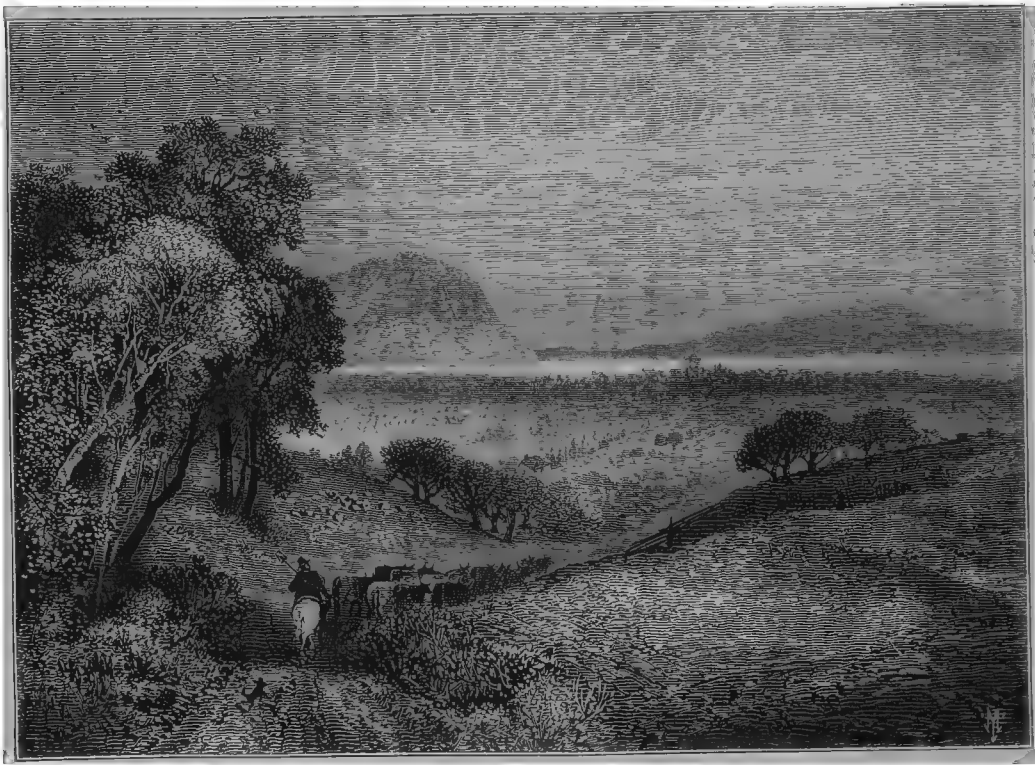


## A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,  
indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and  
prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest  
on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.



This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?  
 Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —  
 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
 Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?  
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!  
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré.



Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,  
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
 List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the forest;  
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

## PART THE FIRST.

### I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré  
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sounds with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop



Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,  
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady  
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath  
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows ;  
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;  
Gabriel Lejeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;  
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.  
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings ;  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !  
Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
 Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.  
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.  
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,  
 Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
 All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;  
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending  
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.  
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.  
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.  
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,  
 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,  
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,  
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.  
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,  
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.  
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
 Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence  
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;  
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
 Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths  
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser  
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.  
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her,  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,  
 Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.  
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.  
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold  
 "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."  
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—  
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,



And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—  
 “Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
 Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.  
 What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s mandate  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”  
 Then made answer the farmer: “Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.”  
 “Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly, the blacksmith,  
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—  
 “Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,  
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.  
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;  
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe of the mower.”  
 Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—  
 “Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,  
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,  
 Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s cannon.  
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

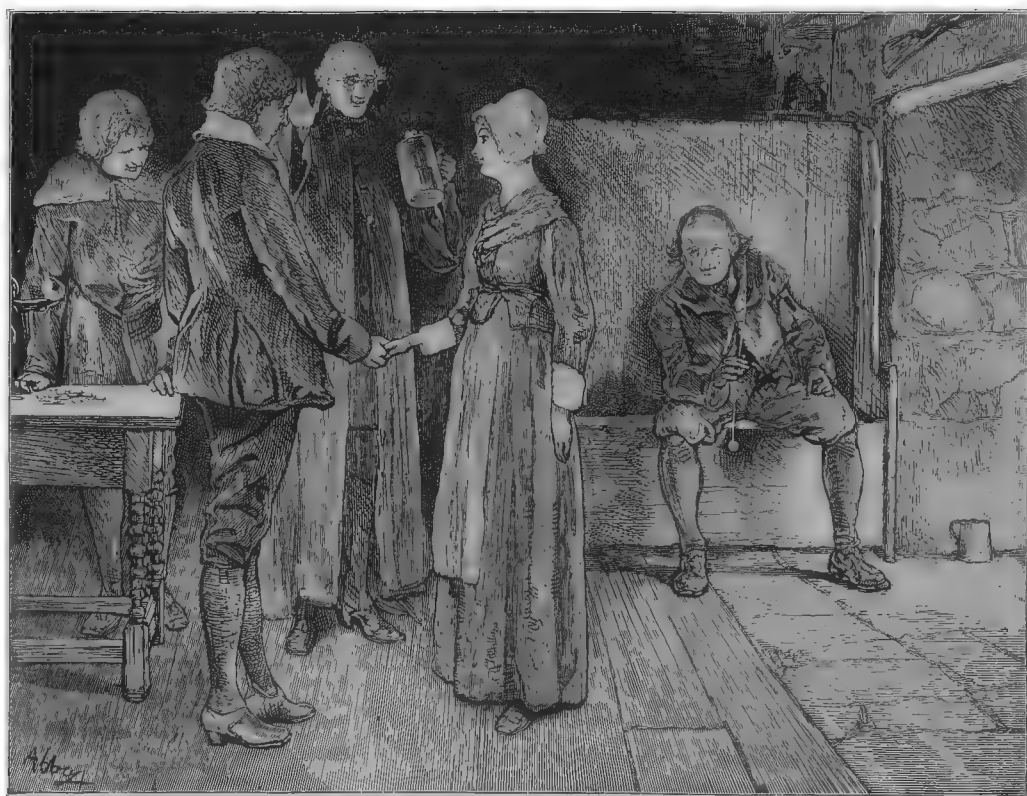


Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.  
 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village  
 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,  
 Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.  
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.  
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"  
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
 And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

## III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows  
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,  
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,  
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,  
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.  
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,  
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,  
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."  
 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —  
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;  
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others.  
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
 Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"  
 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;  
 "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?  
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"  
 But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public, —  
 "Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."  
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.  
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."  
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.



Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand Pré;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.  
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden  
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.  
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass  
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.



Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :  
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;  
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them  
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest,



Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —  
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
 “You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.  
 Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,  
 Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper  
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.  
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;  
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds  
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!  
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”  
 As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,  
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.  
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations  
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o’er the heads of the others  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —  
 “Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!”  
 More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin’s alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
 “What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?  
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another?  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, waiting, from house to house the women and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand



Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;  
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy,  
 And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.  
 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
 Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.  
 Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
 And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —  
 Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!  
 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,  
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.  
 Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors  
 Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
 Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows  
 Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,  
 "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
 Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
 Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,  
 Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.  
 Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
 In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall  
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
 Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!  
 Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;  
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,  
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.  
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach  
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.



All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;  
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.  
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors  
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.  
 Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,  
 Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—  
 "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"  
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside  
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them  
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,  
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.  
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—



"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another  
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"  
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father  
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!  
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep  
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.  
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children  
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.  
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.  
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reffluent ocean  
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.  
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,  
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,  
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;  
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-maid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.  
 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.  
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on the threshold,  
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.  
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.  
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,  
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.  
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.  
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.  
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.  
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments  
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,  
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
 Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses  
 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden  
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;  
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
 Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;  
 And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —  
 "Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,



Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,  
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
 Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.  
 ’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,  
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.





ARTIST: MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

EVANGELINE.





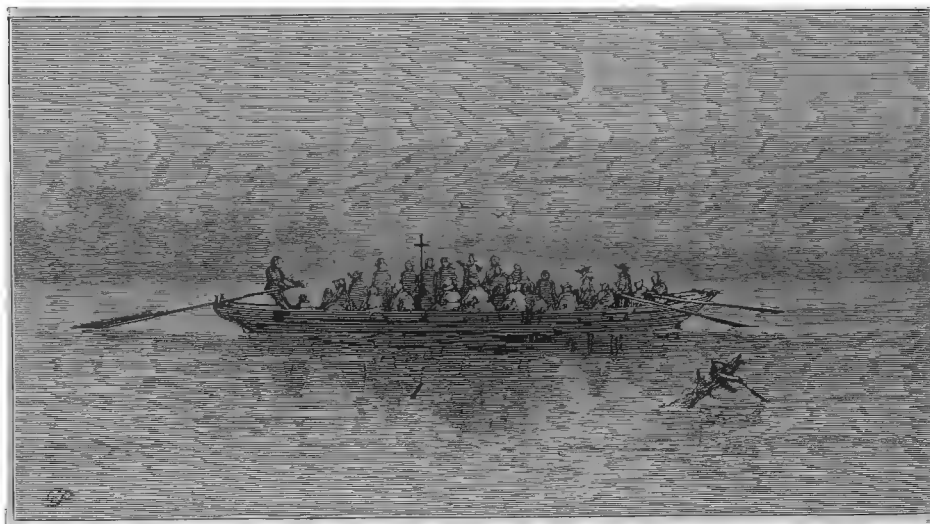


Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.  
 Fair was she and young: but, alas! before her extended,  
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,  
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.  
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;  
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.  
 Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,  
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;  
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,  
 Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,  
 But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.  
 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;  
 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.  
 He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."  
 Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."  
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.  
 For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,  
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."  
 Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
 Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;  
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"  
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
 Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,



Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
 It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and 'dove-cots.  
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.  
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;  
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —  
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.  
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.  
 It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.  
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
 And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.  
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.  
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;  
 But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;  
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
 Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,  
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
 Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,  
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them vast and high extended the cope  
     of a cedar.  
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-  
     flower and the grapevine  
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the lad-  
     der of Jacob,  
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascend-  
     ing, descending,  
 Were the swift humming-birds that flitted  
     from blossom to blossom.  
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she  
     slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn  
     of an opening heaven  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of  
     regions celestial.



Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.  
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.  
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.  
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.  
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,  
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers,  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"  
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—  
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.  
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,  
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;  
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
 Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad : then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,  
 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ; —  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

### III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;  
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the Blacksmith.  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.



Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,  
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,  
 All his domains and his herds and his patriarchal demeanor;  
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;  
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.  
 Thus they ascended the steps, and crossed the breezy veranda,  
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,  
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,  
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.  
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman  
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.  
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—  
 "Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,  
 Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!  
 Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;  
 Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.  
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.  
 All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows  
 More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.  
 Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;



Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.  
 After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
 No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
 Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”  
 Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
 While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,  
 So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,  
 Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.  
 But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—  
 “Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!  
 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
 Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell!”



Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching  
 Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.  
 It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.  
 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:  
 Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,  
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.  
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
 From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,  
 Broke up all further speech Away, like children delighted,  
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening  
 Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,  
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

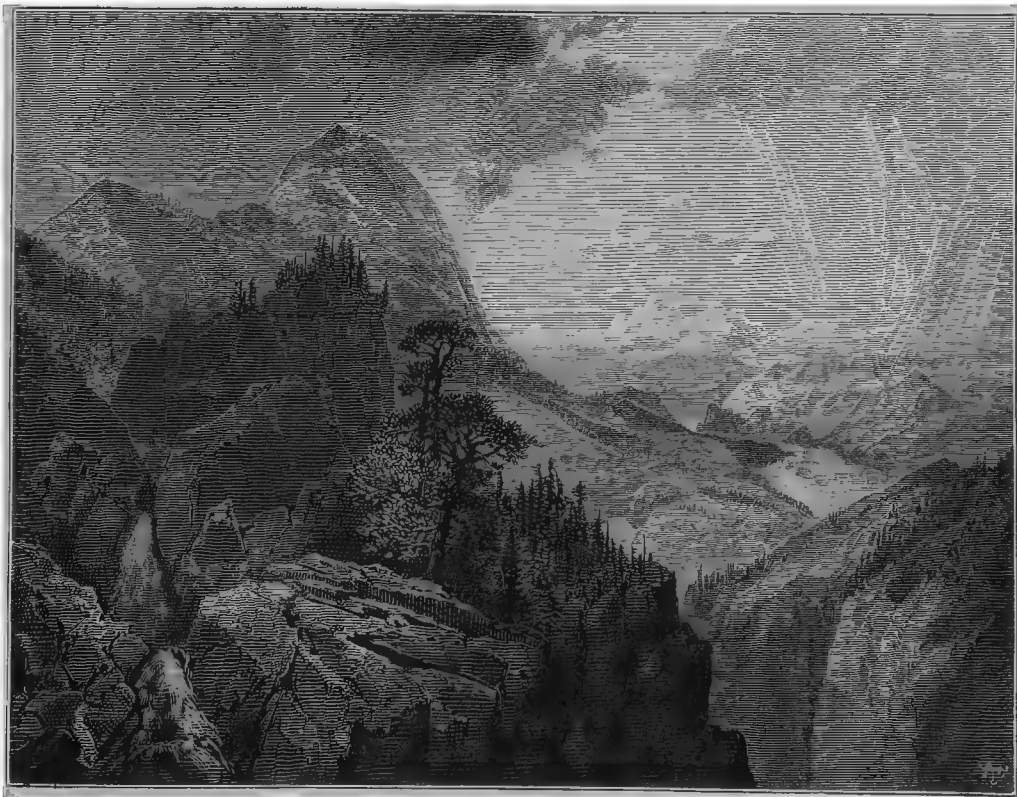
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,  
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
 "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
 "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."  
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended  
 Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
 Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,  
 Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain  
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,  
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;



And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;  
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,  
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.  
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on, as the magic *Fata Morgana*  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a *Coureur-des-Bois*, had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets.  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;  
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,  
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,  
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.



Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus.  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,  
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"  
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear  
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:--  
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"  
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;  
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,  
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."  
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,  
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."  
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —  
 Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing  
 Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,  
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming  
 Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.  
 Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
 But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.  
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.  
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "Have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!  
 Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
 See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;  
 This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted  
 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, — yet Gabriel came not;  
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird  
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.  
 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted  
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.  
 Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.  
 And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,  
 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.  
 When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
 She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
 Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!



Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ; —  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.



There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
 And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,  
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.  
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
 There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.



Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.  
As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated  
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city.  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ; —  
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands ; —  
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor ye always have with you."  
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,  
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.  
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;  
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.  
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.  
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers.  
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;  
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,



Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.  
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.  
 Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

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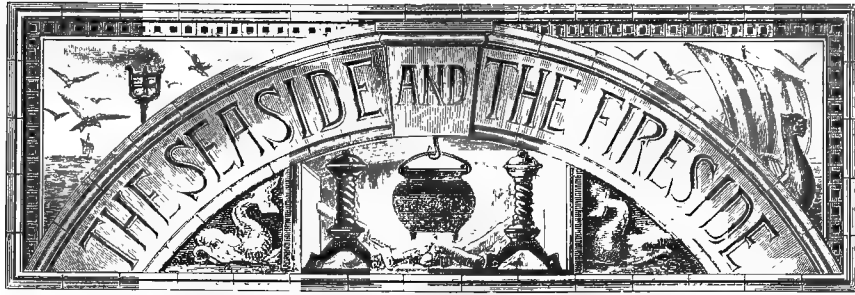
STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.









### DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they  
come,

Pauses from time to time, and turns and  
hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices, softened by the dis-  
tance,

And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and as-  
sistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have  
shown !

Thanks for each kindly word, each silent  
token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be  
spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep  
history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —  
One touch of fire, — and all the rest is  
mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,

And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured  
faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and  
semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my remembrance !

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on forever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with  
decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a  
river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us  
friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and  
nations,  
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspira-  
tions.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emo-  
tion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are  
lighted,

To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !



## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

“BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!  
 Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
 That shall laugh at all disaster,  
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

The merchant's word  
 Delighted the Master heard;  
 For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
 Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,  
 As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
 Play round the bows of ships,  
 That steadily at anchor ride.  
 And with a voice that was full of glee,  
 He answered, “Erelong we will launch  
 A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,  
 As ever weathered a wintry sea!”  
 And first with nicest skill and art,  
 Perfect and finished in every part,  
 A little model the Master wrought,  
 Which should be to the larger plan  
 What the child is to the man,  
 Its counterpart in miniature;  
 That with a hand more swift and sure  
 The greater labor might be brought  
 To answer to his inward thought.  
 And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
 The various ships that were built of yore,  
 And above them all, and strangest of all  
 Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
 Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
 With bows and stern raised high in air,  
 And balconies hanging here and there,  
 And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
 And eight round towers, like those that frown  
 From some old castle, looking down

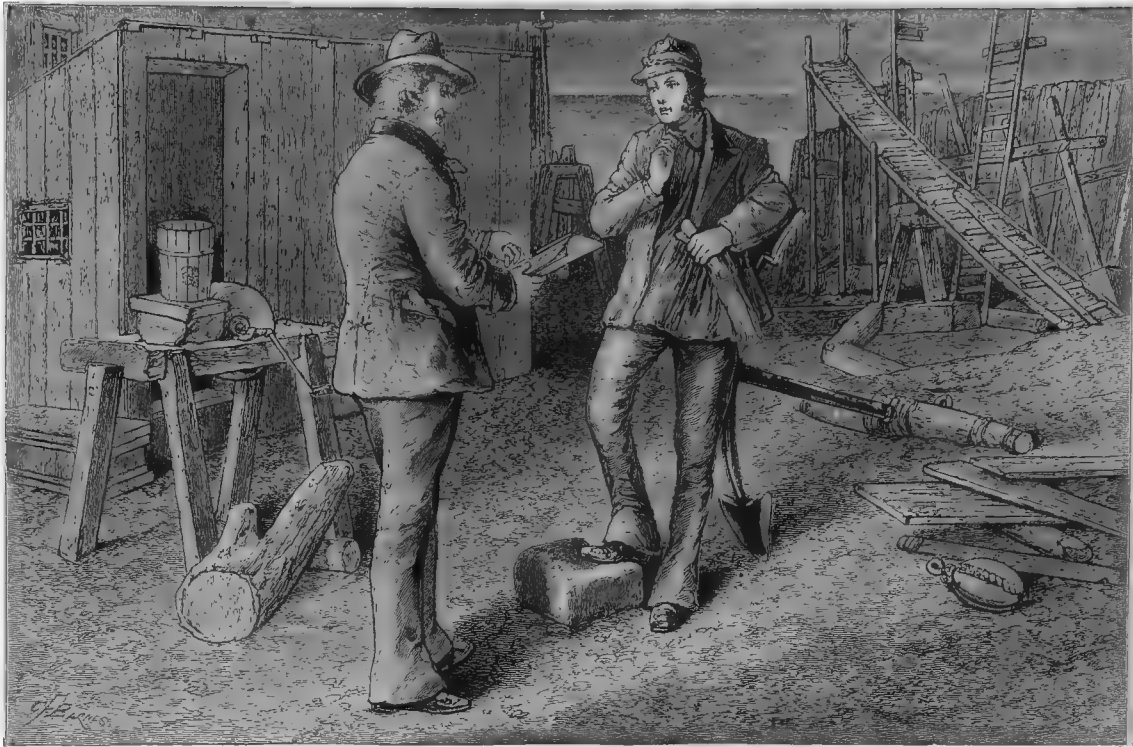
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
 And he said with a smile, “Our ship, I wis,  
 Shall be of another form than this!”

It was of another form, indeed;  
 Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
 A beautiful and gallant craft;  
 Broad in the beam, that the stress of the  
 blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
 Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
 Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
 With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
 That she might be docile to the helm,  
 And that the currents of parted seas,  
 Closing behind, with mighty force,  
 Might aid and not impede her course.  
 In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
 With the model of the vessel,  
 That should laugh at all disaster,  
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
 Lay the timber piled around;  
 Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
 And scattered here and there, with these,  
 The knarred and crooked cedar knees;  
 Brought from regions far away,  
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
 And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!  
 Ah! what a wondrous thing it is  
 To note how many wheels of toil  
 One thought, one word, can set in motion!  
 There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
 But every climate, every soil,  
 Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
 And help to build the wooden wall!





The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
 And long the level shadows lay,  
 As if they, too, the beams would be  
 Of some great, airy argosy,  
 Framed and launched in a single day.  
 That silent architect, the sun,  
 Had hewn and laid them every one,  
 Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
 Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
 A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
 Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
 Only the long waves, as they broke  
 In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
 Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
 The old man and the fiery youth!  
 The old man, in whose busy brain  
 Many a ship that sailed the main  
 Was modelled o'er and o'er again; —  
 The fiery youth, who was to be  
 The heir of his dexterity,  
 The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,  
 When he had built and launched from land  
 What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!  
 Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
 And follow well this plan of mine.  
 Choose the timbers with greatest care;  
 Of all that is unsound beware;  
 For only what is sound and strong  
 To this vessel shall belong.  
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
 Here together shall combine.  
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame.  
 And the UNION be her name!  
 For the day that gives her to the sea  
 Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word  
 Enraptured the young man heard;  
 And as he turned his face aside,  
 With a look of joy and a thrill of pride  
 Standing before  
 Her father's door,  
 He saw the form of his promised bride.  
 The sun shone on her golden hair,  
 And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
 With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.  
 Like a beauteous barge was she,

Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still,  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,

With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind!  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile  
illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:—

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing  
blast!

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,







ARTIST: EASTMAN JOHNSON.

" Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride."  
*The Building of the Ship*



With robes of white, that far behind  
 Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
 It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
 Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
 Or Naiad rising from the water,  
 But modelled from the Master's daughter !  
 On many a dreary and misty night,  
 'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
 Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
 Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
 The pilot of some phantom bark,  
 Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
 By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,  
 Each tall and tapering mast  
 Is swung into its place ;  
 Shrouds and stays  
 Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,  
 In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
 When upon mountain and plain  
 Lay the snow,  
 They fell, — those lordly pines !  
 Those grand, majestic pines !  
 'Mid shouts and cheers  
 The jaded steers,  
 Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding road  
 Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
 To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
 And naked and bare,  
 To feel the stress and the strain  
 Of the wind and the reeling main,  
 Whose roar  
 Would remind them forevermore  
 Of their native forests they should not see  
 again.

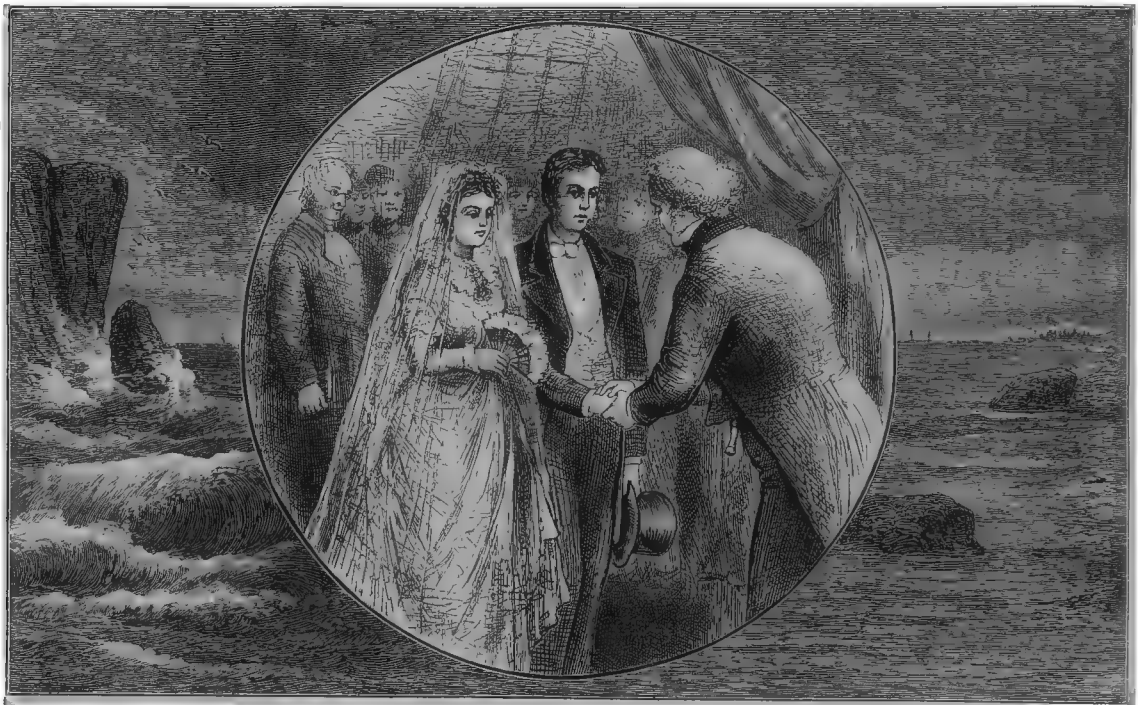
And everywhere  
 The slender, graceful spars  
 Poise aloft in the air,  
 And at the mast-head,  
 White, blue, and red,  
 A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
 Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
 In foreign harbors shall behold  
 That flag unrolled,  
 'T will be as a friendly hand  
 Stretched out from his native land,  
 Filling his heart with memories sweet and  
 endless !



All is finished! and at length  
 Has come the bridal day  
 Of beauty and of strength.  
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanced,  
 And o'er the bay,  
 Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
 Centuries old,  
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
 Paces restless to and fro,  
 Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;  
 And far and wide,  
 With ceaseless flow,  
 His beard of snow  
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
 He waits impatient for his bride.  
 There she stands,  
 With her foot upon the sands,  
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
 In honor of her marriage day,  
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
 Round her like a veil descending,  
 Ready to be  
 The bride of the gray old sea.



On the deck another bride  
 Is standing by her lover's side.  
 Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
 Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
 Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
 Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
 The service read,  
 The joyous bridegroom bows his head;  
 And in tears the good old Master

Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
 Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
 In silence, for he cannot speak,  
 And ever faster  
 Down his own the tears begin to run.  
 The worthy pastor—  
 The shepherd of that wandering flock.  
 That has the ocean for its wold,  
 That has the vessel for its fold,  
 Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
 Spake, with accents mild and clear,



Words of warning, words of cheer,  
 But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
 He knew the chart  
 Of the sailor's heart,  
 All its pleasures and its griefs,  
 All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
 All those secret currents, that flow  
 With such resistless undertow,  
 And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
 The will from its moorings and its course.  
 Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—  
 'Like unto ships far off at sea,  
 Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
 Before, behind, and all around,  
 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
 Seems at its distant rim to rise  
 And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
 And then again to turn and sink,  
 As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
 Ah! it is not the sea,  
 It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
 But ourselves  
 That rock and rise  
 With endless and uneasy motion,  
 Now touching the very skies,  
 Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
 Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
 Ever level and ever true  
 To the toil and the task we have to do,  
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining  
     beach  
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
 Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,  
 With a gesture of command,  
 Waved his hand;  
 And at the word,  
 Loud and sudden there was heard,  
 All around them and below,  
 The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
 Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
 And see! she stirs!  
 She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel  
 The thrill of life along her keel,  
 And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
 With one exulting, joyous bound,

She leaps into the ocean's arms!  
 And lo! from the assembled crowd  
 There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
 That to the ocean seemed to say,  
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
 Take her to thy protecting arms,  
 With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair  
 She lies within those arms, that press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy goings be!  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
 Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
 'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
 And not a rent made by the gale!  
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
 In spite of false lights on the shore,  
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

## SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
 The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
 The toiling surges,  
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
 Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
 Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

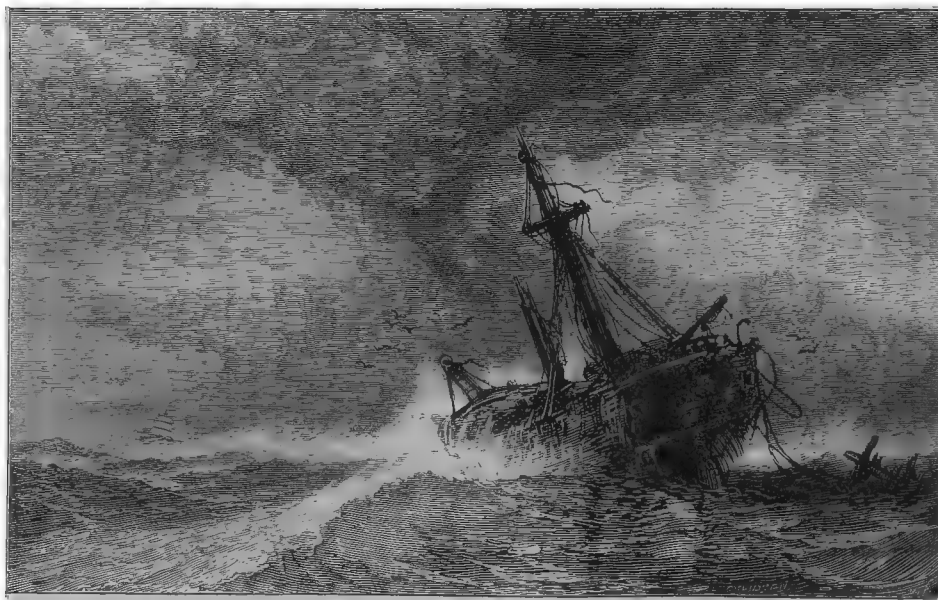
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main ;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
 Strike the ocean  
 Of the poet's soul, erelong  
 From each cave and rocky fastness,  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,  
 Heaven has planted  
 With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
 From the flashing surf, whose vision  
 Gleams Elysian  
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
 That forever  
 Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;  
 From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
 Tempest-shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart ;  
 Till at length in books recorded,  
 They, like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.



## CHRYSAOR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
 As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
 Lonely and lovely, a single star  
 Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
 Falls the trail of its golden splendor,  
 And the gleam of that single star  
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,  
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,  
 Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;  
 Is it a God, or is it a star  
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
 As I gaze upon the sea!  
 All the old romantic legends,  
 All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
 Such as gleam in ancient lore;  
 And the singing of the sailors,  
 And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
 And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
 Where the sand as silver shines,  
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
 With his hawk upon his hand,  
 Saw a fair and stately galley,  
 Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
 Chant a song so wild and clear,  
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—  
 “Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered,  
 “Learn the secret of the sea?  
 Only those who brave its dangers  
 Comprehend its mystery!”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
 In each landward-blowing breeze,  
 I behold that stately galley,  
 Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing  
 For the secret of the sea,  
 And the heart of the great ocean  
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

## TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
 The wind blows wild and free,  
 And like the wings of sea-birds  
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
 There shines a ruddier light,

And a little face at the window  
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
 As if those childish eyes  
 Were looking into the darkness,  
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother  
Drive the color from her cheek ?

### SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death ;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun ;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;

"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, " by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold !  
As of a rock was the shock ;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, o'er the open main ;  
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day ;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,

A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape  
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
 They wave their silent welcomes and fare-  
 wells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their  
 sails  
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
 And when, returning from adventures wild,  
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
 Year after year, through all the silent night

Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame.  
 Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of  
 peace ;  
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
 And steadily against its solid form  
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

" Sail on ! " it says, " sail on, ye stately ships !  
 And with your floating bridge the ocean  
 span ;  
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man ! "

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
 Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold,  
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
 The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
 The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
 Descending, filled the little room ;  
 Our faces faded from the sight,  
 Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
 Of what we once had thought and said,  
 Of what had been, and might have been,  
 And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
 When first they feel, with secret pain,  
 Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
 And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
 That words are powerless to express,  
 And leave it still unsaid in part,  
 Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!  
They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.





### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and  
tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and  
vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is tran-  
sition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep un-  
broken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though un-  
spoken,  
May reach her where she lives,

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the  
ocean,  
That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

## THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
 Working in these walls of Time;  
 Some with massive deeds and great,  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
 Each thing in its place is best;  
 And what seems but idle show  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled;  
 Our to-days and yesterdays  
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;  
 Leave no yawning gaps between;  
 Think not, because no man sees,  
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care

Each minute and unseen part;  
 For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
 Both the unseen and the seen;  
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
 Standing in these walls of Time,  
 Broken stairways, where the feet  
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
 With a firm and ample base;  
 And ascending and secure  
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
 To those turrets, where the eye  
 Sees the world as one vast plain,  
 And one boundless reach of sky.

## SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime  
 Of Arab deserts brought,  
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
 About those deserts blown!  
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
 How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
 Trampled and passed it o'er,  
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight  
 His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
 Crushed it beneath their tread,  
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
 Scattered it as they sped;

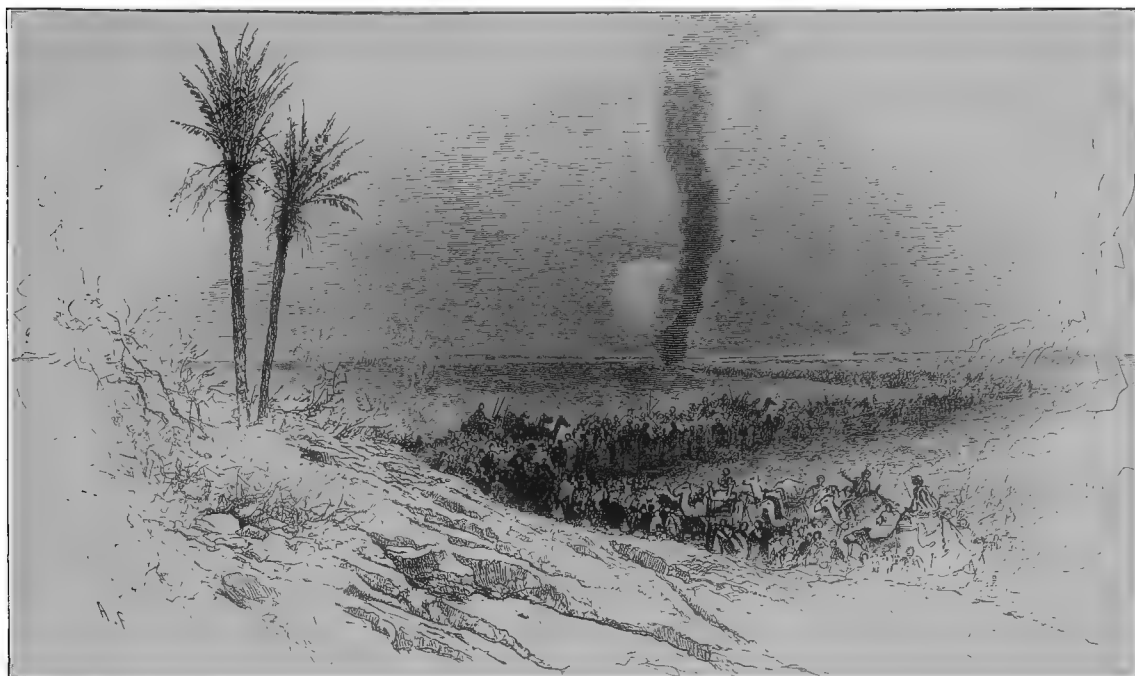
Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
 Held close in her caress,  
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
 Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
 Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
 And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
 In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
 With westward steps depart;  
 Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
 And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!  
 Now in this crystal tower  
 Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
 It counts the passing hour.





And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;  
 Before my dreamy eye  
 Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
 Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
 This little golden thread  
 Dilates into a column high and vast,  
 A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
 Across the boundless plain,  
 The column and its broader shadow run,  
 Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again  
 Shut out the lurid sun,  
 Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;  
 The half-hour's sand is run !

#### THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens  
 Stood silent in the shade,  
 And on the gravelled pathway  
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
 Wide open to the air ;  
 But the faces of the children,  
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
 Was standing by the door ;  
 He looked for his little playmates,  
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
 They played not in the hall ;  
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
 With sweet, familiar tone ;  
 But the voices of the children  
 Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand !

## KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
 Ere yet his last he breathed,  
 To the merry monks of Croyland  
 His drinking-horn bequeathed, —

That, whenever they sat at their revels,  
 And drank from the golden bowl,  
 They might remember the donor,  
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
 And bade the goblet pass ;  
 In their beards the red wine glistened  
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
 They drank to Christ the Lord,  
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
 Of the dismal days of yore,  
 And as soon as the horn was empty  
 They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
 Like the murmur of many bees,  
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
 And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,  
 From their prison in the tower,  
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,  
 And the Abbot bowed his head,  
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,  
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
 He clutched the golden bowl,  
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
 The jovial monks forbore,  
 For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!  
 We must drink to one Saint more!"

## GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist  
 Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
 Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
 That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
 But, alas ! his fair ideal  
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
 Had the precious wood been brought ;  
 Day and night the anxious master  
 At his toil untiring wrought ;

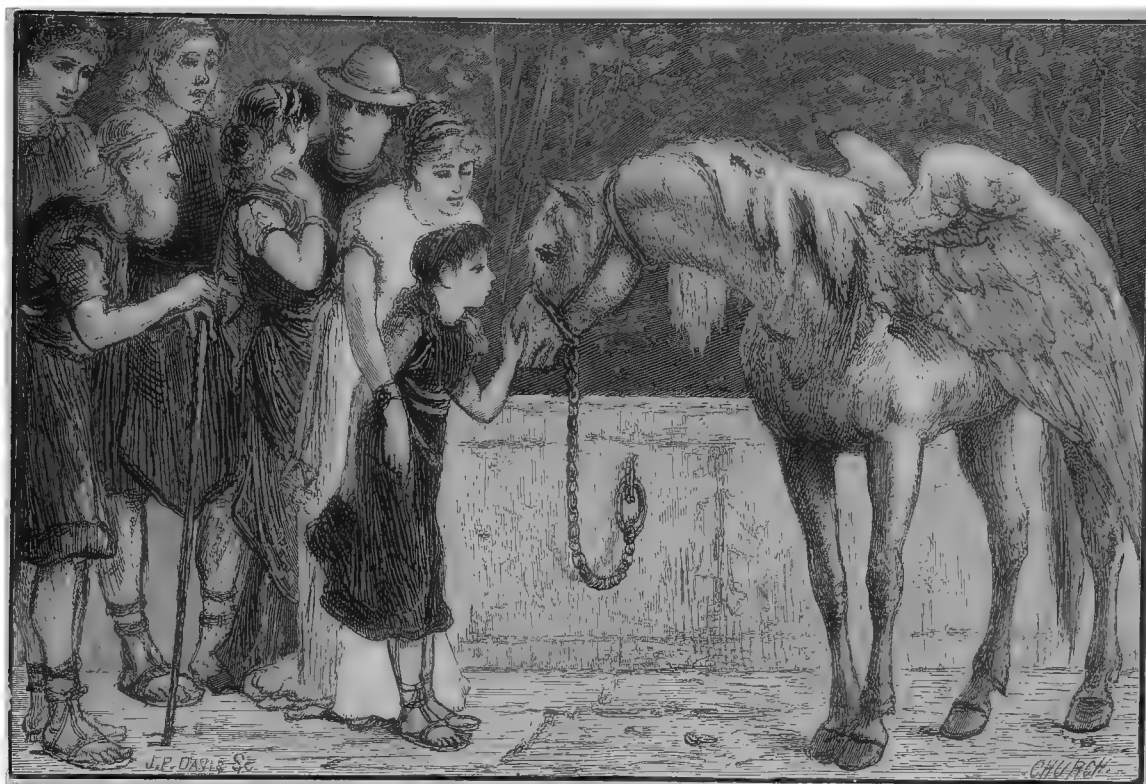
Till, discouraged and desponding,  
 Sat he now in shadows deep,

And the day's humiliation  
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master !  
 From the burning brand of oak  
 Shape the thought that stirs within thee !"  
 And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
 Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
 And therefrom he carved an image,  
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
 Take this lesson to thy heart :  
 That is best which lieth nearest ;  
 Shape from that thy work of art.



## PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,  
 Without haste and without heed,  
 In the golden prime of morning,  
 Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
 And, like living coals, the apples  
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
 From its belfry gaunt and grim;  
 'T was the daily call to labor,  
 Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
 In its gleaming vapor veiled;  
 Not the less he breathed the odors  
 That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
 By the school-boys he was found;

And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
 Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
 Wandered down the street proclaiming  
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
 Rich and poor, and young and old,  
 Came in haste to see this wondrous  
 Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
 Fell, with vapors cold and dim;  
 But it brought no food nor shelter,  
 Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
 Looked he through the wooden bars,  
 Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
 Sounded from its dark abode,  
 And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

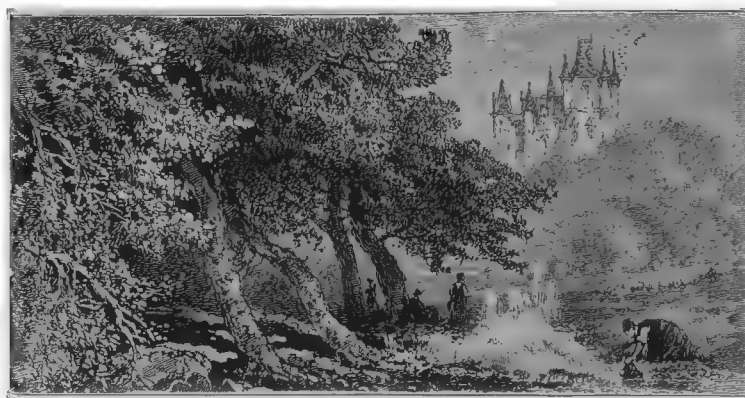
Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
 Breaking from his iron chain,  
 And unfolding far his pinions,  
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
 Woke to all its toil and care,

Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
 And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
 Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
 From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
 Gladdens the whole region round,  
 Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
 While it soothes them with its sound.



### TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead!"  
 And through the misty air  
 Passed like the mournful cry  
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse  
 Of the dead sun  
 Borne through the Northern sky.  
 Blasts from Niffelheim  
 Lifted the sheeted mists  
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,  
 "Balder the Beautiful  
 Is dead, is dead!"  
 And died away  
 Through the dreary night,  
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,  
 God of the summer sun,  
 Fairest of all the Gods!  
 Light from his forehead beamed,  
 Runes were upon his tongue,  
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air  
 Bound were by magic spell  
 Never to do him harm;  
 Even the plants and stones;  
 All save the mistletoe,  
 The sacred mistletoe!

Høder, the blind old God,  
 Whose feet are shod with silence,  
 Pierced through that gentle breast  
 With his sharp spear, by fraud,  
 Made of the mistletoe,  
 The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship.  
 With horse and harness,  
 As on a funeral pyre.  
 Odin placed  
 A ring upon his finger,  
 And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!  
 It floated far away  
 Over the misty sea,  
 Till like the sun it seemed,  
 Sinking beneath the waves.  
 Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!  
 But out of the sea of Time  
 Rises a new land of song,  
 Fairer than the old.  
 Over its meadows green  
 Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
 O ye bards,  
 Fairer than before!  
 Ye fathers of the new race,  
 Feed upon morning dew,  
 Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!  
 The law of love prevails!  
 Thor, the thunderer,  
 Shall rule the earth no more,  
 No more, with threats,  
 Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
 O ye bards of the North,  
 Of Vikings and of Jarls!  
 Of the days of Eld  
 Preserve the freedom only,  
 Not the deeds of blood!

## SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped!  
 Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
 Of all the best thoughts of the greatest  
 sages,  
 And giving tongues unto the silent dead!  
 How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,  
 Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
 Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,

Anticipating all that shall be said!  
 O happy Reader! having for thy text  
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have  
 caught  
 The rarest essence of all human thought!  
 O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!  
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice  
 To be interpreted by such a voice!

## THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth  
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
 That they might touch the hearts of men,  
 And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,  
 Held in his hand a golden lyre;  
 Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
 Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,  
 Stood singing in the market-place,  
 And stirred with accents deep and loud  
 The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,  
 Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
 While the majestic organ rolled  
 Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see  
No best in kind, but in degree ;

I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

" These are the three great chords of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony. "

### SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own !  
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,

As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust !

### HYMN.

#### FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said : " Yet one  
thing more ;  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,

That he may lean upon his arm and say,  
" Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,  
To make the scene more fair ;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

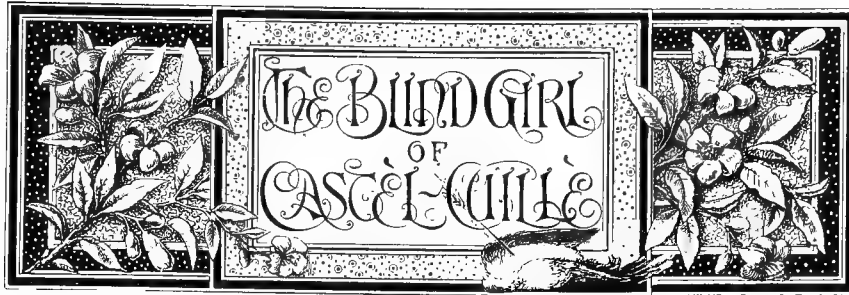
O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !  
Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on !











# THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;  
Let me attempt it with an English quill;  
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.



## I.

AT the foot of the mountain height  
Where is perched Castèl Cuillè,  
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree  
In the plain below were growing white,  
This is the song one might perceive  
On a Wednesday morn' of St. Joseph's Eve :

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"



This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,  
 Seemed from the clouds descending;  
 When lo! a merry company  
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,  
 Each one with her attendant swain,  
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;  
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,  
 Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven has sent  
 For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,  
 And soon descending  
 The narrow sweep  
 Of the hillside steep,  
 They wind aslant  
 Towards Saint Amant,  
 Through leafy alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys  
 With merry sallies,  
 Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
 With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of  
 gloom,  
 The sun of March was shining brightly,  
 And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly  
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,  
 A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!

To sounds of joyous melodies,  
 That touch with tenderness the trembling

bosom,  
 A band of maidens  
 Gayly frolicking,  
 A band of youngsters  
 Wildly rollicking!  
 Kissing,  
 Caressing,

With fingers pressing,  
 Till in the veriest  
 Madness of mirth, as they dance,  
 They retreat and advance,  
 Trying whose laugh shall be loudest  
 and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish eyes,  
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:  
 "Those who catch me  
 Married verily  
 This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,  
 And all attain what they pursue,  
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,  
 And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among  
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,  
 So joyous, with such laughing air,  
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?  
 And yet the bride is fair and young!  
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,  
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?  
 Oh no! for a maiden frail, I trow,  
 Never bore so lofty a brow!  
 What lovers! they give not a single caress!  
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,  
 These are grand people, one would say.  
 What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him op-  
 press?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,  
 In yon cottage, by whose walls  
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,  
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
 Daughter of a veteran old;  
 And you must know, one year ago,  
 That Margaret, the young and tender,  
 Was the village pride and splendor,  
 And Baptiste her lover bold.  
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;  
 For them the altar was prepared;  
 But alas! the summer's blight,  
 The dread disease that none can stay,  
 The pestilence that walks by night,  
 Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;  
 Their peace was gone, but not their love es-  
 tranged.

Wearied at home, erelong the lover fled;  
 Returned but three short days ago,  
 The golden chain they round him throw,  
 He is enticed, and onward led  
 To marry Angela, and yet  
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
 "Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!  
 Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a  
 fountain's side

A woman, bent and gray with years,  
 Under the mulberry trees appears,  
 And all towards her run, as fleet  
 As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
 Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.  
 She telleth fortunes, and none complain.  
 She promises one a village swain,  
 Another a happy wedding-day,  
 And the bride a lovely boy straightway.  
 All comes to pass as she avers;  
 She never deceives, she never errs.



But for this once the village seer  
 Wears a countenance severe,  
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white  
 Her two eyes flash like cannons bright  
 Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat  
 blue,  
 Who, like a statue, stands in view;  
 Changing color, as well he might,

When the beldame wrinkled and gray  
 Takes the young bride by the hand,  
 And, with the tip of her reedy wand  
 Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—

"Thoughtless Angela, beware!  
 Lest, when thou weddest this false bride-  
 groom,

Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"

And she was silent; and the maidens fair  
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;  
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
 What are two drops of turbid rain?  
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train  
 Resumed the dance and song again;  
 The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—

And down green alleys  
 Of verdurous valleys,  
 With merry sallies,  
 They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!  
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

## II.

AND by suffering worn and weary,  
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
 Thus lamented Margaret,  
 In her cottage lone and dreary:—

"He has arrived! arrived at last!  
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days  
 past;

Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!  
 And knows that of my night he is the star!  
 Knows that long months I wait alone, be-  
 nighted,

And count the moments since he went away!  
 Come! keep the promise of that happier day,  
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!  
 What joy have I without thee? what delight?  
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;  
 Day for the others ever, but for me

Forever night! forever night!  
 When he is gone 't is dark! my soul is sad!  
 I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.  
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;  
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue  
 eyes!



Within them shines for me a heaven of love,  
A heaven all happiness, like that above.

No more of grief! no more of lassitude!  
Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all distresses,  
When seated by my side my hand he presses;  
But when alone, remember all!

Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!  
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,

I need some bough to twine around!  
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!  
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!  
What then — when one is blind?

“Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!  
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!  
O God! what thoughts within me waken!  
Away! he will return! I do but rave!

He will return! I need not fear!  
He swore it by our Saviour dear;  
He could not come at his own will;  
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!  
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!  
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart  
can see!  
And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!”

And the door ajar is set,  
And poor, confiding Margaret  
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless  
eyes;

'T is only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—  
“Angela the bride has passed!

I saw the wedding guests go by;  
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?  
For all are there but you and I!”

“Angela married! and not send  
To tell her secret unto me!  
Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be?”  
“My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;  
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;  
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
Descending, as her brother speaks,  
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,  
Suspends awhile its life and heat.  
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,  
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again  
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!  
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?  
How merrily they laugh and jest!  
Would we were bidden with the rest!  
I would don my hose of homespun gray,  
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;  
Perhaps they will come; for they do not  
wed

Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret;  
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,  
Mastered again; and its hand of ice  
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!  
But leave me now for a while alone."  
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,  
And, as he whistled along the hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!  
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!  
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;  
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"  
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the  
bride;

And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come ere long,  
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.  
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
To me such joy they prophesy,  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide  
When they behold him at my side.  
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?  
It must seem long to him;—methinks I  
see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:  
"Thy love I cannot all approve;  
We must not trust too much to happiness;—  
Go, pray to God, that thou mayest love him  
less!"

"The more I pray, the more I love!  
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"  
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;  
But to deceive the beldame old  
She takes a sweet, contented air;  
Speak of foul weather or of fair,  
At every word the maiden smiles!

Thus the beguiler she beguiles;  
So that, departing at the evening's close,  
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing  
knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!  
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!  
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,  
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

### III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,  
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,  
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and crown,  
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,  
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.  
The other, blind, within her little room,  
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;  
But in their stead for something gropes apart,  
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,  
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,  
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,  
And joyous singing,  
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the  
floor,  
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,  
Conducted by her brother's hand,  
Towards the church, through paths un-  
scanned,  
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
Round her at times exhale,  
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapors gray.



Near that castle, fair to see,  
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,  
Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high degree,  
A little chapel, almost bare  
At the base of the rock, is builded there ;  
All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage roof,  
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
And its blackened steeple high in air,  
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

“Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by !”  
Thus Margaret said. “Where are we ? we  
ascend !”

“Yes ; seest thou not our journey’s end ?  
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry ?  
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know !  
Dost thou remember when our father said,  
The night we watched beside his bed,  
‘O daughter, I am weak and low ;  
Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dying !’  
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying ?  
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;  
And here they brought our father in his shroud.  
There is his grave ; there stands the cross we  
set ;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?  
Come in ! the bride will be here soon :  
Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to  
swoon !”

She could no more, — the blind girl, weak and  
weary !

A voice seemed crying from that grave so  
dreary,

“What wouldst thou do, my daughter ?” —  
and she started,

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ;  
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore

Her steps towards the open door ;  
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid  
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,  
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
Touches the crown of filigrane  
Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
No more restrained, no more afraid,  
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,  
And in the ancient chapel’s sombre night  
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
With booming sound,  
Sends forth, resounding round,

Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.  
 It is broad day, with sunshine and with  
     rain;  
 And yet the guests delay not long,  
 For soon arrives the bridal train,  
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,  
 For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,  
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,  
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;  
 To be a bride is all! the pretty lisper  
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her  
     whisper,  
 "How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,  
 For already the Mass is said;  
 At the holy table stands the priest;  
 The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste re-  
     ceives it;



Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,  
 He must pronounce one word at least!  
 'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's  
     side  
 "Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.  
 And while the wedding guests all hold their  
     breath,  
 Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished  
     my death,  
 As holy water be my blood for thee!"  
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended!  
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,  
 For anguish did its work so well,  
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,  
     Lifeless she fell!



At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
 The De Profundis filled the air;  
 Decked with flowers a simple hearse  
 To the churchyard forth they bear;  
 Village girls in robes of snow  
 Follow, weeping as they go;

Nowhere was a smile that day,  
 No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:—

“The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,  
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home!  
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!  
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!”



FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON  
 DE GUI BARÔZAI.

I HEAR along our street  
 Pass the minstrel throngs;  
 Hark! they play so sweet,  
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs!  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring  
 Every day the chimes;  
 Loud the gleemen sing  
 In the streets their merry rhymes.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
 Where the Babe was born,  
 Sang, with many a change,  
 Christmas carols until morn.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang  
 Songs devout and sweet;  
 While the rafters rang,  
 There they stood with freezing feet.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells  
 At this holy tide,  
 For want of something else,  
 Christmas songs at times have tried.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,  
 To the sound they beat,  
 Sing by rivers cold,  
 With uncovered heads and feet.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
 Stamps his feet and sings;  
 But he who blows his hands  
 Not so gay a carol brings.  
     Let us by the fire  
     Ever higher  
 Sing them till the night expire!







ARTIST. F. O. C. DARBY

"And the maiden looked up at him,  
I looked up from her mat of rushes."  
*Huswath's Wooing.*











## INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
“From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer.”

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,  
Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,

“In the bird’s-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle!

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-lands.  
In the melancholy marshes;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!”

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, “Who was Nawadaha?  
Tell us of this Nawadaha,”  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as follow.

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,  
And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing.

“And the pleasant water-courses,  
You could trace them through the valley.  
By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter;  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley.

“There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people!”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,

And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
 And the rushing of great rivers  
 Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
 And the thunder in the mountains,  
 Whose innumerable echoes  
 Flap like eagles in their eyries; —  
 Listen to these wild traditions,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
 Love the ballads of a people,  
 That like voices from afar off  
 Call to us to pause and listen,  
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
 Whether they are sung or spoken; —  
 Listen to this Indian Legend,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
 Who have faith in God and Nature,  
 Who believe, that in all ages  
 Every human heart is human,  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings

For the good they comprehend not,  
 That the feeble hands and helpless,  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that dark-  
 ness

And are lifted up and strengthened; —  
 Listen to this simple story,  
 To this song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
 Through the green lanes of the country,  
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
 Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
 For a while to muse, and ponder  
 On a half-effaced inscription,  
 Written with little skill of song-craft,  
 Homely phrases, but each letter  
 Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
 Full of all the tender pathos  
 Of the Here and the Hereafter; —  
 Stay and read this rude inscription,  
 Read this Song of Hiawatha!

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

### I.

#### THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 He the Master of Life, descending,  
 On the red crags of the quarry  
 Stood erect, and called the nations,  
 Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
 Leaped into the light of morning,  
 O'er the precipice plunging downward  
 Gleamed the Ishkoodah, the comet.  
 And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
 With his finger on the meadow  
 Traced a winding pathway for it,  
 Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
 With his hand he broke a fragment,  
 Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
 Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
 From the margin of the river

Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
 With its dark green leaves upon it;  
 Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
 With the bark of the red willow;  
 Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
 Made its great boughs chafe together,  
 Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
 And erect upon the mountains,  
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
 As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
 Through the tranquil air of morning,  
 First a single line of darkness,  
 Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
 Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
 Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
 Ever rising, rising, rising,  
 Till it touched the top of heaven,  
 Till it broke against the heaven,





And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern lakes and rivers  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations  
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,  
With their weapons and their war-gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,

But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you.

“I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

“I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,

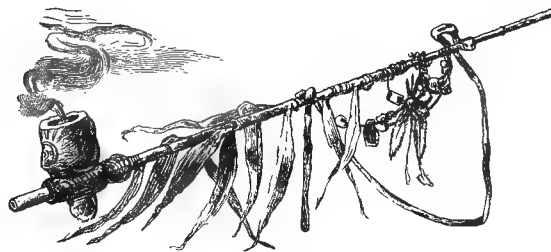
Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry;  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-  
skin,

Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,  
Cleaned and washed from all their war-paint;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!



## II.

## THE FOUR WINDS.

“HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!”  
 Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
 When he came in triumph homeward  
 With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
 From the regions of the North-Wind,  
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White Rabbit.

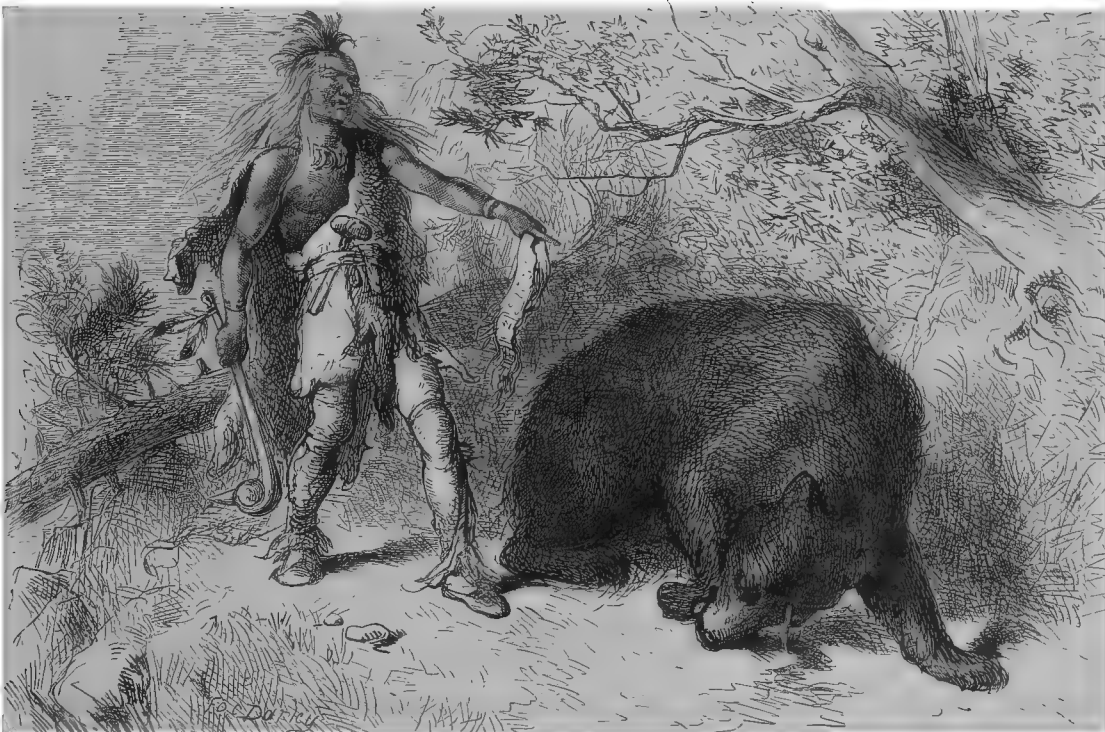
He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
 From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
 From the great Bear of the mountains,  
 From the terror of the nations,  
 As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
 On the summit of the mountains,  
 Like a rock with mosses on it,  
 Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him  
 Till the red nails of the monster  
 Almost touched him, almost scared him,  
 Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,  
 As he drew the Belt of Wampum

Over the round ears, that heard not,  
 Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
 Over the long nose and nostrils,  
 The black muffle of the nostrils,  
 Out of which the heavy breathing  
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,  
 Shouted loud and long his war-cry,  
 Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of the forehead,  
 Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
 Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;  
 But his knees beneath him trembled,  
 And he whimpered like a woman,  
 As he reeled and staggered forward,  
 As he sat upon his haunches;  
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
 Standing fearlessly before him,  
 Taunted him in loud derision,  
 Spake disdainfully in this wise:—



"Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,  
 And no Brave, as you pretended;  
 Else you would not cry and whimper  
 Like a miserable woman!  
 Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,  
 Long have been at war together;  
 Now you find that we are strongest,  
 You go sneaking in the forest,  
 You go hiding in the mountains!  
 Had you conquered me in battle  
 Not a groan would I have uttered;  
 But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,  
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
 Like a cowardly old woman!"

Then again he raised his war-club,  
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of his forehead,  
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
 When one goes to fish in Winter.  
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
 He the terror of the nations.

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"  
 With a shout exclaimed the people,  
 "Honor be to Mudjekeewis!  
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,  
 And hereafter and forever  
 Shall he hold supreme dominion  
 Over all the winds of heaven.  
 Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
 Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!"

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
 Father of the Winds of Heaven.  
 For himself he kept the West-Wind,  
 Gave the others to his children;  
 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,  
 Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
 And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,  
 To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;  
 He it was who brought the morning,  
 He it was whose silver arrows  
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;  
 He it was whose cheeks were painted  
 With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
 And whose voice awoke the village,  
 Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;  
 Though the birds sang gayly to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the meadow  
 Filled the air with odors for him;  
 Though the forests and the rivers  
 Sang and shouted at his coming,  
 Still his heart was sad within him,  
 For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,  
 While the village still was sleeping,  
 And the fog lay on the river,  
 Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
 He beheld a maiden walking  
 All alone upon a meadow,  
 Gathering water-flags and rushes  
 By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,  
 Still the first thing he beheld there  
 Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
 Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
 And he loved the lonely maiden,  
 Who thus waited for his coming;  
 For they both were solitary,  
 She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,  
 Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
 With his flattering words he wooed her,  
 With his sighing and his singing,  
 Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
 Softest music, sweetest odors,  
 Till he drew her to his bosom,  
 Folded in his robes of crimson,  
 Till into a star he changed her,  
 Trembling still upon his bosom;  
 And forever in the heavens  
 They are seen together walking,  
 Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
 Wabun and the Star of morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
 Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
 In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
 In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 In the land of the White Rabbit.  
 He it was whose hand in Autumn  
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
 Stained the leaves with red and yellow;  
 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,  
 Drove the cormorant and curlew  
 To their nests of sedge and sea-tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,  
From his home among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,  
Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,  
As he howled and hurried southward,  
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,  
Lingering still among the moorlands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone southward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;  
Four great logs had he for firewood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,



From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
 Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
 Making dints upon the ashes,  
 As along the eaves of lodges,  
 As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
 Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
 Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,  
 Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
 Could not bear the merry singing,  
 But rushed headlong through the doorway,  
 Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
 Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
 Made the snow upon them harder,  
 Made the ice upon them thicker,  
 Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
 To come forth and wrestle with him,  
 To come forth and wrestle naked  
 On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
 Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,  
 Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
 With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
 Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
 Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
 Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
 And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
 To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 To the land of the White Rabbit,  
 Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
 Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
 Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
 You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
 Had his dwelling far to southward,  
 In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
 In the never-ending Summer.  
 He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
 Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
 Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
 Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,  
 Sent the melons and tobacco,  
 And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending  
 Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
 Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
 Gave a twinkle to the water,  
 Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
 Brought the tender Indian Summer

To the melancholy north-land,  
 In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!  
 In his life he had one shadow,  
 In his heart one sorrow had he.  
 Once, as he was gazing northward,  
 Far away upon a prairie  
 He beheld a maiden standing,  
 Saw a tall and slender maiden  
 All alone upon a prairie;  
 Brightest green were all her garments,  
 And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
 Day by day he sighed with passion,  
 Day by day his heart within him  
 Grew more hot with love and longing  
 For the maid with yellow tresses.  
 But he was too fat and lazy  
 To bestir himself and woo her.  
 Yes, too indolent and easy  
 To pursue her and persuade her;  
 So he only gazed upon her,  
 Only sat and sighed with passion  
 For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,  
 He beheld her yellow tresses  
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,  
 Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.  
 "Ah! my brother from the North-land,  
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White Rabbit!  
 You have stolen the maiden from me,  
 You have laid your hand upon her.  
 You have wooed and won my maiden,  
 With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
 Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie  
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
 Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,  
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
 And the maid with hair like sunshine  
 Vanished from his sight forever:  
 Never more did Shawondasee  
 See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!  
 'T was no woman that you gazed at,  
 'T was no maiden that you sighed for,  
 'T was the prairie dandelion

That through all the dreamy Summer  
 You had gazed at with such longing,  
 You had sighed for with such passion,  
 And had puffed away forever,  
 Blown into the air with sighing.  
 Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;  
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
 Had their stations in the heavens,  
 At the corners of the heavens;  
 For himself the West-Wind only  
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

## III.

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,  
 In the days that are forgotten,  
 In the unremembered ages,  
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
 She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women  
 Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
 When her rival she rejected,  
 Full of jealousy and hatred,  
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
 Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
 And Nokomis fell affrighted  
 Downward through the evening twilight,  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 On the prairie full of blossoms.  
 "See! a star falls!" said the people;  
 "From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
 There among the prairie lilies,  
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 In the moonlight and the starlight,  
 Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.  
 And she called her name Wenonah,  
 As the first-born of her daughters.  
 And the daughter of Nokomis  
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
 With the beauty of the moonlight,  
 With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
 "Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;  
 Listen not to what he tells you;  
 Lie not down upon the meadow,  
 Stoop not down among the lilies,  
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

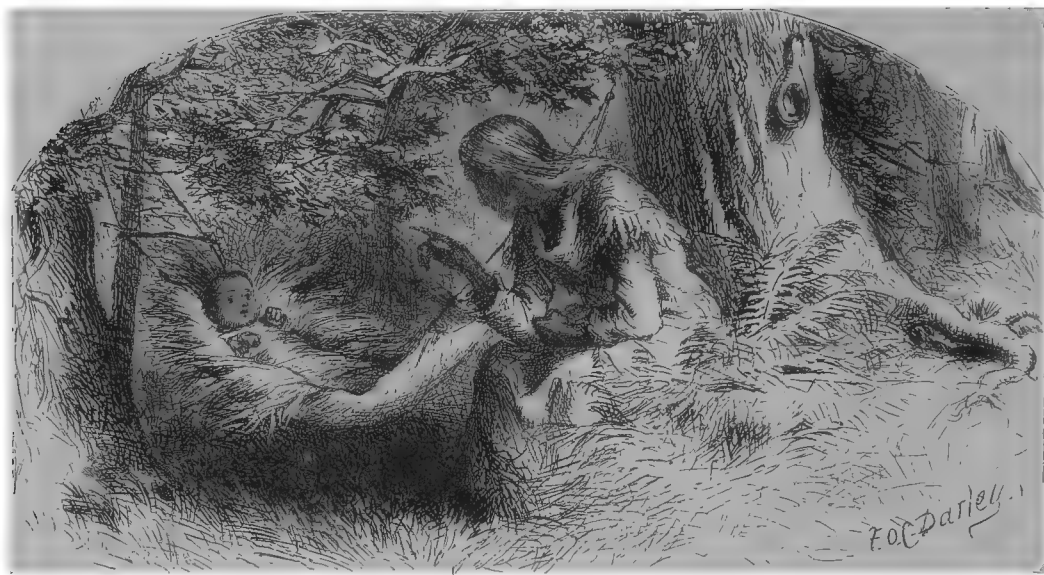
But she heeded not the warning,  
 Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
 And the West-Wind came at evening,  
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,  
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
 Lying there among the lilies,  
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,  
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,  
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
 Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
 Thus was born the child of wonder;  
 But the daughter of Nokomis,  
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
 In her anguish died deserted  
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,  
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly  
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;  
 "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured,  
 "Oh that I were dead, as thou art!  
 No more work, and no more weeping,  
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
 Dark behind it rose the forest,  
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
 Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
 Bright before it beat the water,  
 Beat the clear and sunny water,  
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis  
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,



Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"  
Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,  
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter;  
Showed the broad white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the waters,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder;  
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,  
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,

With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:  
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,  
Little flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,  
Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
Up into the sky at midnight;  
Right against the moon he threw her;  
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered:

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;  
All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,



Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 "What is that?" he cried in terror  
 "What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"  
 And the good Nokomis answered:  
 "That is but the owl and owlet,  
 Talking in their native language,  
 Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How the beavers built their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous story-teller,  
 He the traveller and the talker,  
 He the friend of old Nokomis,  
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;  
 From a branch of ash he made it,  
 From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,  
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:  
 "Go, my son, into the forest,  
 Where the red deer herd together,  
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway  
 All alone walked Hiawatha  
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows;  
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"  
 Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 In and out among the branches,  
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,  
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
 Leaped aside, and at a distance  
 Sat erect upon his haunches,  
 Half in fear and half in frolic,  
 Saying to the little hunter,  
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;  
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
 Leading downward to the river,  
 To the ford across the river,  
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
 There he waited till the deer came,  
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
 And a deer came down the pathway,  
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
 And his heart within him fluttered,  
 Trembled like the leaves above him,  
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
 As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
 But the weary roebuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
 Listened with one foot uplifted,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;  
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
 By the ford across the river;  
 Beat his timid heart no longer,  
 But the heart of Hiawatha  
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
 As he bore the red deer homeward,  
 And Iagoo and Nokomis  
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
 Made a banquet to his honor.  
 All the village came and feasted,  
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!  
 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-tay-  
 see!

## IV.

## HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
 Learned in all the lore of old men,  
 In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
 In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
 He could shoot an arrow from him,  
 And run forward with such fleetness,  
 That the arrow fell behind him!  
 Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
 He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
 Shoot them with such strength and swift-  
                   ness,

That the tenth had left the bow-string  
 Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
 When upon his hands he wore them,  
 He could smite the rocks asunder,  
 He could grind them into powder.  
 He had moccasins enchanted,  
 Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
 When he bound them round his ankles,  
 When upon his feet he tied them,  
 At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
 Of his father Mudjekeewis;  
 Learned from her the fatal secret  
 Of the beauty of his mother,  
 Of the falsehood of his father;  
 And his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
 "I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
 See how fares it with my father,  
 At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
 At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
 Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;  
 Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
 Richly wrought with quills and wampum;  
 On his head his eagle-feathers,  
 Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
 In his hand his bow of ash-wood,

Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
 In his quiver oaken arrows,  
 Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
 "Go not forth, O Hiawatha!  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
 To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
 Lest he harm you with his magic,  
 Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha  
 Heeded not her woman's warning;  
 Forth he strode into the forest,  
 At each stride a mile he measured;  
 Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
 Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
 Hot and close the air around him,  
 Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
 As of burning woods and prairies,  
 For his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
 Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
 Left the antelope and bison;  
 Crossed the rushing Esconaba,  
 Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
 Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
 Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
 Where upon the gusty summits  
 Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
 Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
 At the aspect of his father.  
 On the air about him wildly  
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
 Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
 Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
 When he looked on Hiawatha,  
 Saw his youth rise up before him



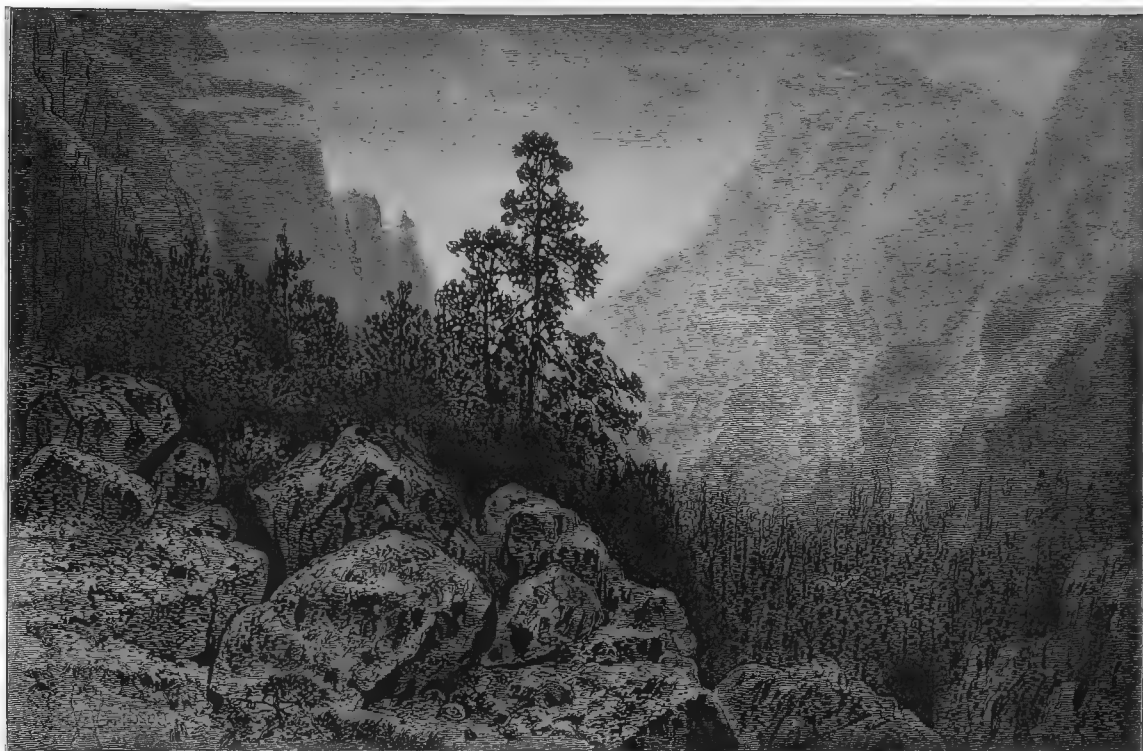




ARTIST: WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE.

"The Kingdom of the West Wind,"  
*Hiawatha.*





In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of?"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek?"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!  
Is there anything can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,

Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
 "Kago! kago! do not touch it!"  
 "Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,  
 "No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;  
 First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
 First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
 Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
 Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
 Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
 Of the beautiful Wenonah.  
 Of her birth upon the meadow,  
 Of her death, as old Nokomis  
 Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
 It was you who killed Wenonah,  
 Took her young life and her beauty,  
 Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
 Trampled it beneath your footsteps;  
 You confess it! you confess it!"  
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
 Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
 Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
 With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
 And with threatening look and gesture  
 Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
 On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
 Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
 Hurled them madly at his father,  
 The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
 For his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
 Blew the fragments backward from him,  
 With the breathing of his nostrils,  
 With the tempest of his anger,  
 Blew them back at his assailant;  
 Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
 Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
 From the margin of the meadow,  
 From its ooze the giant bulrush;  
 Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict,  
 Hand to hand among the mountains;  
 From his eyry screamed the eagle,





The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

'Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall  
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!  
'Tis impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage;  
Now receive the prize of valor!"

"Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

"And at last when Death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,

In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
From his heart the burning fever.



Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
 Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
 With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
 Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
 Feet as rapid as the river,  
 Tresses flowing like the water,  
 And as musical a laughter:  
 And he named her from the river,  
 From the water-fall he named her,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
 Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
 That my Hiawatha halted  
 In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
 See the face of Laughing Water

Peeping from behind the curtain,  
 Hear the rustling of her garments  
 From behind the waving curtain,  
 As one sees the Minnehaha  
 Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
 As one hears the Laughing Water  
 From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
 Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
 Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
 Filled the heart of Hiawatha?  
 All he told to old Nokomis,  
 When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
 Was the meeting with his father,  
 Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
 Not a word he said of arrows,  
 Not a word of Laughing Water.

## V.

## HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
 Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumphs in the battle,  
 And renown among the warriors,  
 But for profit of the people,  
 For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
 Built a wigwam in the forest,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,  
 In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
 And, with dreams and visions many,  
 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
 Through the leafy woods he wandered;  
 Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
 Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
 Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
 Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
 Building nests among the pine-trees,  
 And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,  
 Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
 Whirring, wailing far above him.

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting  
 By the river's brink he wandered,  
 Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
 Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
 And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
 And the gooseberry, Shahbomin  
 And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
 Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
 Filling all the air with fragrance!

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
 By the lake he sat and pondered,  
 By the still, transparent water;  
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
 Scattering drops like beads of wampum,  
 Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
 Like a sunbeam in the water,  
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
 And the herring, Okahahwis,  
 And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting



In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
 From his couch of leaves and branches  
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
 On the gleaming of the water,  
 On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
 Dressed in garments green and yellow  
 Coming through the purple twilight,  
 Through the splendor of the sunset;  
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
 And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
 Looked with pity and compassion  
 On his wasted form and features,  
 And, in accents like the sighing  
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
 Said he, "O my Hiawatha!  
 All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
 For you pray not like the others;  
 Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumph in the battle,  
 Nor renown among the warriors,  
 But for profit of the people,  
 For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,  
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,

Come to warn you and instruct you,  
 How by struggle and by labor  
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
 Rise up from your bed of branches,  
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
 Started from his bed of branches,  
 From the twilight of his wigwam  
 Forth into the flush of sunset  
 Came, and wrestled with Mondamin,  
 At his touch he felt new courage  
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
 Felt new life and hope and vigor  
 Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 And the more they strove and struggled,  
 Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her nest among the pine-trees,  
 Gave a cry of lamentation,  
 Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,  
 Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
 "But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
 I will come again to try you."  
 And he vanished, and was seen not;  
 Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
 Whether rising as the mists rise,

Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him,

On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending,  
Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it touches,

But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow ;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !



Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph ! ”

Then he smiled, and said : “ To-morrow  
Is the last day of your conflict,

Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o’ercome me ;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me ;  
Strip these garments, green and yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed ;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,  
Talking to the darksome forest ;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha,  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
Only said to her, "Nokomis,  
Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,  
With his soft and shining tresses,  
With his garments green and yellow,  
With his long and glossy plumage,  
Stood and beckoned at the doorway,  
And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped within him,  
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking  
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle ;  
And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him ;  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.  
But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments  
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it ;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,

Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,

Showed them where the maize was growing,  
Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
As he once had stripped the wrestler,  
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

## VI.

### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,

Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
 Sang of death, and life undying  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,  
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 In the land of the hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the best of all musicians,  
 He the sweetest of all singers;  
 For his gentleness he loved him,  
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
 Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 He the strongest of all mortals,  
 He the mightiest among many;  
 For his very strength he loved him,  
 For his strength allied to goodness.

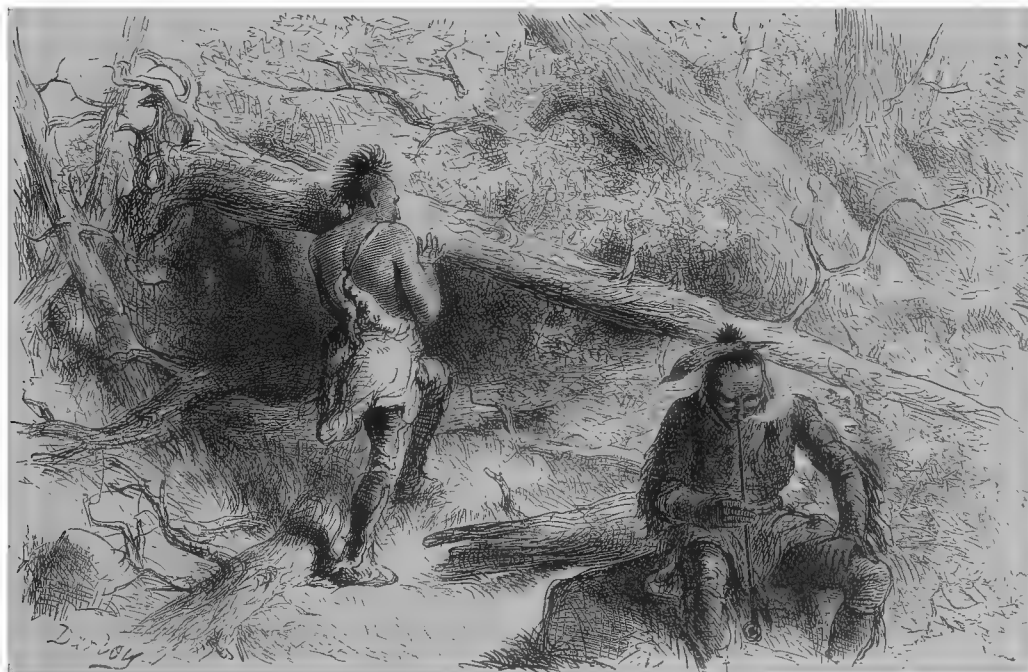
Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
 Never played with other children,  
 Never fished and never hunted,  
 Not like other children was he;  
 But they saw that much he fasted,  
 Much his Manito entreated,  
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,  
 "In my work you never help me!"

In the summer you are roaming  
 Idly in the fields and forest;  
 In the Winter you are cowering  
 O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!  
 In the coldest days of Winter  
 I must break the ice for fishing;  
 With my nets you never help me!  
 At the door my nets are hanging,  
 Dripping, freezing with the water;  
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
 Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
 Rose, but made no angry answer;  
 From the lodge went forth in silence,  
 Took the nets, that hung together,  
 Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
 Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
 Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
 Could not wring them without breaking,  
 Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,  
 "In the hunt you never help me;  
 Every bow you touch is broken,  
 Snapped asunder every arrow;  
 Yet come with me to the forest,  
 You shall bring the hunting home-  
 ward."



Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,  
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a woodchuck could get through them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,  
As they sported in the meadow:  
"Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,

Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver.  
Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!"  
But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

## VII.

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,



Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
 Just beneath its lowest branches,  
 Just above the roots, he cut it,  
 Till the sap came oozing outward;  
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
 Of your strong and pliant branches,  
 My canoe to make more steady,  
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
 Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
 Went a murmur of resistance;  
 But it whispered, bending downward,  
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

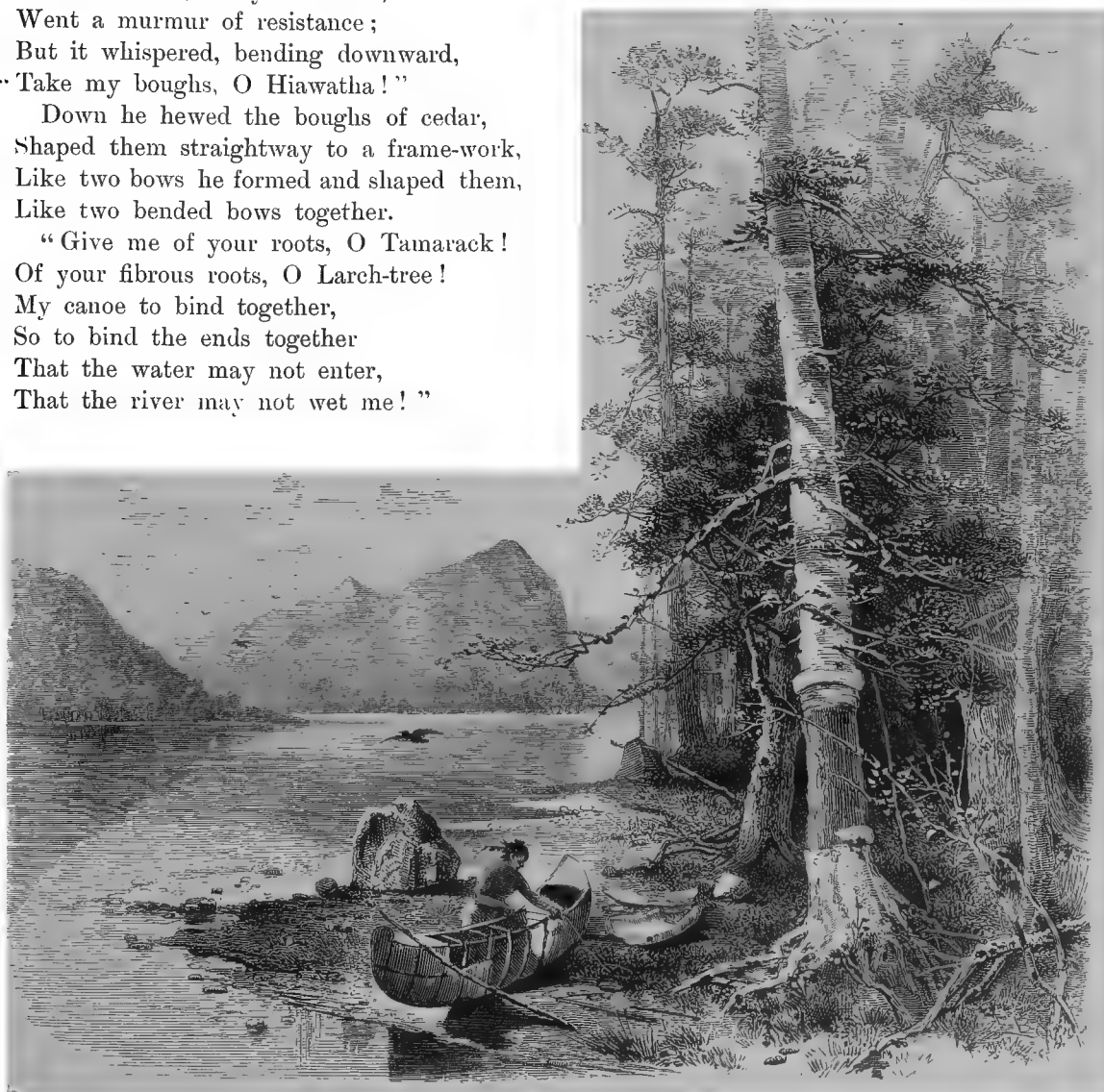
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
 Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,  
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
 Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!  
 My canoe to bind together,  
 So to bind the ends together  
 That the water may not enter,  
 That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
 Shivered in the air of morning,  
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
 Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
 "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,  
 Closely sewed the bark together,  
 Bound it closely to the framework.

Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!  
 Of your balsam and your resin,  
 So to close the seams together  
 That the water may not enter,  
 That the river may not wet me!"



And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

## VIII.

### HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumees,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
 With his fishing-line of cedar;  
 In his plumes the breeze of morning  
 Played as in the hemlock branches;  
 On the bows, with tail erected,  
 Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;  
 In his fur the breeze of morning  
 Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom  
 Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
 Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;

Through his gills he breathed the water,  
 With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
 With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor;  
 On each side a shield to guard him,  
 Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
 Down his sides and back and shoulders  
 Plates of bone with spines projecting!  
 Painted was he with his war-paints,  
 Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
 Spots of brown and spots of sable;



And he lay there on the bottom,  
 Fanning with his fins of purple,  
 As above him Hiawatha  
 In his birch canoe came sailing,  
 With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,  
 Down into the depths beneath him,  
 "Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!  
 Come up from below the water,  
 Let us see which is the stronger!"  
 And he dropped his line of cedar  
 Through the clear, transparent water,  
 Waited vainly for an answer,

Long sat waiting for an answer,  
 And repeating loud and louder,  
 "Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 Fanning slowly in the water,  
 Looking up at Hiawatha,  
 Listening to his call and clamor,  
 His unnecessary tumult,  
 Till he wearied of the shouting;  
 And he said to the Kenozha,  
 To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
 "Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
 Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !"

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
"Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !"

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint :  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine.  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder.  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre.  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it.  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety.  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chatted very gayly.  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
"O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you ;  
For hereafter and forever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gaspd and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,

As of many wings assembling,  
 Heard a screaming and confusion,  
 As of birds of prey contending,  
 Saw a gleam of light above him,  
 Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
 Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
 Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
 Gazing at him through the opening,  
 Heard them saying to each other,

“’Tis our brother, Hiawatha!”

And he shouted from below them,  
 Cried exulting from the caverns:  
 “O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!  
 I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;  
 Make the rifts a little larger,  
 With your claws the openings widen,  
 Set me free from this dark prison,  
 And henceforward and forever  
 Men shall speak of your achievements,  
 Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
 Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!”

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
 Toiled with beak and claws together,  
 Made the rifts and openings wider  
 In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
 And from peril and from prison,  
 From the body of the sturgeon,  
 From the peril of the water,  
 They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
 On the margin of the water,  
 And he called to old Nokomis,  
 Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
 Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
 With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

“I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
 Slain the King of Fishes!” said he:  
 “Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
 Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls:  
 Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
 They have saved me from great peril  
 In the body of the sturgeon,  
 Wait until their meal is ended,  
 Till their craws are full with feasting,  
 Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
 To their nests among the marshes:  
 Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
 And make oil for us in Winter.”

And she waited till the sun set,  
 Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,  
 Rose above the tranquil water,  
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
 From their banquet rose with clamor,  
 And across the fiery sunset  
 Winged their way to far-off islands,  
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
 And Nokomis to her labor,  
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
 Till the sun and moon changed places,  
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
 Came back from the reedy islands,  
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate  
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
 Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,  
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
 And upon the sands lay nothing  
 But the skeleton of Nahma.



## IX.

## HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;  
And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,  
Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:  
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,  
Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset!

"He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapors,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sends disease and death among us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch-canoe for sailing,

And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water;  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fen-lands,  
And avenge my father's murder!"

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing;  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,  
O my Birch-canoe! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey!"  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer:  
"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents:  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow



Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :  
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !  
Onward to the black pitch-water !"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly  
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,

All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquito, sang his war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him ;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;  
And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fen-lands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland

He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,  
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,  
And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,  
On the sand one end he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,  
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty:  
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!  
Hiawatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam  
Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,  
Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!"  
Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision.  
"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!  
Hasten back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:  
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:  
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses;  
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,  
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,



Heard his voice call in the darkness ;  
At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honor of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama ;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum  
From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water.  
And above him, wheeled and clamored  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,  
Homeward through the weltering serpents,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph,

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his songs of triumph.  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :  
"Honor be to Hiawatha !  
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sent disease and death among us !"

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !  
And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.



## X.

## HIAWATHA'S WOOLING.



“As unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman,  
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
 Useless each without the other!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
 Said within himself and pondered,  
 Much perplexed by various feelings,  
 Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
 Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
 Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”  
 Warning said the old Nokomis;  
 “Go not eastward, go not westward,  
 For a stranger, whom we know not!  
 Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
 Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,  
 Like the starlight or the moonlight  
 Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
 And my Hiawatha answered  
 Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,  
 Very pleasant is the firelight,  
 But I like the starlight better,  
 Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
 “Bring not here an idle maiden,  
 Bring not here a useless woman,  
 Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
 Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
 Heart and hand that move together,  
 Feet that run on willing errands!”

Smiling answered Hiawatha:  
 “In the land of the Dacotahs  
 Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Handsomest of all the women.  
 I will bring her to your wigwam,  
 She shall run upon your errands,





ARTIST: W. H. GIBSON.

FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.





Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:  
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:  
"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,  
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forests,  
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;

Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were!  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a foot-  
step,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,

Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,  
 With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
 Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
 And so tall the doorway, hardly  
 Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
 Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
 As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
 From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
 Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
 Brought forth food and set before them,  
 Water brought them from the brooklet,  
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
 Listened while the guest was speaking,  
 Listened while her father answered,  
 But not once her lips she opened,  
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
 To the words of Hiawatha,  
 As he talked of old Nokomis,  
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
 As he told of his companions,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 And of happiness and plenty  
 In the land of the Ojibways,  
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,  
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
 There is peace between the Ojibways  
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
 Thus continued Hiawatha,  
 And then added, speaking slowly,  
 "That this peace may last forever,  
 And our hands be clasped more closely,  
 And our hearts be more united,  
 Give me as my wife this maiden,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Paused a moment ere he answered,  
 Smoked a little while in silence,  
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
 And made answer very gravely:  
 "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,  
 As she went to Hiawatha,  
 Softly took the seat beside him,  
 While she said, and blushed to say it,  
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
 Thus it was he won the daughter  
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
 Leading with him Laughing Water;  
 Hand in hand they went together,  
 Through the woodland and the meadow,  
 Left the old man standing lonely  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to them from the distance,  
 Crying to them from afar off,  
 "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Turned again unto his labor,  
 Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
 Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
 "Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
 Those we love, and those who love us,  
 Just when they have learned to help us,  
 When we are old and lean upon them,  
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
 Wanders piping through the village,  
 Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
 And she follows where he leads her,  
 Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
 Through interminable forests,  
 Over meadow, over mountain,  
 Over river, hill, and hollow.  
 Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
 Though they journeyed very slowly,  
 Though his pace he checked and slackened  
 To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
 In his arms he bore the maiden;  
 Light he thought her as a feather,  
 As the plume upon his head-gear;  
 Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
 Bent aside the swaying branches,  
 Made at night a lodge of branches,  
 And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
 And a fire before the doorway





With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadows, through the forest;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you!"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.

## XI.

## HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 How the handsome Yenadizze  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;  
 How the gentle Chibiabos,  
 He the sweetest of musicians,  
 Sang his songs of love and longing;  
 How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous story-teller,  
 Told his tales of strange adventure,  
 That the feast might be more joyous,  
 That the time might pass more gayly,  
 And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
 Made at Hiawatha's wedding;  
 All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
 White and polished very smoothly,  
 All the spoons of horn of bison,  
 Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
 Messengers with wands of willow,  
 As a sign of invitation,  
 As a token of the feasting;  
 And the wedding guests assembled,  
 Clad in all their richest raiment,  
 Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
 Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
 Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;  
 Then on pemican they feasted,  
 Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
 Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
 Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
 And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water,  
 And the careful old Nokomis,  
 Tasted not the food before them,  
 Only waited on the others,  
 Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
 Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
 From an ample pouch of otter,  
 Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking

With tobacco from the South-land,  
 Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
 And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Dance for us your merry dances,  
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gayly,  
 And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 He the idle Yenadizze,  
 He the merry mischief-maker,  
 Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
 Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
 In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
 In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
 Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
 In all games of skill and hazard,  
 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
 Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-  
 Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
 Little heeded he their jesting,  
 Little cared he for their insults,  
 For the women and the maidens  
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,  
 White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
 All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
 He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
 Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
 And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
 On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
 On his heels were tails of foxes,  
 In one hand a fan of feathers,  
 And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
 Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
 Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
 From his forehead fell his tresses,  
 Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,  
Treading softly like a panther.  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
And, returning, sat down laughing



There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
“Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!”

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing;

Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance  
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest?



"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!  
Oh awake, awake, beloved!  
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people;  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,

Talked too much of his achievements,  
 Ail his hearers cried, "Iagoo!  
 Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle  
 Of the little Hiawatha,  
 Carved its framework out of linden,  
 Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;  
 He it was who taught him later  
 How to make his bows and arrows,  
 How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
 And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
 So among the guests assembled  
 At my Hiawatha's wedding

Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
 Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,  
 Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
 Tell us of some strange adventure,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gayly,  
 And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
 "You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
 You shall hear the strange adventures  
 Of Osseo, the Magician,  
 From the Evening Star descended."

## XII.

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.



CAN it be the sun descending  
 O'er the level plain of water?  
 Or the red swan floating, flying,  
 Wounded by the magic arrow,  
 Staining all the waves with crimson,  
 With the crimson of its life-blood,  
 Filling all the air with splendor,  
 With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,  
 Sinking down into the water;

All the sky is stained with purple,  
 All the water flushed with crimson!  
 No; it is the Red Swan floating,  
 Diving down beneath the water;  
 To the sky its wings are lifted,  
 With its blood the waves are reddened!

Over it the Star of Evening  
 Melts and trembles through the purple,  
 Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
 No; it is a bead of wampum

On the robes of the Great Spirit  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo  
And he said in haste: "Behold it!  
See the sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!"

"Once, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language!

"And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paints and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said: 'I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter;  
I am happy with Osseo!'

"Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening,

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
'Ah, *showain nemeshin, Nosa!*  
Pity, pity me, my father!'

"'Listen!' said the eldest sister,  
'He is praying to his father!  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling!'  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the wood-  
lands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and hand-  
some.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful!  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,



Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,  
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

“Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

“Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender;  
And the voice said: ‘O Osseo!  
O my son, my best beloved!  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magician,  
All the magic powers of evil;  
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!’

“Taste the food that stands before you:  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
And the kettles shall be silver;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening!’

“What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

“Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,

Slowly through the air ascending,  
 From the darkness of the tree-tops  
 Forth into the dewy starlight,  
 Till it passed the topmost branches;  
 And behold! the wooden dishes  
 All were changed to shells of scarlet!  
 And behold! the earthen kettles  
 All were changed to bowls of silver!  
 And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
 Were as glittering rods of silver,  
 And the roof of bark upon them  
 As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him,  
 And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
 All the sisters and their husbands,  
 Changed to birds of various plumage.  
 Some were jays and some were magpies,  
 Others thrushes, others blackbirds;  
 And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
 Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
 Strutted in their shining plumage,  
 And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
 Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
 Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
 Looking sadly at the others;  
 Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
 Gave another cry of anguish,  
 Such a cry as he had uttered  
 By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty,  
 And her soiled and tattered garments  
 Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
 And her staff became a feather,  
 Yes, a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam trembled,  
 Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
 Through transparent cloud and vapor  
 And amid celestial splendors  
 On the Evening Star alighted,  
 As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
 As a leaf drops on a river,  
 As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
 Came the father of Osseo,  
 He with radiant locks of silver,  
 He with eyes serene and tender.  
 And he said: 'My son, Osseo,  
 Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
 Hang the cage with rods of silver,

And the birds with glistening feathers,  
 At the doorway of my wigwam."

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
 And they entered in and gladly  
 Listened to Osseo's father,  
 Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
 As he said: 'O my Osseo!  
 I have had compassion on you,  
 Given you back your youth and beauty,  
 Into birds of various plumage  
 Changed your sisters and their husbands;  
 Changed them thus because they mocked you  
 In the figure of the old man,  
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
 Could not see your heart of passion,  
 Could not see your youth immortal;  
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers yonder,  
 In the little star that twinkles  
 Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
 Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
 The Wabeno, the magician,  
 Who transformed you to an old man.  
 Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
 For the rays he darts around him  
 Are the power of his enchantment,  
 Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,  
 On the peaceful Star of Evening  
 Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
 Many years, in song and flutter,  
 At the doorway of the wigwam,  
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
 Bore a son unto Osseo,  
 With the beauty of his mother,  
 With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,  
 And Osseo, to delight him,  
 Made him little bows and arrows,  
 Opened the great cage of silver,  
 And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
 All those birds with glossy feathers,  
 For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled and  
 darted,  
 Filled the Evening Star with music,  
 With their songs of joy and freedom;  
 Filled the Evening Star with splendor,



With the fluttering of their plumage ;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation !  
'T was no bird he saw before him,  
'T was a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapors,  
Till he rested on an island,  
On an island, green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature ;  
They remained as Little People,  
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
Sees them dancing in the starlight !"

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,

Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added :

"There are great men, I have known such,  
Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.  
From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters !"

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other :  
"Does he mean himself, I wonder ?  
And are we the aunts and uncles ?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Ah me ! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,

And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

## XIII.

## BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful !  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields !

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations ;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,  
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'T was the women who in Springtime  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;  
'T was the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,  
Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water :  
" You shall bless to-night the cornfields,  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,  
Pamosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

" In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the corn-fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

" Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars ! "

On the tree-tops near the cornfields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kalgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter,  
At the words of Hiawatha.

" Hear him ! " said they ; " hear the Wise  
Man,

Hear the plots of Hiawatha ! "

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa,  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,



From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,  
Unashamed and unafrighted,  
Walked securely round the cornfields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the cornfields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,  
"From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,

Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.  
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!  
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the cornfields  
Snares to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,  
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamor,  
Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the cornfields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.  
And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled,

Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by ten and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated cornfields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,  
Led him captive to his wigwam, -  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

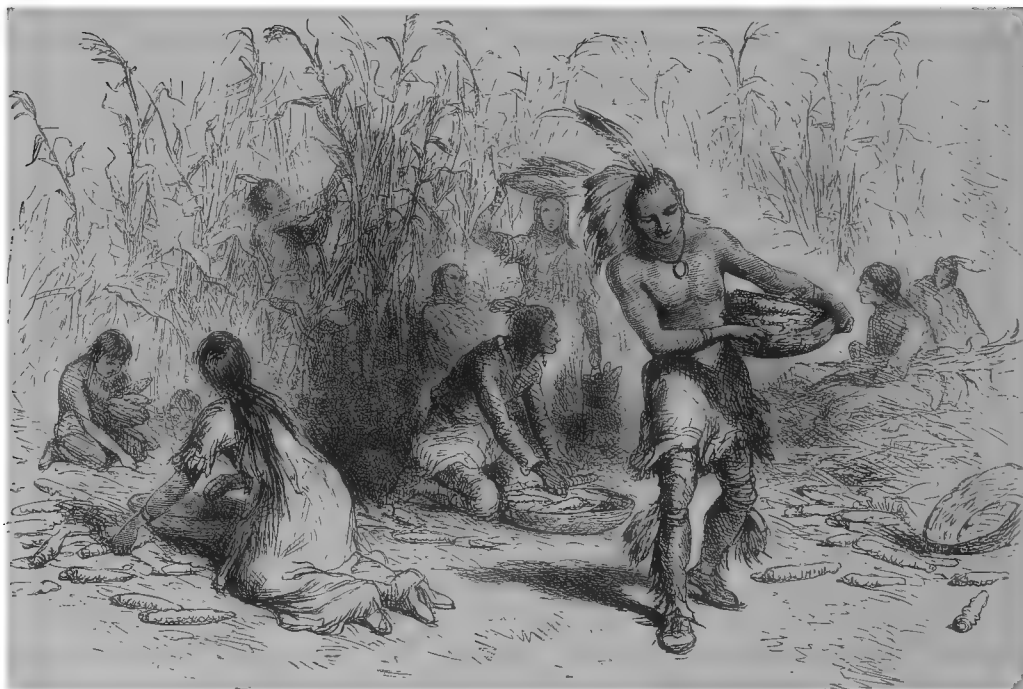
"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,  
"You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,

As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
From the South-land sent his ardors,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:  
" 'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;  
All the wild-rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,



Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the Wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
And they called the women round them,  
Called the young men and the maidens,  
To the harvest of the cornfields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome labor  
Of the young men and the women;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,  
Heard them chattering like the magpies,  
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,  
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,

"Nushka!" cried they all together,  
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,  
You shall have a handsome husband!"  
"Ugh!" the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize-ear in the husking  
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
Then they laughed and sang together,  
Crept and limped about the cornfields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together:

"Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!"  
Till the cornfields rang with laughter,  
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
And from all the neighboring tree-tops  
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.  
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-trees!

#### XIV.

##### PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,  
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!  
From the memory of the old men  
Pass away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!  
"Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom  
Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be!  
"On the grave-posts of our fathers  
Are no signs, no figures painted;

Who are in those graves we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,  
But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar off;  
Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret,  
May pervert it, may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
In the solitary forest,  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,  
Took his paints of different colors,  
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He, the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted,  
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
Very crafty, very cunning,  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was darkened;  
Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,  
For the sky a bow above it;  
White the space between for daytime,  
Filled with little stars for night-time;  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling;  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts  
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures;  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know them."



And they painted on the grave-posts  
On the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his household;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly colored;  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,

With his bloody crest erected,  
 Creeping, looking into heaven;  
 In the sky the sun, that listens,  
 And the moon eclipsed and dying;  
 Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
 And the cormorant, bird of magic;  
 Headless men, that walk the heavens,  
 Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
 Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
 Flags on graves, and great war-captains  
 Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted  
 On the birch-bark and the deer skin;  
 Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
 Songs of medicine and of magic,  
 All were written in these figures,  
 For each figure had its meaning,  
 Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
 The most subtle of all medicines,  
 The most potent spell of magic,  
 Dangerous more than war or hunting!  
 Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
 Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
 Painted in the brightest scarlet;  
 'Tis the lover, the musician,  
 And the meaning is, "My painting  
 Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,  
 Playing on a drum of magic,  
 And the interpretation, "Listen!  
 'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!"

Then the same red figure seated  
 In the shelter of a wigwam,  
 And the meaning of the symbol,

"I will come and sit beside you  
 In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman,  
 Standing hand in hand together  
 With their hands so clasped together  
 That they seemed in one united,  
 And the words thus represented  
 Are, "I see your heart within you,  
 And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,  
 In the centre of an island;  
 And the song this shape suggested  
 Was, "Though you were at a distance,  
 Were upon some far-off island,  
 Such the spell I cast upon you,  
 Such the magic power of passion,  
 I could straightway draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden  
 Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
 Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
 Saying, "Though you were far from me  
 In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
 Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures  
 Was a heart within a circle,  
 Drawn within a magic circle;  
 And the image had this meaning:  
 "Naked lies your heart before me,  
 To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
 In his wisdom, taught the people  
 All the mysteries of painting,  
 All the art of Picture-Writing,  
 On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
 On the white skin of the reindeer,  
 On the grave-posts of the village.

## XV.

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
 All the Manitos of mischief,  
 Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
 And his love for Chibiabos,  
 Jealous of their faithful friendship,  
 And their noble words and actions,  
 Made at length a league against them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
 Often said to Chibiabos,

"O my brother! do not leave me,  
 Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"  
 Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
 Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,

Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
 "Do not fear for me, O brother!  
 Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
 Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
 When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,  
 Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,  
 Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
 Covered all the earth with silence,—  
 Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,  
 Heeding not his brother's warning,  
 Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
 Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
 All alone went Chibiabos.  
 Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
 Sprang with speed the deer before him.  
 With the wind and snow he followed,  
 O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
 Wild with all the fierce commotion  
 And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
 Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
 Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
 Dragged him downward to the bottom,  
 Buried in the sand his body.  
 Unktahee, the god of water,  
 He the god of the Dacotahs,  
 Drowned him in the deep abysses  
 Of the lake of Gitche Gumees.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
 Such a fearful lamentation,  
 That the bison paused to listen,  
 And the wolves howled from the prairies,  
 And the thunder in the distance  
 Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,  
 With his robe his head he covered,  
 In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
 Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
 Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

"He is dead; the sweet musician!  
 He the sweetest of all singers!  
 He has gone from us forever,  
 He has moved a little nearer  
 To the Master of all music,  
 To the Master of all singing!  
 O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees  
 Waved their dark green fans above him,

Waved their purple cones above him,  
 Sighing with him to console him,  
 Mingling with his lamentation  
 Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
 Looked in vain for Chibiabos;  
 Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
 Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,  
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweet musician!"

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

And at night through all the forest  
 Went the whippoorwill complaining,  
 Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
 "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweet musician!  
 He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,  
 The magicians, the Wabenos,  
 And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
 Came to visit Hiawatha;  
 Build a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
 To appease him, to console him,  
 Walked in silent, grave procession,  
 Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
 Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
 Filled with magic roots and simples,  
 Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approach-  
 ing,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
 Called no more on Chibiabos;  
 Naught he questioned, naught he answered,  
 But his mournful head uncovered,  
 From his face the mourning colors  
 Washed he slowly and in silence,  
 Slowly and in silence followed  
 Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
 Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,  
 And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
 Roots of power, and herbs of healing;  
 Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;  
 Chanted singly and in chorus,  
 Mystic songs like these, they chanted.



"I myself, myself! behold me!  
 'Tis the great Gray Eagle talking;  
 Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!  
 The loud-speaking thunder helps me;  
 All the unseen spirits help me;  
 I can hear their voices calling,  
 All around the sky I hear them!  
 I can blow you strong, my brother,  
 I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,  
 "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the serpents!  
 Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!  
 Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;  
 I can shoot your heart and kill it!  
 I can blow you strong, my brother,  
 I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.  
 "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.  
 "I myself, myself! the prophet!  
 When I speak the wigwam trembles,  
 Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,  
 Hands unseen begin to shake it!  
 When I walk, the sky I tread on  
 Bends and makes a noise beneath me!  
 I can blow you strong, my brother!  
 Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,  
 "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.  
 Then they shook their medicine-pouches  
 O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
 Danced their medicine-dance around him;  
 And upstarting wild and haggard,  
 Like a man from dreams awakened,



He was healed of all his madness.  
 As the clouds are swept from heaven,  
 Straightway from his brain departed  
 All his moody melancholy;  
 As the ice is swept from rivers,  
 Straightway from his heart departed  
 All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
 From his grave beneath the waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
 Summoned Hiawatha's brother.  
 And so mighty was the magic  
 Of that cry and invocation,  
 That he heard it as he lay there  
 Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;  
 From the sand he rose and listened,  
 Heard the music and the singing,  
 Came, obedient to the summons,

To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,  
Through the door a burning fire-brand;  
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,  
Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encampments  
On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!  
Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward  
Down the pathway of the dead men;  
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,  
Crossed the melancholy river,  
On the swinging log he crossed it,

Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,  
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had given  
For that solitary journey.

"Ay! why do the living," said they,  
"Lay such heavy burdens on us!  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,  
Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI.

### PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis  
He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,  
Vexed the village with disturbance;  
You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha,  
And his wondrous transmigrations,  
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands together,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
When, among the guests assembled,  
He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,  
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assembled  
In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,  
How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;  
How the Otter first essayed it;  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
Tried in turn the great achievement,  
From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the heavens,  
Smote against the sky their foreheads,

Cracked the sky, but could not break it;  
How the Wolverine, uprising,  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,  
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him  
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it;  
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the freshet is at highest!  
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he entered at the doorway;  
"I am tired of all this talking,  
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.  
Here is something to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin  
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,  
All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they painted,  
And vermilion on the other;  
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,  
And one slender fish, the Keego,  
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks;  
These were brass, on one side burnished,  
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before him.  
Thus exclaiming and explaining:  
"Red side up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeek standing  
On the bright side of a brass piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeek;  
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,

Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before him,  
Still exclaiming and explaining:  
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,  
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red are all the other pieces;  
Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various chances,  
Various changes, various meanings:  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him.  
Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,  
"Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries.  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers;  
Though you think yourself so skilful  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons  
In your game of Bowl and Counters!"

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young men,  
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
Played till midnight, played till morning,  
Played until the Yenadizze,  
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.  
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
"In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
An attendant and pipe-bearer.  
I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about me,  
All this wampum, all these feathers,  
On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yonder!"  
'T was a youth of sixteen summers,  
'T was a nephew of Iagoo;  
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
 Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
 So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
 Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.  
 "Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;  
 "Ugh!" they answered all and each one.  
 Seized the wooden bowl the old man,  
 Closely in his bony fingers  
 Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
 Shook it fiercely and with fury,

Made the pieces ring together  
 As he threw them down before him.  
 Red were both the great Kenabeeks,  
 Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
 Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,  
 Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
 White alone the fish, the Keego;  
 Only five the pieces counted!  
 Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;



Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
 And they fell about him scattered;  
 Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
 Red and white the other pieces,  
 And upright among the others  
 One Ininewug was standing,  
 Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Stood alone among the players,  
 Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"  
 Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
 As he turned and left the wigwam,  
 Followed by his Meshinauwa,

By the nephew of Iagoo,  
 By the tall and graceful stripling,  
 Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.  
 "Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
 "To my wigwam far to eastward,  
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"  
 Hot and red with smoke and gambling  
 Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 As he came forth to the freshness  
 Of the pleasant Summer morning.

All the birds were singing gayly,  
 All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
 And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,  
 Beat with triumph like the streamlets,  
 As he wandered through the village,  
 In the early gray of morning,  
 With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
 With his plumes and tufts of swan's  
     down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted ;  
 No one met him at the doorway,  
 No one came to bid him welcome ;  
 But the birds were singing round it,  
 In and out and round the doorway,  
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,  
 And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,  
 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"All are gone ! the lodge is empty !"  
 Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 In his heart resolving mischief ; —  
 "Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
 Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
 And the lodge is left unguarded !"

By the neck he seized the raven,  
 Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
 Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
 From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
 Left its lifeless body hanging,  
 As an insult to its master,  
 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,  
 Round the lodge in wild disorder

Threw the household things about him,  
 Piled together in confusion  
 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
 Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
 Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
 As an insult to Nokomis,  
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Whistling, singing through the forest,  
 Whistling gayly to the squirrels,  
 Who from hollow boughs above him  
 Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
 Singing gayly to the wood birds,  
 Who from out the leafy darkness  
 Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,  
 Looking o'er the Gitche Gumees,  
 Perched himself upon their summit,  
 Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
 The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there ;  
 Far below him plashed the waters,  
 Plashed and washed the dreamy waters ;  
 Far above him swam the heavens,  
 Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens ;  
 Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,  
 Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,  
 Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,  
 Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,  
 Threw their bodies down the headland,  
 Threw them on the beach below him,  
 Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
 Perched upon a crag above them,  
 Shouted : "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
 He is slaying us by hundreds !  
 Send a message to our brother,  
 Tidings send to Hiawatha !"



## XVII.

## THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
 When he came into the village,  
 Found the people in confusion,  
 Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
 All the malice and the mischief,  
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,  
 Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered  
 Words of anger and resentment,  
 Hot and humming, like a hornet.

"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.  
 "Not so long and wide the world is,  
 Not so rude and rough the way is,  
 That my wrath shall not attain him,  
 That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed  
 Hiawatha and the hunters  
 On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Through the forest, where he passed it,  
 To the headlands where he rested;  
 But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Only in the trampled grasses,  
 In the whortleberry-bushes,  
 Found the couch where he had rested,  
 Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,  
 From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
 Made a gesture of defiance,  
 Made a gesture of derision;  
 And aloud cried Hiawatha,  
 From the summit of the mountains:  
 "Not so long and wide the world is,  
 Not so rude and rough the way is,  
 But my wrath shall overtake you,  
 And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,  
 Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,  
 Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
 Like an antelope he bounded,  
 Till he came unto a streamlet  
 In the middle of the forest,  
 To a streamlet still and tranquil,

That had overflowed its margin,  
 To a dam made by the beavers,  
 To a pond of quiet water,  
 Where knee-deep the trees were standing,  
 Where the water-lilies floated,  
 Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 On the dam of trunks and branches,  
 Through whose chinks the water spouted,  
 O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.  
 From the bottom rose the beaver,  
 Looked with two great eyes of wonder,  
 Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
 At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
 Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
 And he spake unto the beaver,  
 With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,  
 Cool and pleasant is the water;  
 Let me dive into the water,  
 Let me rest there in your lodges;  
 Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
 With reserve he thus made answer:

"Let me first consult the others,  
 Let me ask the other beavers."  
 Down he sank into the water,  
 Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,  
 Down among the leaves and branches,  
 Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
 Spouted through the chinks below him,  
 Dashed upon the stones beneath him,  
 Spread serene and calm before him,  
 And the sunshine and the shadows  
 Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
 Fell in little shining patches,  
 Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
 Silently above the surface  
 Rose one head and then another,



Till the pond seemed full of beavers,  
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spake entreating, said in this wise:  
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends! and safe from danger;  
Can you not with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance,  
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
Black his moccasins and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;  
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Make me large and make me larger,  
Larger than the other beavers."  
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis:

Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and branches,  
Hoards of food against the winter,  
Piles and heaps against the famine;  
Found the lodge with arching doorway,  
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,  
Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.  
"You shall be our ruler," said they;  
"Chief and King of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sat in state among the beavers,  
When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!  
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,  
Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;  
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,  
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,  
Hid themselves in deeper water,

In the channel of the streamlet;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the doorway;  
He was puffed with pride and feeding,  
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,  
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
Vain your manifold disguises!  
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised  
him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
Bore him home on poles and branches,  
Bore the body of the beaver;  
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,  
Waving hither, waving thither,

As the curtains of a wigwam  
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,  
When the wintry wind is blowing;  
Till it drew itself together,  
Till it rose up from the body,  
Till it took the form and features  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Glide into the soft blue shadow  
Of the pine-trees of the forest;  
Toward the squares of white beyond it,  
Toward an opening in the forest,  
Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
Bending all the boughs before it,  
And behind it, as the rain comes,  
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands  
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Where among the water-lilies  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;





Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,  
Now they plunged beneath the water,  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,  
"Change me to a brant with plunnage,  
With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,  
With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,  
With a whirl and beat of pinions,  
Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies.  
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
"In your flying, look not downward,  
Take good heed, and look not downward,  
Lest some strange mischance should happen,  
Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,  
Fed among the moors and fen-lands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,  
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,  
Wafted onward by the South-wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,  
Rose a sound of human voices,  
Rose a clamor from beneath them,  
From the lodges of a village,  
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,  
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
Knew the outcry of Iagoo,  
And forgetful of the warning,

Drew his neck in, and looked downward,  
And the wind that blew behind him  
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,  
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Struggle to regain his balance!  
Whirling round and round and downward,  
He beheld in turn the village  
And in turn the flock above him,  
Saw the village coming nearer,  
And the flock receding farther,  
Heard the voices growing louder,  
Heard the shouting and the laughter;  
Saw no more the flock above him,  
Only saw the earth beneath him;  
Dead out of the empty heaven,  
Dead among the shouting people,  
With a heavy sound and sullen,  
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Took again the form and features  
Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
And again went rushing onward,  
Followed fast by Hiawatha,  
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,  
That his hand was stretched to seize him,  
His right hand to seize and hold him,  
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about him,  
And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,

Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
“Open! I am Hiawatha!”

But the old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Mountains;  
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the doorways,  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,

Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, “Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!”  
And the crags fell, and beneath them  
Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief-making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Spake and said: “O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adventures;  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;  
But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles;  
I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha’s chickens.”

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers;  
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes  
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O’er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,  
“There,” they cry, “comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!”



## XVIII.

## THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations  
 Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;  
 No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
 No man could compete with Kwasind.  
 But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
 They the envious Little People,  
 They the fairies and the pygmies,  
 Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,  
 "If this great, outrageous fellow  
 Goes on thus a little longer,  
 Tearing everything he touches,  
 Rending everything to pieces,  
 Filling all the world with wonder,  
 What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?  
 Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?  
 He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
 Drive us all into the water,  
 Give our bodies to be eaten  
 By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
 By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People  
 All conspired against the Strong Man,  
 All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
 Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
 The audacious, overbearing,  
 Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind  
 In his crown alone was seated;  
 In his crown too was his weakness;  
 There alone could he be wounded,  
 Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,  
 Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
 That could wound him, that could slay him,  
 Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
 Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
 This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
 Known to no man among mortals;  
 But the cunning Little People,  
 The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
 Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
 Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,

Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
 In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
 Brought them to the river's margin,  
 Heaped them in great piles together,  
 Where the red rocks from the margin  
 Jutting overhang the river.  
 There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
 The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer;  
 Very hot and still the air was,  
 Very smooth the gliding river,  
 Motionless the sleeping shadows:  
 Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
 Insects skated on the water,  
 Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
 With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Man,  
 In his birch canoe came Kwasind,  
 Floating slowly down the current  
 Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
 Very languid with the weather,  
 Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
 From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
 Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;  
 By his airy hosts surrounded,  
 His invisible attendants,  
 Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;  
 Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
 Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
 As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
 As of far-off tumbling waters,  
 As of winds among the pine-trees;  
 And he felt upon his forehead  
 Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
 Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
 Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
 As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,  
 Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;  
 At the second blow they smote him,  
 Motionless his paddle rested;



At the third, before his vision  
 Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
 Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
 Like a blind man seated upright,  
 Floated down the Taquamenav,  
 Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
 Underneath the wooded headlands,  
 Underneath the war encampment  
 Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
 Hurling the pine-cones down upon him,  
 Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
 On his crown defenceless struck him.  
 "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden  
 War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,  
 Sideways fell into the river,  
 Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
 Headlong, as an otter plunges;  
 And the birch canoe, abandoned,  
 Drifted empty down the river,  
 Bottom upward swerved and drifted:  
 Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
 Lingered long among the people,  
 And whenever through the forest  
 Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
 And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
 Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
 "Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!  
 He is gathering in his fire-wood!"



## XIX.

## THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
 On his quarry in the desert,  
 On the sick or wounded bison,  
 But another vulture, watching  
 From his high aerial look-out,  
 Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
 And a third pursues the second,  
 Coming from the invisible ether,  
 First a speck, and then a vulture,  
 Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;  
 But as if they watched and waited,  
 Scanning one another's motions,  
 When the first descends, the others  
 Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
 Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
 Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,  
 Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
 Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
 Into stone has changed their waters.  
 From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
 Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
 One uninterrupted level,  
 As if, stooping, the Creator  
 With his hand had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,  
 Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes;  
 In the village worked the women,  
 Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin;  
 And the young men played together  
 On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
 On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
 In her wigwam Laughing Water  
 Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
 For the steps of Hiawatha  
 Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,  
 Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
 In the eyes of old Nokomis  
 Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
 In the eyes of Laughing Water  
 Glistened like the sun in water;

And behind them crouched their shadows  
 In the corners of the wigwam,  
 And the smoke in wreaths above them  
 Climbed and crowded through the smoke-  
 flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway  
 From without was slowly lifted;  
 Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
 And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
 As two women entered softly,  
 Passed the doorway uninvited,  
 Without word of salutation,  
 Without sign of recognition,  
 Sat down in the farthest corner,  
 Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
 Strangers seemed they in the village;  
 Very pale and haggard were they,  
 As they sat there sad and silent,  
 Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
 Muttering down into the wigwam?  
 Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
 Hooting from the dismal forest?  
 Sure a voice said in the silence:  
 "These are corpses clad in garments,  
 These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
 From his hunting in the forest,  
 With the snow upon his tresses,  
 And the red deer on his shoulders.  
 At the feet of Laughing Water  
 Down he threw his lifeless burden;  
 Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
 Than when first he came to woo her,  
 First threw down the deer before her,  
 As a token of his wishes,  
 As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
 Cowering, crouching with the shadows;  
 Said within himself, "Who are they?  
 What strange guests has Minnehaha!"  
 But he questioned not the strangers,

Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
And the deer had been divided,  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha;  
Without asking, without thanking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water;  
Not a change came o'er their features;  
Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, "They are famished;  
Let them do what best delights them;  
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches;  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready,  
And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome corner,  
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Seized upon the choicest portions  
Set aside for Laughing Water,  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them;  
Never once had old Nokomis  
Made a gesture of impatience;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,

That the rights of guest and stranger,  
That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,  
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said, with gentle voices:  
"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you.  
From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore have we come to try you;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,



Not such weight of furs and wampum,  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.  
Therefore, when the dead are buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches,  
Four times on the grave be kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,  
May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,

By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness  
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the star-light;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

## XX.

## THE FAMINE.

Oh, the long and dreary Winter!  
Oh, the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever!  
Oh the wasting of the famine!  
Oh the blasting of the fever!  
Oh the wailing of the children!  
Oh the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"  
And the other said: "Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
"Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food, or we must perish!

Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
He had brought his young wife homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests, that watched  
her,  
With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying, the Beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!"  
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!"  
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha



Calling to him in the darkness,  
 "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
 Under snow-encumbered branches,  
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
 "Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
 Would that I had perished for you,  
 Would that I were dead as you are!  
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
 Lying dead and cold before him,  
 And his bursting heart within him  
 Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
 That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
 That the very stars in heaven  
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.  
 Then he sat down, still and speechless,



On the bed of Minnehaha,  
 At the feet of Laughing Water,  
 At those willing feet, that never  
 More would lightly run to meet him,  
 Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
 As if in a swoon he sat there,  
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
 In the snow a grave they made her,

In the forest deep and darksome,  
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
 Clothed her in her richest garments,  
 Wrapped her in her robes of ermine;  
 Covered her with snow, like ermine,  
 Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
 On her grave four times was kindled,  
 For her soul upon its journey  
 To the Islands of the Blessed.  
 From his doorway Hiawatha  
 Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks :  
 From his sleepless bed uprising,  
 From the bed of Minnehaha,  
 Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
 That it might not be extinguished,  
 Might not leave her in the darkness.  
 "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!  
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
 All my heart is buried with you,  
 All my thoughts go onward with you:

Come not back again to labor,  
 Come not back again to suffer,  
 Where the Famine and the Fever  
 Wear the heart and waste the body.  
 Soon my task will be completed,  
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the land of the Hereafter!"

## XXI.

## THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,  
 Close beside a frozen river,  
 Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
 White his hair was as a snow-drift :  
 Dull and low his fire was burning,  
 And the old man shook and trembled,  
 Folded in his Waubewyon,  
 In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
 Hearing nothing but the tempest  
 As it roared along the forest,  
 Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
 As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
 And the fire was slowly dying,  
 As a young man, walking lightly,  
 At the open doorway entered.  
 Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,  
 Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
 Bound his forehead was with grasses ;  
 Bound and plumed with scented grasses,  
 On his lips a smile of beauty,  
 Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
 In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
 Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,  
 "Happy are my eyes to see you.  
 Sit here on the mat beside me,  
 Sit here by the dying embers,  
 Let us pass the night together.  
 Tell me of your strange adventures.  
 Of the lands where you have travelled ;  
 I will tell you of my prowess,  
 Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
 Very old and strangely fashioned ;

Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
 And the stem a reed with feathers ;  
 Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
 Placed a burning coal upon it,  
 Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
 And began to speak in this wise :  
 "When I blow my breath about me,  
 When I breathe upon the landscape,  
 Motionless are all the rivers,  
 Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling :  
 "When I blow my breath about me,  
 When I breathe upon the landscape,  
 Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
 Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
 Said the old man darkly frowning,  
 "All the land with snow is covered ;  
 All the leaves from all the branches  
 Fall and fade and die and wither,  
 For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
 From the waters and the marshes  
 Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
 Fly away to distant regions,  
 For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
 And where'er my footsteps wander,  
 All the wild beasts of the forest  
 Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
 And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"  
 Said the young man, softly laughing,  
 "Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
 Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
 Back into their lakes and marshes  
 Come the wild goose and the heron,

Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the bluebird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless  
And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the bluebird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him;  
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,  
All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,

Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemea,  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise:  
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!  
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumea,  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!  
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;  
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,  
 In the great canoe with pinions  
 Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
 Painted white were all their faces  
 And with hair their chins were covered!  
 And the warriors and the women  
 Laughed and shouted in derision,  
 Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
 Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
 "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!  
 Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
 But he gravely spake and answered  
 To their jeering and their jesting:  
 "True is all Iagoo tells us;  
 I have seen it in a vision,  
 Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
 Seen the people with white faces,  
 Seen the coming of this bearded  
 People of the wooden vessel  
 From the regions of the morning,  
 From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
 The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
 Sends them hither on his errand,  
 Sends them to us with his message.  
 Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
 Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo.  
 Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;  
 Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them

Springs a flower unknown among us,  
 Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
 Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
 And the heart's right hand of friendship  
 Give them when they come to see us.  
 Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
 Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision  
 All the secrets of the future,  
 Of the distant days that shall be.  
 I beheld the westward marches  
 Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
 All the land was full of people,  
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
 In the woodlands rang their axes,  
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
 Over all the lakes and rivers  
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision  
 Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;  
 I beheld our nation scattered,  
 All forgetful of my counsels,  
 Weakened, warring with each other:  
 Saw the remnants of our people  
 Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
 Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"



## XXII.

## HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.



By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 At the doorway of his wigwam,  
 In the pleasant Summer morning,  
 Hiawatha stood and waited.  
 All the air was full of freshness,  
 All the earth was bright and joyous,  
 And before him, through the sunshine,  
 Westward toward the neighboring forest  
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
 Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
 Level spread the lake before him ;  
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
 On its margin the great forest  
 Stood reflected in the water,  
 Every tree-top had its shadow,  
 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
 As the fog from off the water,  
 As the mist from off the meadow.  
 With a smile of joy and triumph,  
 With a look of exultation,  
 As of one who in a vision  
 Sees what is to be, but is not,  
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
 Both the palms spread out against it,  
 And between the parted fingers  
 Fell the sunshine on his features,  
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
 Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
 Something in the hazy distance,  
 Something in the mists of morning,  
 Loomed and lifted from the water,

Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?  
Or the pelican, the Shada?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing,  
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields

Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:  
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful, old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome;  
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;  
"It is well," they said, "O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:  
 "We have listened to your message,  
 We have heard your words of wisdom,  
 We will think on what you tell us.  
 It is well for us, O brothers,  
 That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed  
 Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
 To the young men and the women  
 Told the story of the strangers  
 Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
 From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
 Grew the afternoon of Summer;  
 With a drowsy sound the forest  
 Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
 With a sound of sleep the water  
 Rippled on the beach below it;  
 From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless  
 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;  
 And the guests of Hiawatha,  
 Weary with the heat of Summer,  
 Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
 And the long and level sunbeams  
 Shot their spears into the forest,  
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
 Rushed into each secret ambush,  
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;  
 Still the guests of Hiawatha  
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
 Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
 On a long and distant journey,  
 To the portals of the Sunset,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
 But these guests I leave behind me,  
 In your watch and ward I leave them;  
 See that never harm comes near them,  
 See that never fear molests them,  
 Never danger nor suspicion,  
 Never want of food or shelter,  
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"



Forth into the village went he,  
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
 Bade farewell to all the young men,  
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

“I am going, O my people,  
 On a long and distant journey;  
 Many moons and many winters  
 Will have come, and will have vanished,  
 Ere I come again to see you.  
 But my guests I leave behind me;  
 Listen to their words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the truth they tell you,  
 For the Master of Life has sent them  
 From the land of light and morning!”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
 On the clear and luminous water  
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
 From the pebbles of the margin  
 Shoved it forth into the water;  
 Whispered to it, “Westward! westward!”  
 And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
 Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
 Left upon the level water  
 One long track and trail of splendor,  
 Down whose stream, as down a river,  
 Westward, westward Hiawatha  
 Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapors,  
 Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
 Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
 High into that sea of splendor,  
 Till it sank into the vapors  
 Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
 Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, “Farewell forever!”  
 Said, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”  
 And the forests, dark and lonely,  
 Moved through all their depths of dark-  
 ness,

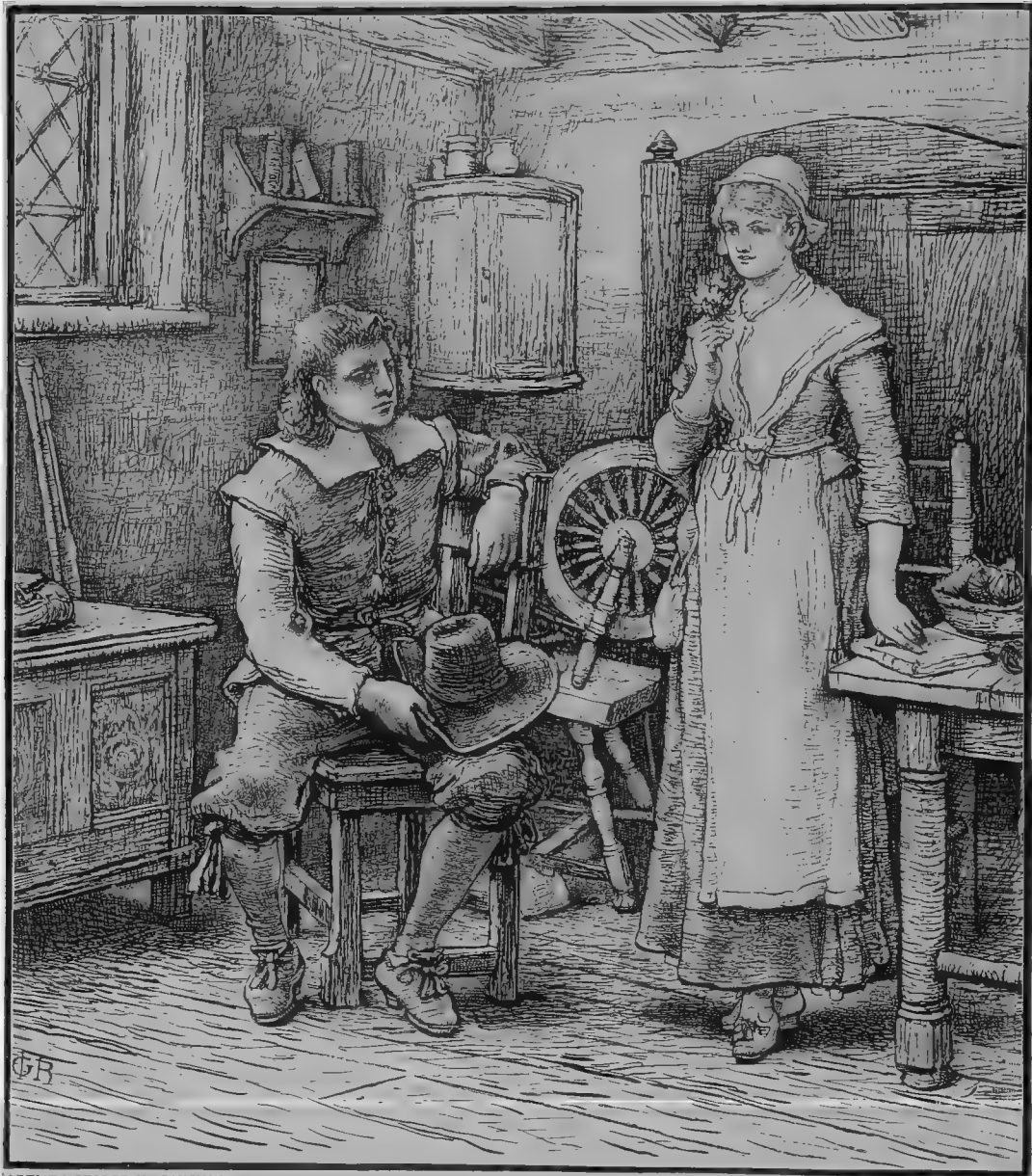
Sighed, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”  
 And the waves upon the margin  
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
 Sobbed, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
 Screamed, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
 Hiawatha the Beloved,  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 In the purple mists of evening,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the land of the Hereafter!









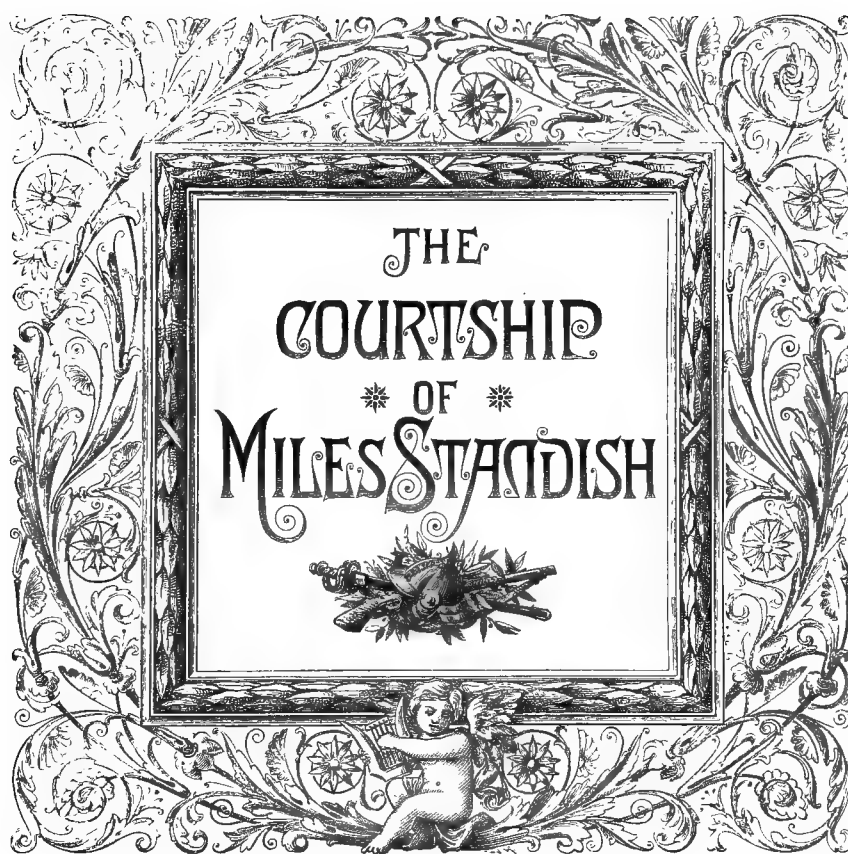
ARTIST: GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

"Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?  
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

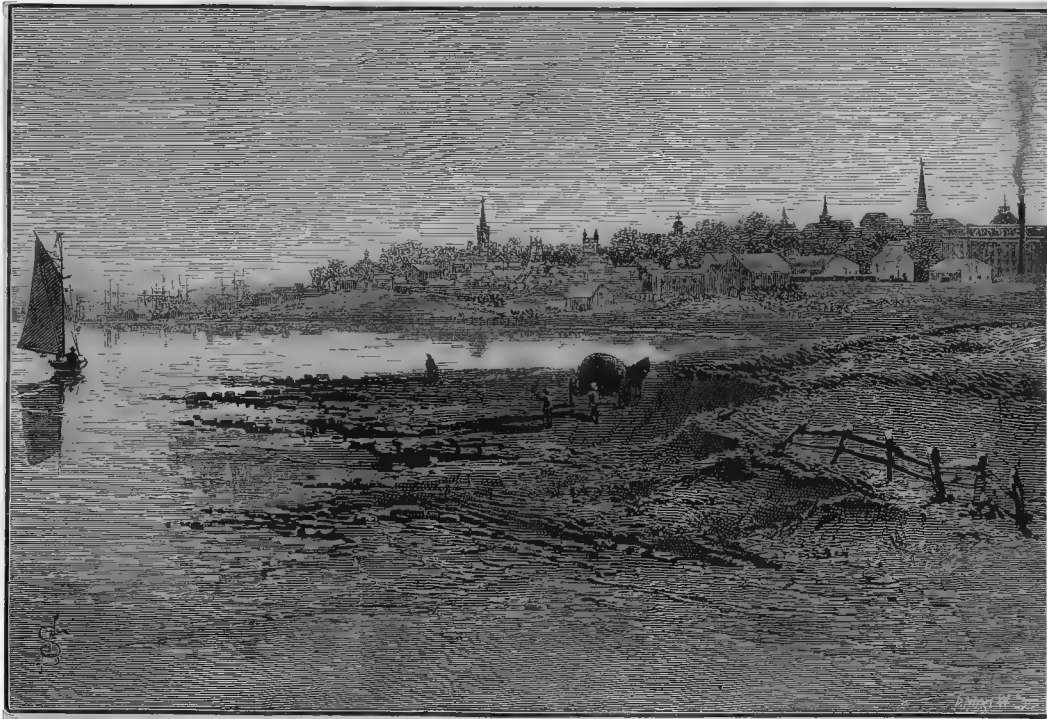
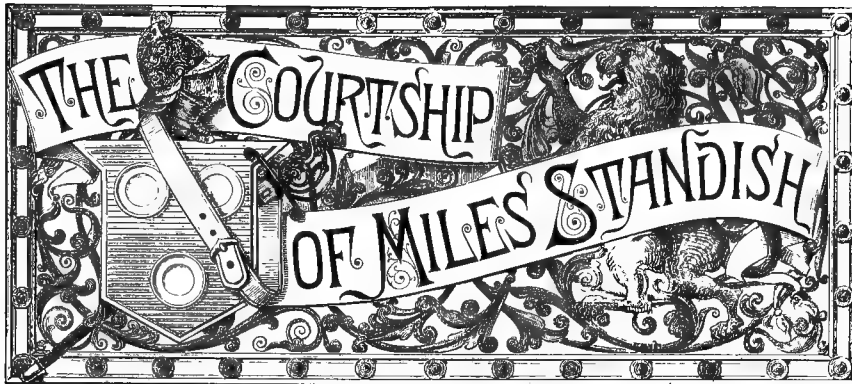
*The Courtship of Miles Standish.*











# I.

## MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,  
 To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
 Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
 Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.  
 Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing  
 Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
 Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—  
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,  
 While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.  
 Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;  
 Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already  
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.  
 Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,  
 Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;  
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives  
 Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."  
 Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,  
 Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.  
 "Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here  
 Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!  
 This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,  
 Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;  
 Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet  
 Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.  
 Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish  
 Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."  
 Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:  
 "Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;  
 He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"  
 Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:  
 "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;  
 That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.  
 Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;  
 So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.  
 Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,  
 Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,  
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,  
 And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"  
 This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams  
 Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.  
 Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:  
 "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted  
 High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,  
 Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,  
 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.  
 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;  
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—  
 Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,  
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,  
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,  
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,



Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,  
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,  
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :  
“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;  
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!  
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!  
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,



Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,  
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!”  
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them  
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;  
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar  
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,  
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.  
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful  
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,  
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.  
 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,  
 Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence  
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,  
 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest,  
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,  
 Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!  
 Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla!  
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

## II.

### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
 Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,  
 Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.  
 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,  
 Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!  
 You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow  
 Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"  
 Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:  
 "Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.  
 Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate  
 Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."  
 "Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,  
 "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!  
 Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,  
 Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.  
 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;  
 Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;  
 He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;  
 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!  
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,  
 When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,  
 And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together  
 There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,  
 Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,  
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;  
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;  
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.  
 That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,  
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.  
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling  
 Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,

Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ;  
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,  
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,  
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla !  
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,  
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,  
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :  
“ When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.  
Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient ! ”  
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,  
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :  
“ Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,  
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.”  
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :



" 'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures,  
 This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;  
 Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.  
 Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;  
 Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship ;  
 Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.  
 She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother  
 Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,  
 Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,  
 Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever  
 There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,  
 Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla  
 Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.  
 Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,  
 Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.  
 Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,  
 Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,  
 Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.  
 Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;  
 I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.  
 You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,  
 Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
 Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,  
 All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,  
 Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,  
 Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,  
 Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,  
 Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :  
 " Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;  
 If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —  
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"  
 But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,  
 Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :  
 " Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;  
 But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.  
 Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.  
 I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,  
 But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.  
 I 'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,  
 But of a thundering ' No ! ' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,  
 That I confess I 'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !  
 So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,  
 Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."  
 Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,  
 Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :  
 " Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me ;  
 Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !"  
 Then made answer John Alden : " The name of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"  
 So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,  
 Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

## III.

## THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,  
 Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,  
 Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building  
 Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,  
 Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.  
 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,  
 Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.  
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,  
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,  
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!  
 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —  
 "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?  
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?  
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow  
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?  
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption  
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;  
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.  
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!  
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,  
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.  
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;  
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,  
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,  
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,  
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.  
 "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,  
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!  
 So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,  
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;  
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,  
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."  
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;  
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,  
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;  
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;  
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla  
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,



Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,  
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.  
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden  
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift  
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,  
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.  
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,  
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,  
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,  
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.  
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,  
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,  
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun  
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!  
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,  
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;  
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,  
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.  
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,  
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;  
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,  
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,  
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing  
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,  
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,  
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;  
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."  
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled  
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,  
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,  
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,



After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,  
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,  
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla  
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,  
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.  
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;

Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !  
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,  
 Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.  
 "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,  
 "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England, —  
 They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;  
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,  
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors  
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy  
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.  
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;  
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.  
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost  
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : "Indeed I do not condemn you ;  
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.  
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;  
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage  
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —  
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,  
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy ;  
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.  
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,  
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless :  
 Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :  
 "If the great captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,  
 Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?  
 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !"  
 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,  
 Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —  
 Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the words grating harshly  
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :  
 "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,  
 Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?  
 That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,  
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,  
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.  
 This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection  
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.



When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.  
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,  
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,  
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,  
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;  
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,  
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction ;



How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;  
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,  
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;  
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,

Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent  
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.  
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter  
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;  
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,  
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;  
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

## IV.

## JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,  
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side ;  
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,  
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.  
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors,



Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,  
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,  
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted  
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in his wild exultation,  
“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!  
Blowing o’er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,  
Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!  
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me  
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,  
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!  
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen between us?  
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor?”  
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:  
“It hath displeased the Lord!” — and he thought of David’s transgression,  
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!  
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,  
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:  
“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there  
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,  
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;  
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage  
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors’ “Ay, ay, Sir!”  
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.



Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,  
 Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,  
 Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.  
 "Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is  
 Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,  
 Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,  
 Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.  
 Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,  
 Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.  
 Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,  
 Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;  
 Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor;  
 Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber  
 With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers  
 Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —  
 Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,  
 Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,  
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,  
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,  
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.  
 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain  
 Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,  
 Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.  
 "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,  
 Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.  
 "Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;  
 But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming  
 I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.  
 Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,  
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;  
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,  
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.  
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,  
 Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"  
 Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor  
 Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.  
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,  
 E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.  
 Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!  
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!  
 One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;  
 Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?  
 Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!  
 You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;  
 You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping  
 I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!  
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward  
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,  
 Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.  
 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,  
 Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,  
 Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!  
 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,  
 Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,  
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.  
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard  
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.  
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,  
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,  
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,  
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.



Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;  
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,  
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,  
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;  
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !  
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,  
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;  
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,  
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,  
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,  
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,  
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.  
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating  
 What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,  
 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;  
 One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,  
 Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,  
 Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior !  
 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,  
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,  
 "What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses ?  
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
 There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?  
 Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon !"  
 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :  
 "Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;  
 Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with !"  
 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,  
 Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :  
 "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.  
 War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,  
 Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,  
 Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets  
 Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,  
 Saying, in thundering tones : "Here, take it ! this is your answer !"  
 Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,  
 Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,  
 Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.



## V.

## THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.



JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,  
 There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;  
 Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"  
 Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.  
 Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.  
 Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,  
 Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,  
 Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.  
 Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;  
 Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—  
 Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.  
 Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;  
 Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,  
 Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth  
 Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.  
 Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys  
 Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;  
 Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,

Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;  
 Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,  
 He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.  
 Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women  
 Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.  
 Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;  
 Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;  
 Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,  
 Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.  
 Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,  
 Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.  
 Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,  
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang  
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes  
 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!  
 Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!  
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,  
 Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!  
 Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
 Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,  
 Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,  
 Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,  
 Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.  
 He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,  
 Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,  
 Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.  
 Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;  
 Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;  
 Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"  
 Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,  
 Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—  
 Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—  
 Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.  
 But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him  
 Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,  
 Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,  
 Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.  
 Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,  
 Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;  
 All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;  
 But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—  
 Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.  
 So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,  
 Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!  
 Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,  
 Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,  
 Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,  
 And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,



Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep  
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,  
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,  
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together  
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.



Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,  
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.  
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,  
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,  
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.  
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla  
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.  
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,  
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,  
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.  
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !  
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !  
“Here I remain !” he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,  
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,  
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,  
 Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.  
 There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,  
 Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.  
 Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !  
 Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not  
 Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !  
 There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,  
 As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.  
 Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence  
 Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;  
 Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
 So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,  
 Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,  
 Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him  
 Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.  
 Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,  
 Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,  
 Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,  
 Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,  
 Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !  
 Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.  
 O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the Mayflower !  
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors  
 Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.  
 Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,  
 Blowing steady and strong ; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,  
 Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward  
 Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,  
 Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,  
 Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,  
 Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;  
 Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,  
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Said, "Let us pray !" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.  
 Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them  
 Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred  
 Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.  
 Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean  
 Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;  
 Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.  
 Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,  
 Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake with each other,  
 Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look !" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,  
 Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows  
 Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,  
 Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

## VI.

## PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,  
 Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;  
 And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,  
 Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,  
 Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me ?” said she.  
 “Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading  
 Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,  
 Pleading your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum ?  
 Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying  
 What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it ;  
 For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,  
 That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble  
 Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,  
 Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.  
 Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,  
 Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,  
 Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,  
 As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,  
 Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.  
 Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.  
 You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,  
 Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken !”  
 Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish :  
 “I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,  
 Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.”  
 “No !” interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive ;  
 “No ; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.  
 It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a woman  
 Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,  
 Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.  
 Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women  
 Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers  
 Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,  
 Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.”  
 Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :  
 “Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always  
 More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,  
 More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden ! ”  
 “ Ah, by these words, I can see,” again interrupted the maiden,  
 “ How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.  
 When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,  
 Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,  
 Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,  
 Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.  
 This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;  
 For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,  
 Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.  
 Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly  
 If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,  
 If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases  
 Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,  
 But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.”



Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,  
 Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.  
 He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,  
 Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.  
 So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined  
 What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.  
 “ Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things  
 Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.  
 It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :  
 I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.  
 So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.  
 For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship  
 Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."  
 Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,  
 Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,  
 Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:  
 "Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship  
 Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the *Mayflower*,  
 Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,  
 Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,  
 That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.  
 But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,  
 Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:  
 "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,  
 Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,  
 You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,  
 When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."  
 Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —  
 Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.  
 Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,  
 "He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"  
 But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —  
 How he had even determined to sail that day in the *Mayflower*,  
 And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —  
 All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,  
 "Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,  
 Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,  
 Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;  
 Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,  
 Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,  
 Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

## VII.

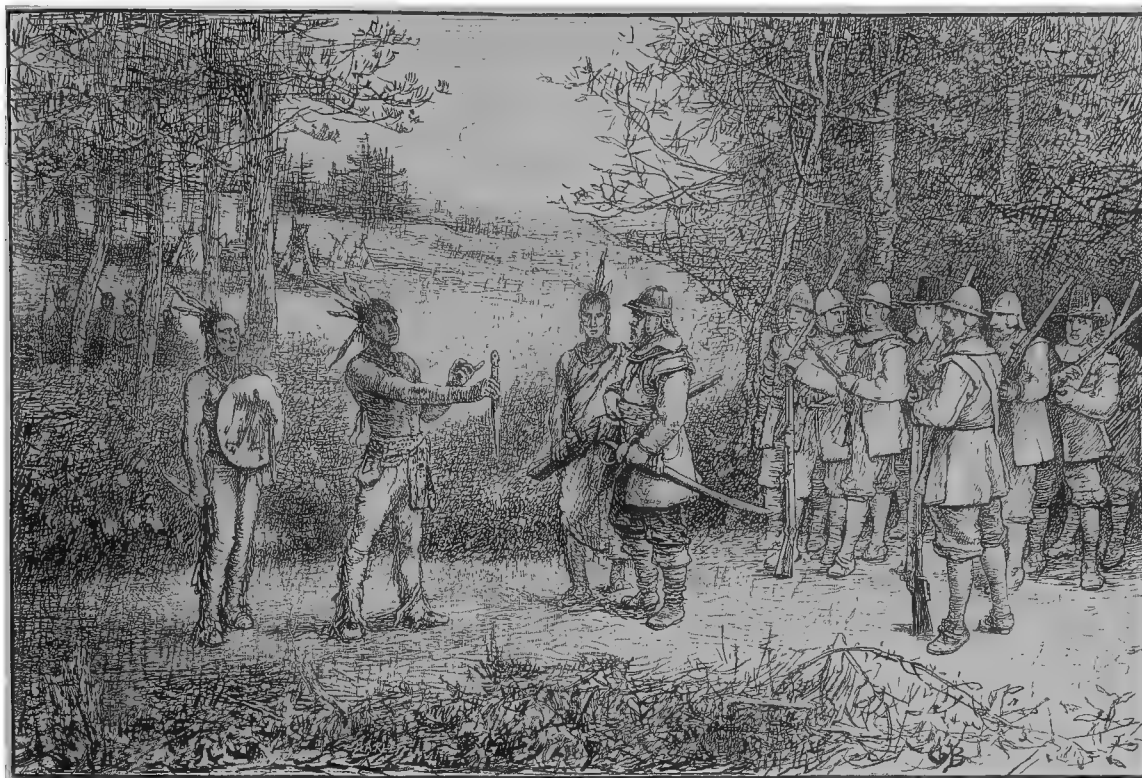
### THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,  
 Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,  
 All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger  
 Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder  
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.  
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;  
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,  
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,  
 Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!  
 Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.  
 What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,  
 Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?  
 'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!  
 What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;  
 Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward  
 Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"  
 Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,  
 While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,  
 Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment  
 Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;  
 Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,  
 Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;  
 Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,  
 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,  
 Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,  
 Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;  
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.  
 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,  
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;  
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,  
 Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
 "Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders  
 Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
 Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,  
 Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,  
 Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,  
 Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!  
 But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
 Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.  
 Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:  
 "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,  
 Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
 Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,  
 But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,  
 Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"  
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,  
 Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;  
 Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:  
 "I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;  
 By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:  
 While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,



Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,  
 "By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!  
 This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!  
 He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians  
 Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
 Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,  
 Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.  
 But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;  
 So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.  
 But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,  
 All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,  
 Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.  
 Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,  
 Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage  
 Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.  
 Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,  
 And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,  
 Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.  
 Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,  
 Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.  
 Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,  
 Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Watawamat,  
 Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,  
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.  
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:—  
“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—  
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now  
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.  
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress.  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

## VIII.

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,  
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,  
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,  
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.  
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.  
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,  
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,  
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.  
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition  
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,  
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,  
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,  
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.  
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;  
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,  
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.  
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:  
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.  
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,  
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment



In the division of cattle, might ruminant in the night-time  
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer  
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,



Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,  
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.  
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;  
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;  
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday  
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs, —  
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,  
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,  
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,  
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,  
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,  
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.  
 "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,  
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,  
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;  
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."  
 Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle  
 Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;  
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:  
 "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;  
 She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,  
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,  
 Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.  
 She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.  
 So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer  
 Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.  
 Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,  
 Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"  
 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,  
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest.  
 Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,  
 Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:  
 "Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,  
 Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.  
 Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;  
 Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,  
 Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"  
 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,  
 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,  
 She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,  
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,  
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly  
 Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—  
 Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,  
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.  
 Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—  
 Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,  
 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;  
 All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!  
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.  
 Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward  
 Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;  
 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow  
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered  
 Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive  
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,  
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,  
 Clapsed, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,  
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:  
 "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"



Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,  
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing  
 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,  
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;  
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,  
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,  
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

## IX.

### THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,  
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,  
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.  
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him  
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.  
 Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,  
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,  
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,  
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.



Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,  
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!  
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?  
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?  
 Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?  
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?  
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;  
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression  
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,  
 As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,  
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.  
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,  
 Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement  
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!  
 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!  
 I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;  
 I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,  
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.  
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."  
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—  
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"  
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,  
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,  
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,  
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.  
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—  
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,  
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

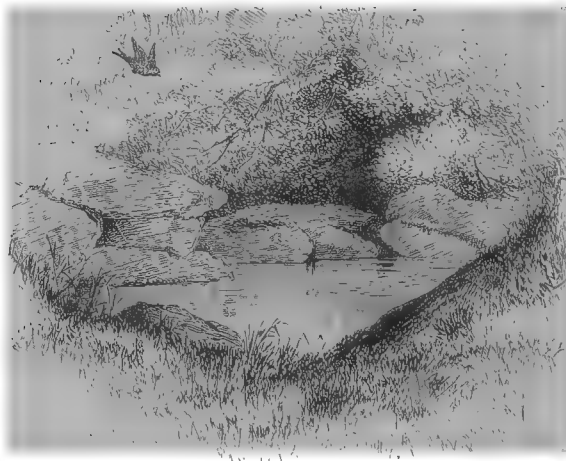
Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,  
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,  
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,  
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,  
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,  
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,  
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,  
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,  
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.  
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,  
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;  
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,  
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;  
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,  
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

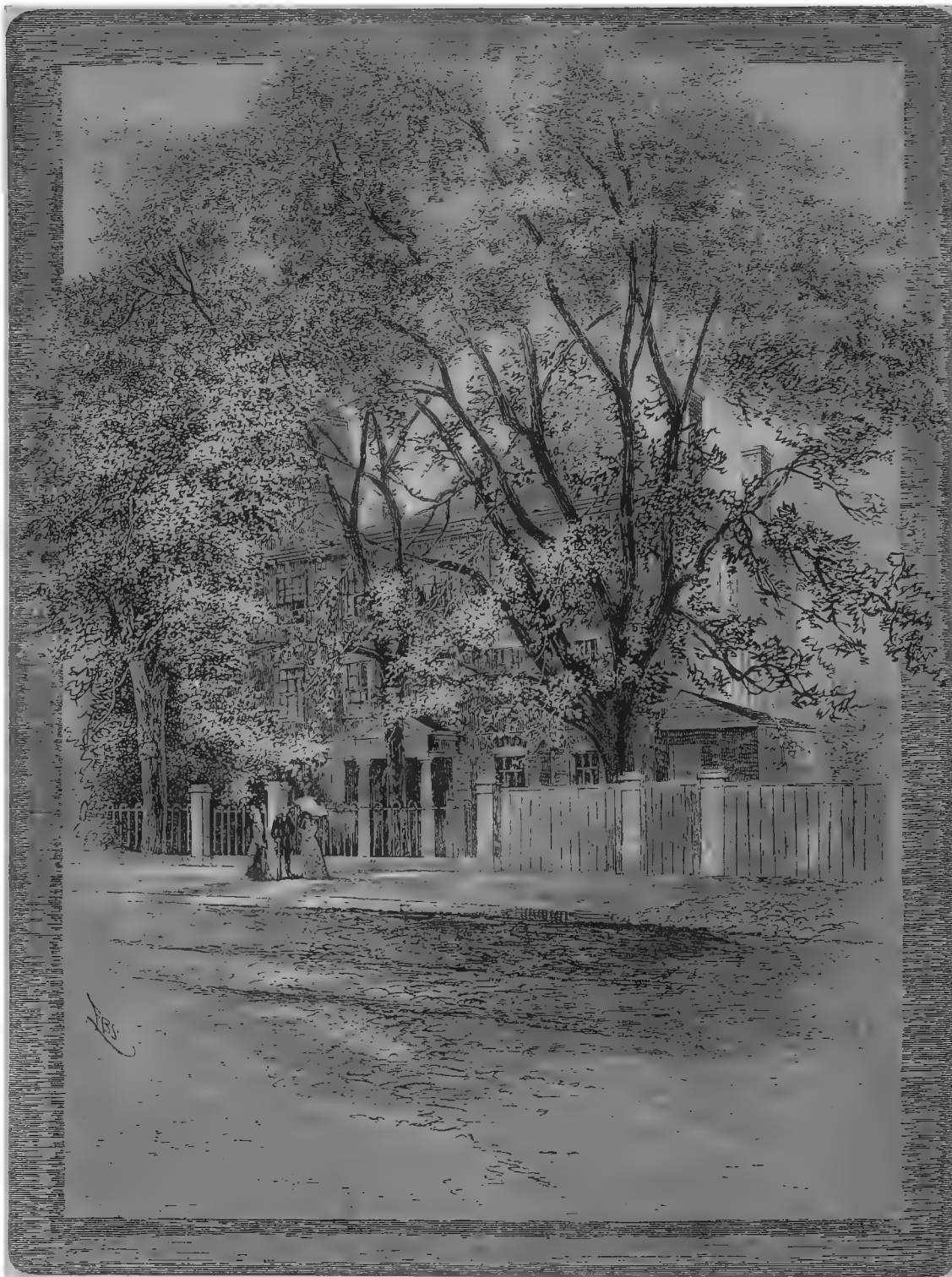


Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,  
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,  
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.  
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,  
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.  
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;  
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.  
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.







ARTIST: F. B. SCHELL.

"THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE" PORTLAND, MAINE.













. . come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
 Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.  
 DANTE.

## PROMETHEUS,

### OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted  
 On Olympus' shining bastions  
 His audacious foot he planted,  
 Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
 Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
 Of that flight through heavenly portals,  
 The old classic superstition  
 Of the theft and the transmission  
 Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
 Born of heavenward aspiration,  
 Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
 Then the vulture, — the despairing  
 Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
 Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;  
 Only those are crowned and sainted  
 Who with grief have been acquainted,  
 Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
 In their triumph and their yearning,  
 In their passionate pulsations,  
 In their words among the nations,  
 The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
 All this toil for human culture?  
 Through the cloud-rack, dark and trailing  
 Must they see above them sailing  
 O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
 By defeat and exile maddened;  
 Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
 Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
 By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
 That around their memories cluster,  
 And, on all their steps attendant,  
 Make their darkened lives resplendent  
 With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,  
 Through the dreary darkness chanted;  
 Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
 Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
 Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
 All the quivering, palpitating  
 Chords of life in utmost tension,  
 With the fervor of invention,  
 With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!  
 In such hours of exultation  
 Even the faintest heart, unquailing,  
 Might behold the vulture sailing  
 Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there be not given  
 Strength for such sublime endeavor,  
 Thus to scale the walls of heaven,

And to leaven with fiery leaven  
 All the hearts of men forever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
 Honor and believe the presage,  
 Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
 Gleaming through the realms benighted,  
 As they onward bear the message!

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



BLACK shadows fall  
 From the lindens tall,  
 That lift aloft their massive wall  
 Against the southern sky;

And from the realms  
 Of the shadowy elms  
 A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
 The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,  
 And everywhere  
 A warm, soft vapor fills the air,  
 And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light  
 Of the star-lit night,  
 Swift birds of passage wing their flight  
 Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,  
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

#### THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

## THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's "Magnalia Christi,"  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure" —  
Thus prayed the old divine —  
"To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty  
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in His greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:  
It was in the month of June,

An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Chan-  
nel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and  
panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;

And, from the frowning rampart, the black  
cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and  
Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.





Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
 Their cannon, through the night,  
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim  
 defiance,  
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their  
 stations  
 On every citadel;  
 Each answering each, with morning saluta-  
 tions,  
 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the bur-  
 den,  
 Replied the distant forts,  
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of  
 azure,  
 No drum-beat from the wall,  
 No morning gun from the black fort's em-  
 brasure,  
 Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
 The long line of the coast,  
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
 Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
 In sombre harness mailed,  
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
 The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
 The dark and silent room,  
 And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
 The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
 But smote the Warden hoar;  
 Ah! what a blow! that made all England  
 tremble  
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
 The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
 That a great man was dead.

## HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses. Through the open  
 doors  
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
 With feet that make no sound upon the  
 floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
 Along the passages they come and go,  
 Impalpable impressions on the air,  
 A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table, than the hosts  
 Invited: the illuminated hall  
 Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
 As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
 The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
 hear;  
 He but perceives what is; while unto me  
 All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
 Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
 From graves forgotten stretch their dusty  
 hands,  
 And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
 Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
 Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors  
 dense  
 A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
 By opposite attractions and desires;  
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
 Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
 Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
 An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of  
 light,  
 Across whose trembling planks our fancies  
 crowd  
 Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
 A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and  
 bends,  
 Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.



## IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.



IN the village churchyard she lies,  
 Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
     No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;  
 At her feet and at her head  
 Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
     But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
 So much in love with the vanity  
     And foolish pomp of this world of ours?  
 Or was it Christian charity,  
 And lowliness and humility,  
     The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;  
 No color shoots into those cheeks,  
     Either of anger or of pride,  
 At the rude question we have asked;  
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
     By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter? — And do you think to look  
 On the terrible pages of that Book  
     To find her failings, faults, and errors?  
 Ah, you will then have other cares,  
 In your own shortcomings and despairs,  
     In your own secret sins and terrors!

## THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
     With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
 I forget in what campaign,  
 Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
     Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
     In great boots of Spanish leather,  
 Striding with a measured tramp,

These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
     Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the  
     weather.

Thus as to and fro they went  
     Over upland and through hollow,  
 Giving their impatience vent,  
 Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
     In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
 Built of clay and hair of horses,  
 Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
 Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
 After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
 As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
 "Sure this swallow overhead  
 Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
 And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name  
 Coupled with those words of malice,  
 Half in anger, half in shame,  
 Forth the great campaigner came  
 Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
 Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"  
 Adding then, by way of jest,  
 "Golondrina is my guest,  
 'T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
 Through the camp was spread the rumor,  
 And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
 Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
 At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
 Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
 Till the constant cannonade  
 Through the walls a breach had made  
 And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
 Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
 Only not the Emperor's tent,  
 For he ordered, ere he went,  
 Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
 Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
 Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
 Singing o'er those walls of stone  
 Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

## THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
 Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;  
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of  
 smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
 Alike their features and their robes of white;  
 But one was crowned with amaranth, as  
 with flame,  
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;  
 Then said I, with deep fear and doubt op-  
 pressed,  
 "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
 The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
 Descending, at my door began to knock,

And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
 The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
 The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
 That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
 And now returned with threefold strength  
 again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
 And listened, for I thought I heard God's  
 voice;

And, knowing whatso'er he sent was best,  
 Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with  
 light,

"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;  
 And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,  
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
 Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
 Whispered a word that had a sound like  
 Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;  
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened  
 room,  
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and  
 loud,  
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
 Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
 Without his leave they pass no threshold  
 o'er;  
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

## DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
 Yesterday I saw the moon  
 Sailing high, but faint and white,  
 As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
 I read a Poet's mystic lay;  
 And it seemed to me at most  
 As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
 Like a passion died away,

And the night, serene and still,  
 Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
 Like a spirit glorified,  
 Filled and overflowed the night  
 With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
 Passed like music through my brain;  
 Night interpreted to me  
 All its grace and mystery.

## THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in  
 their graves.

Close by the street of this fair seaport town,  
 Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
 At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their  
 sleep  
 Wave their broad curtains in the south-  
 wind's breath,  
 While underneath these leafy tents they keep  
 The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,  
 That pave with level flags their burial-place,  
 Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down  
 And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,  
 Of foreign accent, and of different climes;  
 Alvares and Rivera interchange  
 With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"  
 The mourners said, "and Death is rest and  
 peace;"  
 Then added, in the certainty of faith,  
 "And giveth Life that nevermore shall  
 cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,  
 No Psalms of David now the silence  
 break,  
 No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
 In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,  
 And not neglected; for a hand unseen,  
 Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,  
 Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,  
 What persecution, merciless and blind,  
 Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—  
 These Ishmaels and Hagers of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,  
 Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;  
 Taught in the school of patience to endure  
 The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread  
 And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,  
 The wasting famine of the heart they fed,  
 And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry  
 That rang from town to town, from street  
 to street;

At every gate the accursed Mordecai  
 Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by  
 Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
 Walked with them through the world  
 where'er they went;  
 Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,  
 And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast  
 Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,  
 And all the great traditions of the Past  
 They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look  
 The mystic volume of the world they read,  
 Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,  
 Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no  
 more!

The groaning earth in travail and in pain  
 Brings forth its races, but does not restore,  
 And the dead nations never rise again.



## OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire  
 Still is seen an ancient mill,  
 With its gables quaint and queer,  
 And beneath the window sill,  
     On the stone,  
     These words alone:  
 "Oliver Basselin lived here."  
  
 Far above it, on the steep,  
 Ruined stands the old Château;  
 Nothing but the donjon-keep  
 Left for shelter or for show.  
     Its vacant eyes  
     Stare at the skies,  
 Stare at the valley green and deep.  
  
 Once a convent, old and brown,  
 Looked, but ah! it looks no more,  
 From the neighboring hillside down  
     On the rushing and the roar  
     Of the stream  
     Whose sunny gleam  
 Cheers the little Norman town.  
  
 In that darksome mill of stone,  
 To the water's dash and din,  
 Careless, humble, and unknown,  
 Sang the poet Basselin  
     Songs that fill  
     That ancient mill  
 With a splendor of its own.  
  
 Never feeling of unrest  
 Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;  
 Only made to be his nest,  
     All the lovely valley seemed;  
     No desire  
     Of soaring higher  
 Stirred or fluttered in his breast.  
  
 True, his songs were not divine;  
 Were not songs of that high art,  
 Which, as winds do in the pine,  
 Find an answer in each heart;

But the mirth  
 Of this green earth  
 Laughed and revelled in his line.  
  
 From the alehouse and the inn,  
     Opening on the narrow street,  
 Came the loud, convivial din,  
     Singing and applause of feet,  
     The laughing lays  
     That in those days  
 Sang the poet Basselin.  
  
 In the castle, cased in steel,  
     Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
 Watched and waited, spur on heel;  
     But the poet sang for sport  
     Songs that rang  
     Another clang,  
 Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.  
  
 In the convent, clad in gray,  
     Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
 Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
     And the poet heard their bells;  
     But his rhymes  
     Found other chimes,  
 Nearer to the earth than they.  
  
 Gone are all the barons bold,  
     Gone are all the knights and squires,  
 Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
     And the brotherhood of friars;  
     Not a name  
     Remains to fame,  
 From those mouldering days of old!  
  
 But the poet's memory here  
     Of the landscape makes a part;  
 Like the river, swift and clear,  
     Flows his song through many a heart;  
     Haunting still  
     That ancient mill  
 In the Valley of the Vire.

## VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
 At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 In the mist of the morning damp and gray,  
 These were the words they seemed to say:  
     "Come forth to thy death,  
     Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;  
 Firm was his step, erect his head;  
     Victor Galbraith,  
 He who so well the bugle played,  
 Could not mistake the words it said:  
     "Come forth to thy death,  
     Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the  
     sky,  
 He looked at the files of musketry,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
 "Take good aim; I am ready to die!"  
     Thus challenges death  
     Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and  
     red,  
 Six leaden balls on their errand sped;  
     Victor Galbraith  
 Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;

His name was not stamped on those balls  
     of lead,  
 And they only scath  
 Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
 But he rises out of the dust again,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 The water he drinks has a bloody stain;  
 "Oh kill me, and put me out of my pain!"  
     In his agony prayeth  
     Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of  
     flame,  
 And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 His soul has gone back to whence it came,  
 And no one answers to the name,  
     When the Sergeant saith,  
     "Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey  
 By night a bugle is heard to play,  
     Victor Galbraith!  
 Through the mist of the valley damp and  
     gray  
 The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
     "That is the wraith  
     Of Victor Galbraith!"

## MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
 That is seated by the sea;  
 Often in thought go up and down  
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
 And my youth comes back to me.  
     And a verse of a Lapland song  
     Is haunting my memory still:  
     "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
     thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
 And catch, in sudden gleams,  
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
 And islands that were the Hesperides  
 Of all my boyish dreams.  
     And the burden of that old song,  
     It murmurs and whispers still:  
     "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
     thoughts."



I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill ;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o’er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.

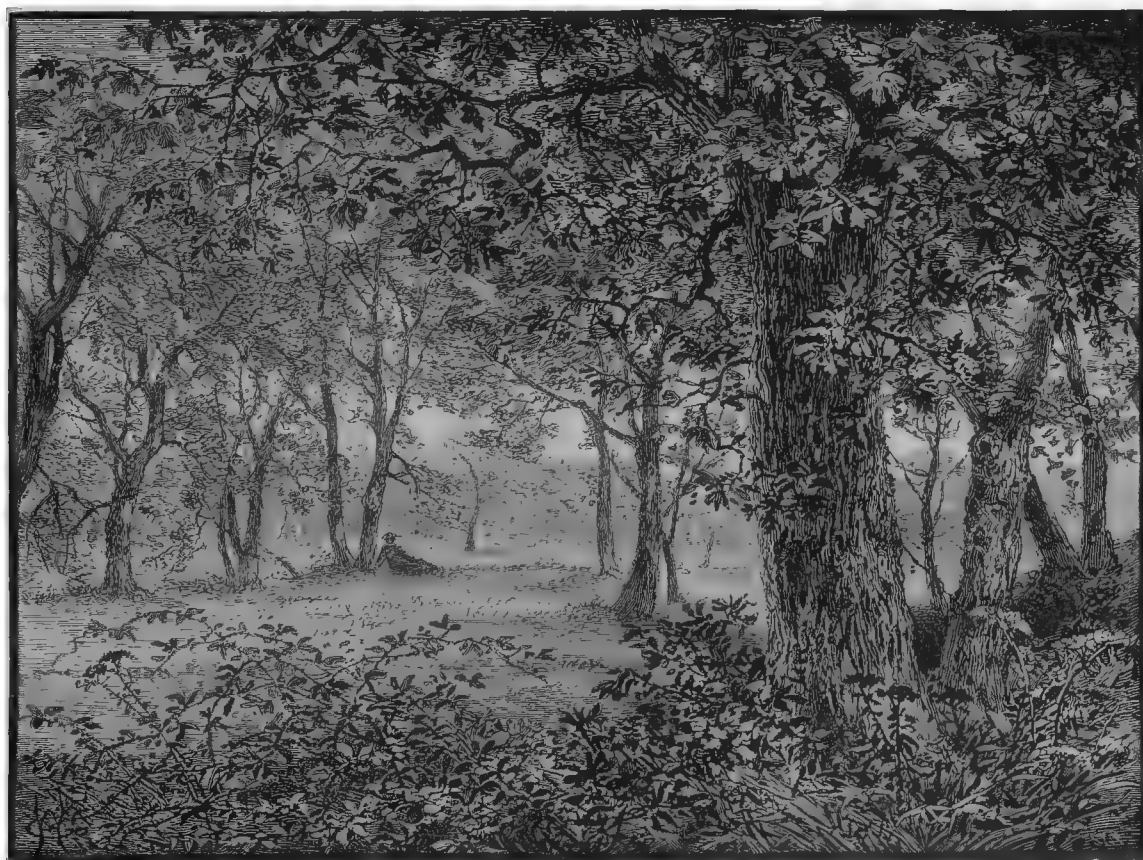
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering’s Woods ;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
thoughts.”



I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
 Across the school-boy's brain ;  
 The song and the silence in the heart,  
 That in part are prophecies, and in part  
 Are longings wild and vain.  
 And the voice of that fitful song  
 Sings on, and is never still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;  
 There are dreams that cannot die ;  
 There are thoughts that make the strong  
 heart weak,  
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
 And a mist before the eye.  
 And the words of that fatal song  
 Come over me like a chill :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town ;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-  
 known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that were,  
 I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful song,  
 The groves are repeating it still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long  
 thoughts."

### THE ROPEWALK.

IN that building, long and low,  
 With its windows all a-row,  
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
 Human spiders spin and spin,  
 Backward down their threads so thin  
 Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;  
 Squares of sunshine on the floor  
 Light the long and dusky lane ;  
 And the whirring of a wheel,  
 Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
 Downward go and reascend,  
 Gleam the long threads in the sun ;  
 While within this brain of mine  
 Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
 Like white doves upon the wing,  
 First before my vision pass ;

Laughing, as their gentle hands  
 Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
 With its smell of tan and planks,  
 And a girl poised high in air  
 On a cord, in spangled dress,  
 With a faded loveliness,  
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
 And a woman with bare arms  
 Drawing water from a well ;  
 As the bucket mounts apace,  
 With it mounts her own fair face,  
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
 Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
 While the rope coils round and round  
 Like a serpent at his feet,  
 And again, in swift retreat,  
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.







ARTIST: MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well."  
*The Ropewalk.*



Then within a prison-yard,  
 Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
   Laughter and indecent mirth;  
 Ah! it is the gallows-tree!  
 Breath of Christian charity,  
   Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
 Gleaming in a sky of light,  
   And an eager, upward look;  
 Steeds pursued through lane and field;  
 Fowlers with their snares concealed;  
   And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
 Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
   Anchors dragged through faithless sand;  
 Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
 And, with lessening line and lead,  
   Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
 These, and many left untold,  
   In that building long and low;  
 While the wheel goes round and round,  
 With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
   And the spinners backward go.

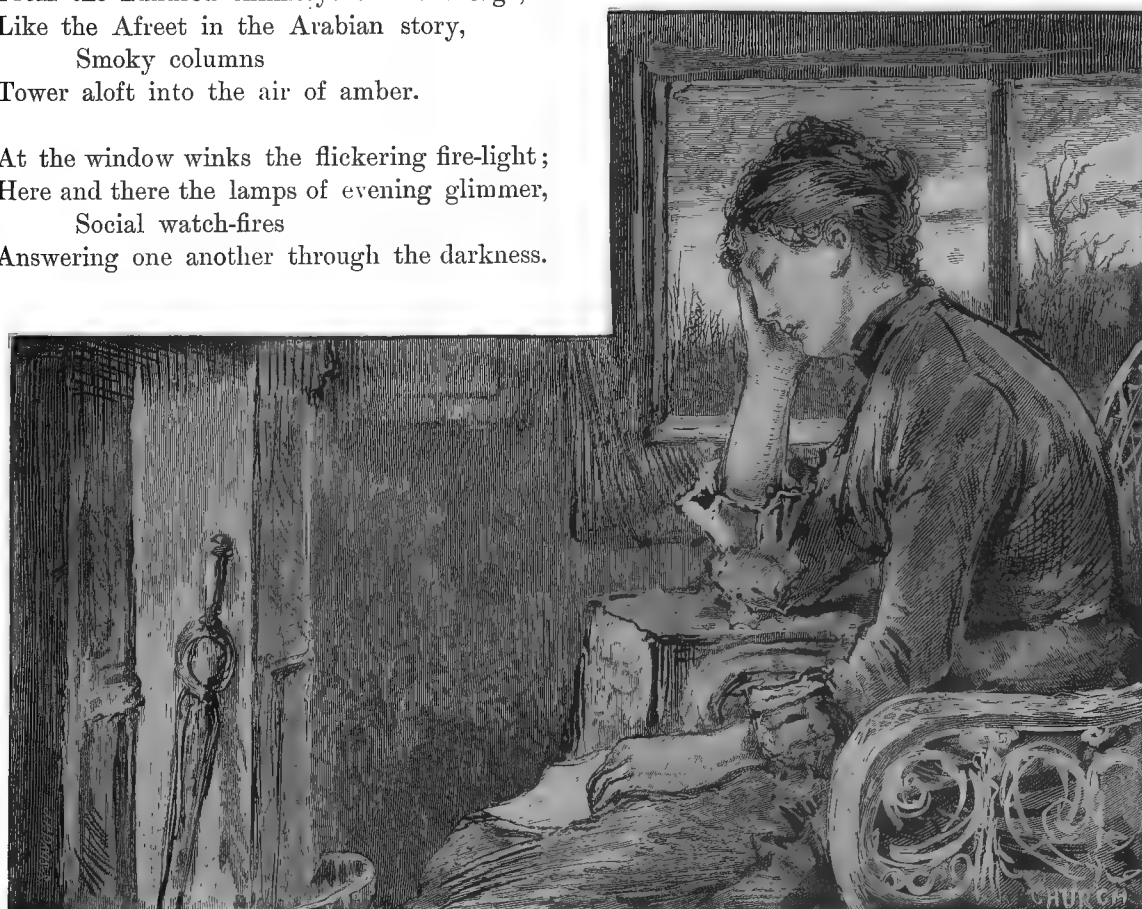
### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple branches  
 Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,  
   Rising silent  
 In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,  
 Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,  
   Smoky columns  
 Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;  
 Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,  
   Social watch-fires  
 Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,  
 And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree  
   For its freedom  
 Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.



By the fireside there are old men seated,  
 Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
     Asking sadly  
 Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
 Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
     Asking blindly  
 Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
 In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
     Wife and husband,  
 And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and com-  
     fort,  
 Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful  
     faces,  
     Waiting, watching  
 For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone ;  
 Is the central point, from which he measures  
     Every distance  
 Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it ;  
 Hears the talking flame, the answering night-  
     wind,  
     As he heard them  
 When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
 Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
     Drives an exile  
 From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,  
 Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculp-  
     tures,  
     But we cannot  
 Buy with gold the old associations !

#### CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine  
 Is a Song of the Vine,  
 To be sung by the glowing embers  
     Of wayside inns,  
     When the rain begins  
 To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song  
 Of the Scuppernong,  
 From warm Carolinian valleys,  
     Nor the Isabel  
     And the Muscadel  
 That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,  
 Whose clusters hang  
 O'er the waves of the Colorado,  
     And the fiery flood  
     Of whose purple blood  
 Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best  
 Is the wine of the West,  
 That grows by the Beautiful River ;

Whose sweet perfume  
 Fills all the room  
 With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees  
 Are the haunts of bees,  
 Forever going and coming ;  
     So this crystal hive  
     Is all alive  
 With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way  
 Is the Verzenay,  
 Or the Sillery soft and creamy ;  
     But Catawba wine  
     Has a taste more divine,  
 More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine  
 By the haunted Rhine,  
 By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
     Nor on island or cape,  
     That bears such a grape  
 As grows by the Beautiful River.

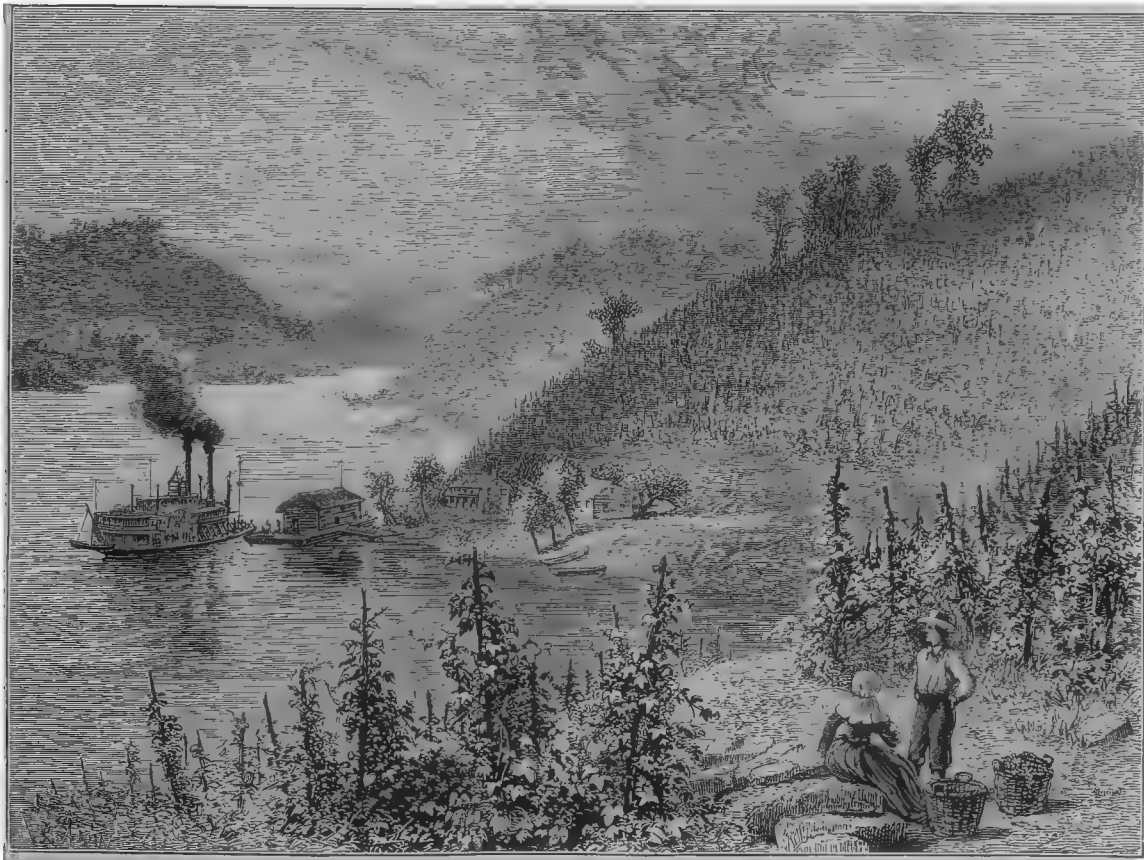


Drugged is their juice  
 For foreign use,  
 When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,  
 To rack our brains  
 With the fever pains,  
 That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks  
 With all such drinks,  
 And after them tumble the mixer;  
 For a poison malign  
 Is such Borgia wine,  
 Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring  
 Is the wine I sing,  
 And to praise it, one needs but name it;  
 For Catawba wine  
 Has need of no sign,  
 No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,  
 This greeting of mine,  
 The winds and the birds shall deliver  
 To the Queen of the West,  
 In her garlands dressed,  
 On the banks of the Beautiful River.



### SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
 Of the great army of the dead,  
 The trenches cold and damp,  
 The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
 In dreary hospitals of pain,  
 The cheerless corridors,  
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
 A lady with a lamp I see  
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss

Her shadow, as it falls  
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
 Opened and then closed suddenly,  
 The vision came and went,  
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
 Hereafter of her speech and song,  
 That light its rays shall cast  
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
 In the great history of the land,  
 A noble type of good,  
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
 The symbols that of yore  
 Saint Filomena bore.

## THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
 Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
 Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
 Like a boy's his eye appeared;  
 His hair was yellow as hay,  
 But threads of a silvery gray  
 Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
 His cheek had the color of oak;  
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
 Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
 As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
 Had a book upon his knees,  
 And wrote down the wondrous tale  
 Of him who was first to sail  
 Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,  
 No man lives north of me;  
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
 And beyond them meres and plains;  
 To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,  
 From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,  
 If you only sailed by day,  
 With a fair wind all the way,  
 More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,  
 With sheep and swine beside;  
 I have tribute from the Finns,  
 Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
 And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,  
 But my heart was ill at ease,  
 For the old seafaring men  
 Came to me now and then,  
 With their sagas of the seas; —

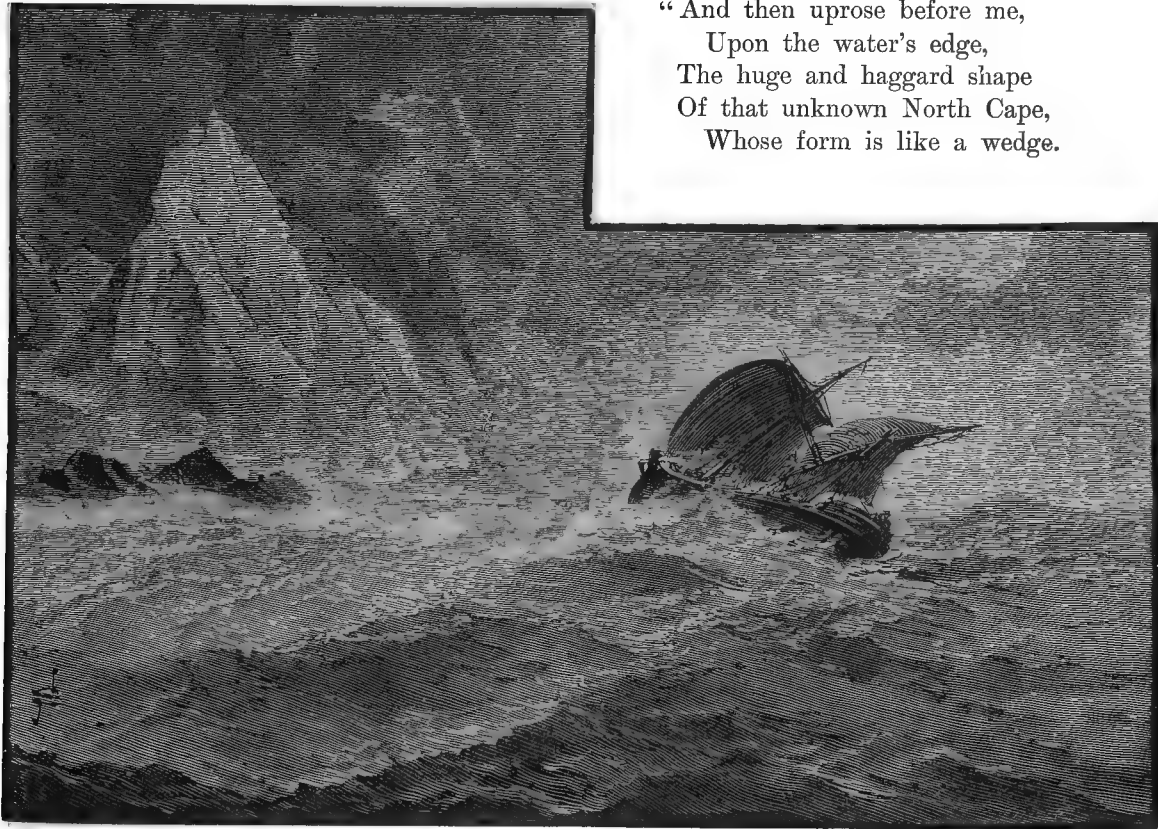
"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep;—  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I fain would know;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.



"The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night:  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,  
    “Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
    Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,  
    The narwhale, and the seal;  
Ha! ’t was a noble game!  
And like the lightning’s flame  
    Flew our harpoons of steel.

“There were six of us all together,  
    Norsemen of Helgoland;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
    And dragged them to the strand!”

Here Alfred the Truth-teller  
    Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
    Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
    Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
    His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
    In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
    “Behold this walrus-tooth!”

#### DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, “O mists, make room for me.”

It hailed the ships, and cried, “Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone.”

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, “Awake! it is the day.”

It said unto the forest, “Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!”





It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticler,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."



### THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying: "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

### CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine.  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
 If the children were no more?  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
 With light and air for food,  
 Ere their sweet and tender juices  
 Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
 Through them it feels the glow  
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
 And whisper in my ear  
 What the birds and the winds are singing  
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
 And the wisdom of our books,  
 When compared with your caresses,  
 And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
 That ever were sung or said;  
 For ye are living poems,  
 And all the rest are dead.

#### SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
 In the Legends, the Rabbins have told  
 Of the limitless realms of the air,  
 Have you read it,—the marvellous story  
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
 Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
 Of the City Celestial he waits,  
 With his feet on the ladder of light,  
 That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
 By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
 Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
 Chant only one hymn, and expire  
 With the song's irresistible stress;  
 Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
 As harp-strings are broken asunder  
 By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
 Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
 With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
 Among the dead angels, the deathless  
 Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
 To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
 From the souls that entreat and implore  
 In the fervor and passion of prayer;

From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
 And weary with dragging the crosses  
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
 And they change into flowers in his hands,  
 Into garlands of purple and red;  
 And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
 Through the streets of the City Immortal  
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—  
 A fable, a phantom, a show,  
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;  
 Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
 The beautiful, strange superstition,  
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
 And the welkin above is all white,  
 All throbbing and panting with stars,  
 Among them majestic is standing  
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
 To quiet its fever and pain.



## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.



BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
 When the night is beginning to lower,  
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

45

I hear in the chamber above me  
 The patter of little feet,  
 The sound of a door that is opened,  
 And voices soft and sweet.



From my study I see in the lamplight,  
 Descending the broad hall stair,  
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
 Yet I know by their merry eyes  
 They are plotting and planning together  
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
 A sudden raid from the hall!  
 By three doors left unguarded  
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
 If I try to escape, they surround me;  
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
 Their arms about me entwine,  
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

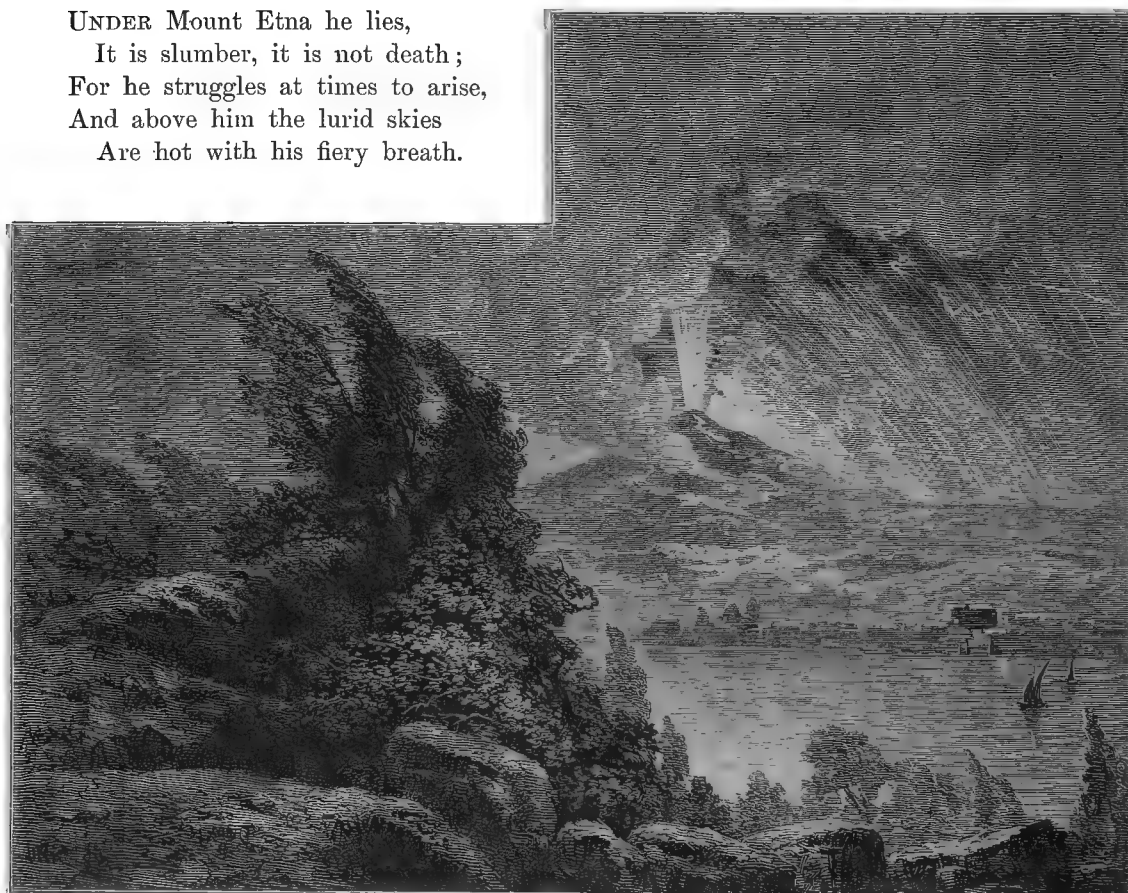
Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
 Because you have scaled the wall,  
 Such an old mustache as I am  
 Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
 And will not let you depart,  
 But put you down into the dungeon  
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
 Yes, forever and a day,  
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
 And moulder in dust away!

#### ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
 It is slumber, it is not death;  
 For he struggles at times to arise,  
 And above him the lurid skies  
 Are hot with his fiery breath.





The crags are piled on his breast,  
 The earth is heaped on his head;  
 But the groans of his wild unrest,  
 Though smothered and half suppressed,  
 Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
 Are watching with eager eyes;  
 They talk together and say,  
 "To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
 Enceladus will arise!"

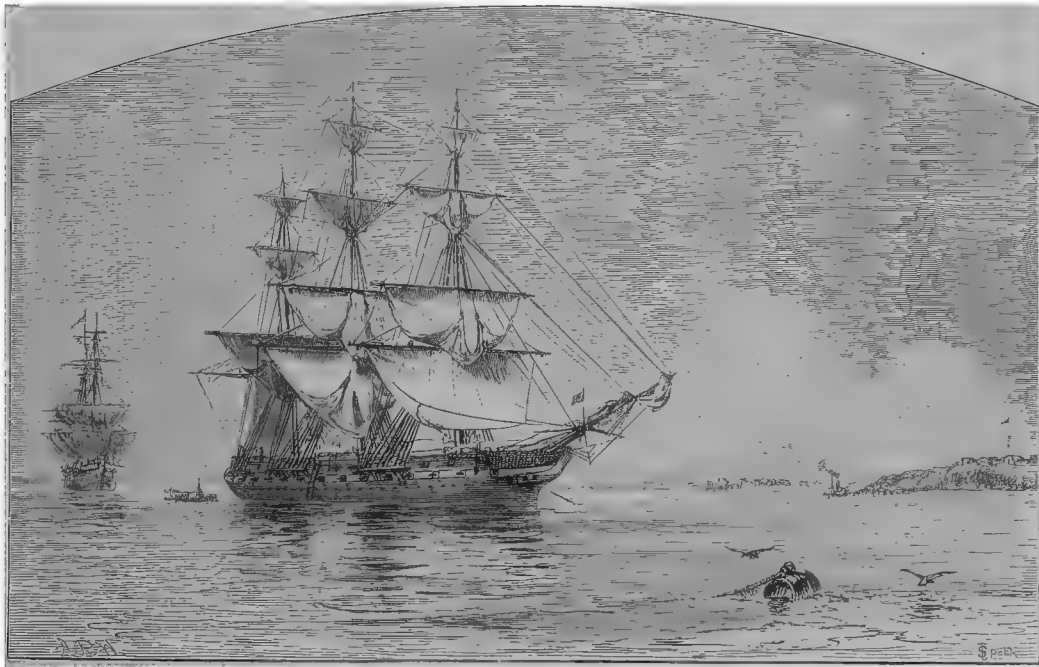
And the old gods, the austere  
 Oppressors in their strength,  
 Stand aghast and white with fear  
 At the ominous sounds they hear,  
 And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown  
 With the harvest of despair!  
 Where the burning cinders, blown  
 From the lips of the overthrown  
 Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
 Over vineyard and field and town,  
 Whenever he starts and lifts  
 His head through the blackened rifts  
 Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!  
 'T is the glare of his awful eyes!  
 And the storm-wind shouts through the pines  
 Of Alps and of Apennines,  
 "Enceladus, arise!"

#### THE CUMBERLAND.



At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;  
 And at times from the fortress across the bay  
 The alarum of drums swept past,  
 Or a bugle blast  
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
 Was steadily steering its course  
 To try the force  
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
 And leaps the terrible death,  
 With fiery breath,  
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
 Defiance back in a full broadside!  
 As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
 Rebounds our heavier hail  
 From each iron scale  
 Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
 "Never!" our gallant Morris replies;  
 "It is better to sink than to yield!"  
 And the whole air pealed  
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!  
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
 With a sudden shudder of death,  
 And the cannon's breath  
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.  
 Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!  
 Every waft of the air  
 Was a whisper of prayer,  
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!  
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;  
 Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,  
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
 Shall be one again,  
 And without a seam!

#### SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
 Silent, and soft, and slow  
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
 Even as the troubled heart doth make

In the white countenance confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field.



## A DAY OF SUNSHINE.



O GIFT of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,

Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms  
The snows flakes of the cherry-blooms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

## SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOR with what zeal we will,  
 Something still remains undone,  
 Something uncompleted still  
 Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
 At the threshold, near the gates,  
 With its menace or its prayer,  
 Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;  
 Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;

By the cares of yesterday  
 Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems  
 Greater than our strength can bear,  
 Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
 Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
 Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
 Who, as Northern legends say,  
 On their shoulders held the sky.

## WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years  
 Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
 Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;  
 I, nearer to the wayside inn  
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
 Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
 Have still to serve or rule so long,  
 Have still so long to give or ask ;  
 I, who so much with book and pen  
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
 With such impatient, feverish heat,  
 Such limitless and strong desires ;  
 Mine that so long has glowed and burned,  
 With passions into ashes turned  
 Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
 And crystalline as rays of light  
 Direct from heaven, their source divine ;  
 Refracted through the mist of years,  
 How red my setting sun appears,  
 How lurid looks this soul of mine !





## FATA MORGANA.

O SWEET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone;  
But ever by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled, —

So I wander and wander along,  
And forever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wonder and wait  
For the vision to reappear.

## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls!  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
 That haunt my troubled brain?  
 That vanish when day approaches,  
 And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
 But the statues without breath,  
 That stand on the bridge overarching  
 The silent river of death?

#### THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence  
 At last we meet again:  
 Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
 Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
 And but few of us linger now,  
 Like the Prophet's two or three berries  
 In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
 In the old, familiar tone;  
 And we think, though we do not say it,  
 How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
 And many a Happy New Year;  
 But each in his heart is thinking  
 Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
 And of what they did and said,  
 Till the dead alone seem living,  
 And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
 Between the ghosts and the guests;  
 And a mist and shadow of sadness  
 Steals over our merriest jests.

#### VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan the Magician,  
 Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
 Nothing heard he but the praises  
 Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended  
 When he came to Khaledan,

There the folk were talking only  
 Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets:  
 Every province hath its own;  
 Camaralzaman is famous  
 Where Badoura is unknown.

#### THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

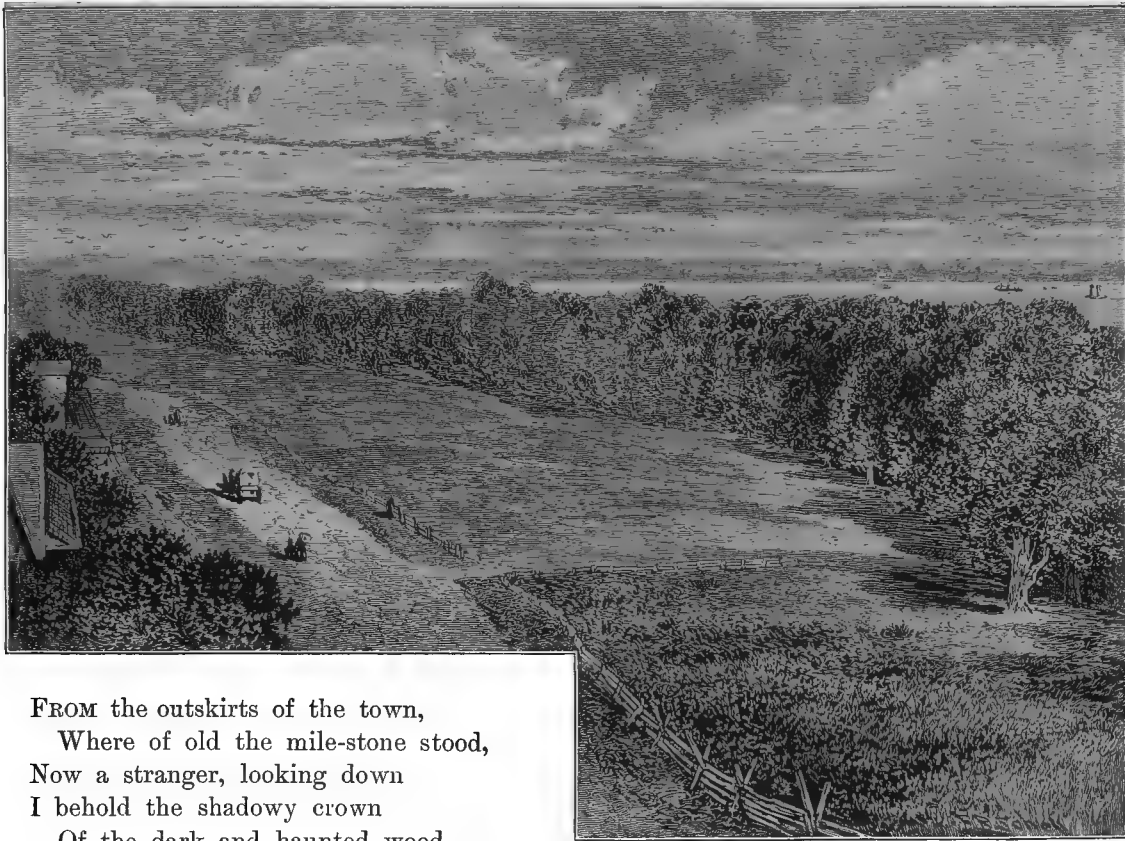
A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,  
 A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,  
 A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
 And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
 An eager listener unto stories told  
 At the Round Table of the nursery,  
 Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;  
 There will be other steeds for thee to ride:  
 There will be other legends, and all filled  
 With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
 Rising and reaching upward to the skies;  
 Listen to voices in the upper air,  
 Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

## CHANGED.



FROM the outskirts of the town,  
 Where of old the mile-stone stood,  
 Now a stranger, looking down  
 I behold the shadowy crown  
 Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?  
 Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,  
 But the friends with whom I ranged  
 Through their thickets are estranged  
 By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
 Bright as ever shines the sun,  
 But alas! they seem to me  
 Not the sun that used to be,  
 Not the tides that used to run.

## THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
 Of a story, that is told  
 In some ancient Spanish legend  
 Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez  
 Was before Zamora slain,  
 And his great besieging army  
 Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez  
 Sallied forth in front of all,  
 And shouted loud his challenge  
 To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,  
 Both the born and the unborn,  
 As traitors did he challenge  
 With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,  
 And in their graves, the dead!  
 And the waters of their rivers,  
 And their wine, and oil, and bread!

There is a greater army,  
 That besets us round with strife,  
 A starving, numberless army,  
 At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions  
 Who challenge our wine and bread,  
 And impeach us all as traitors,  
 Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
 Where the feast and song are high,

Amid the mirth and the music  
 I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
 Look into the lighted hall,  
 And wasted hands are extended  
 To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
 And odors fill the air;  
 But without there is cold and darkness,  
 And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,  
 In wind and cold and rain,  
 Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
 Lies dead upon the plain!

#### THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
 As sang the bard of old,  
 Running with feet of silver  
 Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean  
 There rolled a turbulent wave,

Now singing along the sea-beach,  
 Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
 Though they flowed so far apart,  
 And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
 That turbulent, bitter heart!

#### FROM THE SPANISH CANCIONEROS.

##### 1.

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,  
 Heart so full of care and cumber,  
 I was lapped in rest and slumber,  
 Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!

In this life of labor endless  
 Who shall comfort my distresses?  
 Querulous my soul and friendless  
 In its sorrow shuns caresses.  
 Ye have made me, ye have made me  
 Querulous of you, that care not,  
 Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not  
 Say to what ye have betrayed me.

##### 2.

Some day, some day,  
 O troubled breast,  
 Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee  
 To grief give birth,  
 Six feet of earth  
 Can more than he;  
 There calm and free  
 And unoppressed  
 Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained  
 In life at last,  
 When life is passed,  
 Shall all be gained;  
 And no more pained,  
 No more distressed,  
 Shalt thou find rest.

##### 3.

Come, O Death, so silent flying  
 That unheard thy coming be,



Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceiving,  
In my constancy and pain  
I new life should win again,  
Thinking that I am not living.  
So to me, unconscious lying,  
All unknown thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
Death, thou art inhuman pain ;  
But to me, who dying gain,  
Life is but a task ungrateful.

Come, then, with my wish complying,  
All unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

## 4.

Glove of black in white hand bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin, transparent veil,  
That doth not conceal her hair ;  
Sovereign attitude and air,  
Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive ;—  
This is killing men that live,  
'T is not mourning for the dead.

## AFTERMATH.



WHEN the summer fields are mown,  
When the birds are fledged and flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the path ;  
With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow,  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours ;  
Not the upland clover bloom ;  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds  
In the silence and the gloom.

## EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,  
 What I saw as in a vision,  
 When to marches hymeneal  
 In the land of the Ideal  
 Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose glances  
 Seemed like sunshine gleaming round  
 me?

These the wild, bewildering fancies,  
 That with dithyrambic dances  
 As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!  
 Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms!  
 Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,  
 And from loose, dishevelled tresses  
 Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures  
 Filled my heart with secret rapture!  
 Children of my golden leisures!  
 Must even your delights and pleasures  
 Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,  
 When they came to me unbidden;  
 Voices single, and in chorus,  
 Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
 In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!  
 Must each noble aspiration  
 Come at last to this conclusion,  
 Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
 Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
 From the sun's serene dominions,

Not through brighter realms nor vaster,  
 In swift ruin and disaster,  
 Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!  
 Why did mighty Jove create thee  
 Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,  
 Beautiful as young Aurora,  
 If to win thee is to hate thee?

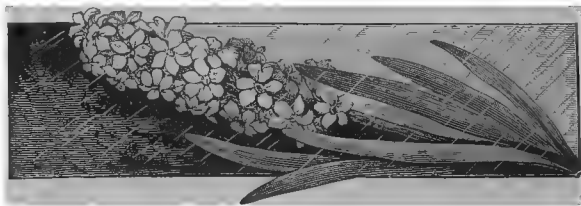
No, not hate thee! for this feeling  
 Of unrest and long resistance  
 Is but passionate appealing,  
 A prophetic whisper stealing  
 O'er the chords of our existence.

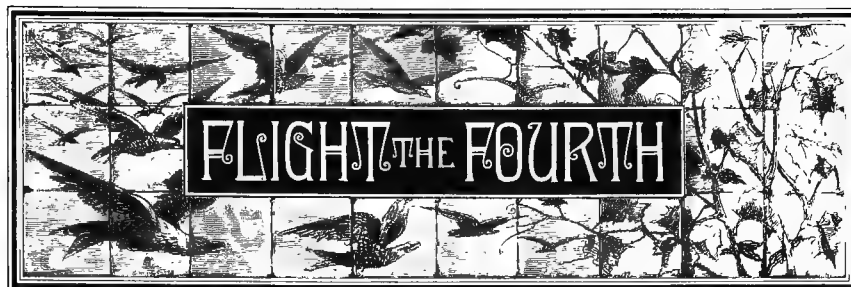
Him whom thou dost once enamor,  
 Thou, beloved, never leavest;  
 In life's discord, strife, and clamor,  
 Still he feels thy spell of glamour;  
 Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
 Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,  
 Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
 Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,  
 Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
 O my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
 For thou makest each mystery clearer,  
 And the unattained seems nearer,  
 When thou fillest my heart with fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
 Though the fields around us wither,  
 There are ampler realms and spaces,  
 Where no foot has left its traces:  
 Let us turn and wander thither!





## CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke  
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield! —  
So should the brave depart:

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet;

The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
 Rise from its groves of pine,  
 And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
 And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,  
 Beneath centennial trees,  
 Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
 And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
 No more I feel fatigue,

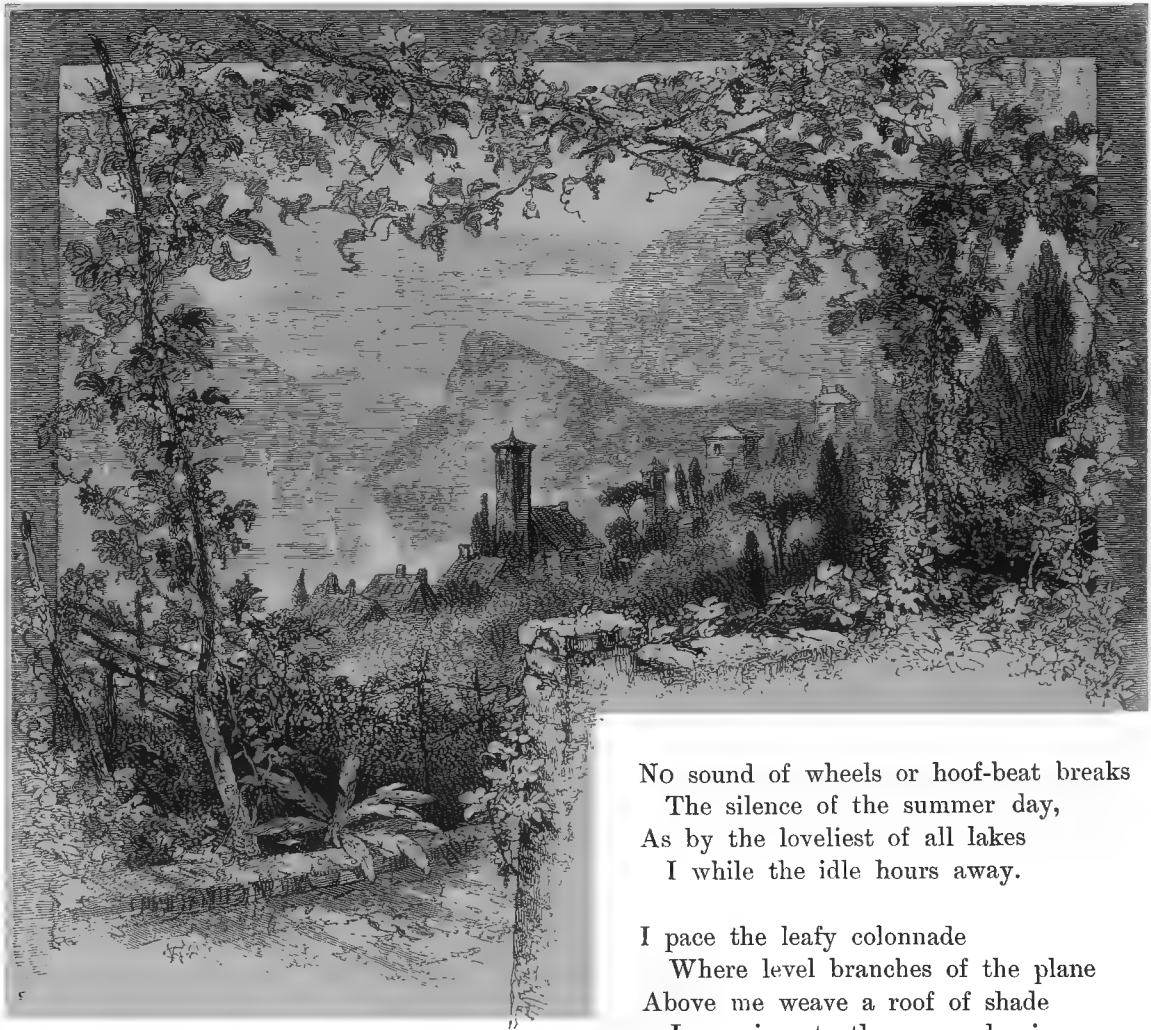
While journeying with another's feet  
 O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,  
 And toil through various climes,  
 I turn the world round with my hand  
 Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
 Beneath each changing zone,  
 And see, when looking with their eyes,  
 Better than with mine own.

### CADENABBIA.

#### LAKE OF COMO.



No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks  
 The silence of the summer day,  
 As by the loveliest of all lakes  
 I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade  
 Where level branches of the plane  
 Above me weave a roof of shade  
 Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air  
 Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,  
 And gleams of sunshine toss and flare  
 Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate  
 I make the marble stairs my seat,  
 And hear the water, as I wait,  
 Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
 Along the stony parapets,  
 And far away the floating bells  
 Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town  
 The freighted barges come and go,  
 Their pendent shadows gliding down  
 By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,  
 With villas scattered one by one

Upon their wooded spurs, and lower  
 Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass  
 Of walls and woods, of light and shade,  
 Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass  
 Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?  
 Will it all vanish into air?  
 Is there a land of such supreme  
 And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away:  
 Linger until my heart shall take  
 Into itself the summer day,  
 And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain  
 Is stamped an image of the scene,  
 Then fade into the air again,  
 And be as if thou hadst not been.

## MONTE CASSINO.

## TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant  
 meads  
 Unheard the Garigliano glides along;—  
 The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,  
 The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,  
 Where mediæval towns are white on all  
 The hillsides, and where every mountain's  
 crest  
 Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface  
 Was dragged with contumely from his  
 throne;  
 Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace  
 The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade  
 Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,  
 When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed  
 Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,  
 Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid  
 light  
 Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the  
 crown  
 Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets  
 The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,  
 And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he  
 repeats  
 In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud  
 That pauses on a mountain summit high,  
 Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud  
 And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed  
 The stony pathway leading to its gate;  
 Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,  
 Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,  
 The court-yard with its well, the terrace  
 wide,  
 From which, far down, the valley like a park,  
 Veiled in the evening mists, was dim de-  
 scribed.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands  
 Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales be-  
 tween  
 Darkened; the river in the meadowlands  
 Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,  
 So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread  
 Was a reverberation from the deep  
 Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,  
 Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,  
 A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,  
 Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule  
 Of prayer and work, and counted work as  
 prayer;

The pen became a clarion, and his school  
 Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,  
 Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores  
 The illuminated manuscripts, that lay  
 Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child  
 Of fancy and of fiction at the best!

This the urbane librarian said, and smiled  
 Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young  
 friar

I sat conversing late into the night,  
 Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire  
 Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,  
 Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay,  
 And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,  
 Started from sleep;—already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene  
 On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—  
 The mountains and the valley in the sheen  
 Of the bright sun,—and stood as one  
 amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;  
 The woodlands glistened with their jewelled  
 crowns;

Far off the mellow bells began to ring  
 For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,  
 The ideal and the actual in our life,  
 As on a field of battle held me fast,  
 Where this world and the next world were  
 at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,  
 I saw the iron horses of the steam  
 Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,  
 And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

#### AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me  
 Of a land beyond the sea,  
 Where the waves and mountains meet,  
 Where, amid her mulberry-trees  
 Sits Amalfi in the heat,  
 Bathing ever her white feet  
 In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,  
 From its fountains in the hills,

Tumbling through the narrow gorge,  
 The Canneto rushes down,  
 Turns the great wheels of the mills,  
 Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,  
 That ascends the deep ravine,  
 Where the torrent leaps between  
 Rocky walls that almost meet.  
 Toiling up from stair to stair



Peasant girls their burdens bear;  
 Sunburnt daughters of the soil,  
 Stately figures tall and straight,  
 What inexorable fate  
 Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
 Far above the convent stands.  
 On its terraced walk aloof  
 Leans a monk with folded hands,  
 Placid, satisfied, serene,  
 Looking down upon the scene  
 Over wall and red-tiled roof;  
 Wondering unto what good end  
 All this toil and traffic tend,  
 And why all men cannot be  
 Free from care and free from pain,  
 And the sordid love of gain,  
 And as indolent as he.

47

Where are now the freighted barks  
 From the marts of east and west?  
 Where the knights in iron sarks  
 Journeying to the Holy Land,  
 Glove of steel upon the hand,  
 Cross of crimson on the breast?  
 Where the pomp of camp and court?  
 Where the pilgrims with their prayers?  
 Where the merchants with their wares,  
 And their gallant brigantines  
 Sailing safely into port  
 Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
 Like a passing trumpet-blast,  
 Are those splendors of the past,  
 And the commerce and the crowd!  
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,

Swallowed by the engulfing waves;  
 Silent streets and vacant halls,  
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls;  
 Hidden from all mortal eyes  
 Deep the sunken city lies:  
 Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!  
 Round the headlands far away  
 Sweeps the blue Salernian bay  
 With its sickle of white sand:  
 Further still and furthest  
 On the dim discovered coast  
 Pæstum with its ruins lies,  
 And its roses all in bloom  
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
 Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,  
 Nothing doth the good monk care  
 For such worldly themes as these.  
 From the garden just below

Little puffs of perfume blow,  
 And a sound is in his ears  
 Of the murmur of the bees  
 In the shining chestnut trees;  
 Nothing else he heeds or hears.  
 All the landscape seems to swoon  
 In the happy afternoon;  
 Slowly o'er his senses creep  
 The encroaching waves of sleep,  
 And he sinks as sank the town,  
 Unresisting, fathoms down,  
 Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,  
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,  
 Seeing all the landscape white,  
 And the river cased in ice,  
 Comes this memory of delight,  
 Comes this vision unto me  
 Of a long-lost Paradise  
 In the land beyond the sea.

#### THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the air,  
 A shaft of song, a winged prayer,  
 As if a soul released from pain,  
 Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him  
 An emblem of the Seraphim;  
 The upward motion of the fire,  
 The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
 The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,  
 From moor and mere and darksome wood  
 Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,  
 "Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
 But not with bread alone to-day  
 Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
 With manna of celestial words;

Not mine, though mine they seem to be,  
 Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
 The great Creator in your lays;  
 He giveth you your plumes of down,  
 Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly  
 And breathe a purer air on high,  
 And careth for you everywhere,  
 Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
 Together rose the feathered throngs,  
 And singing scattered far apart;  
 Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
 His homily had understood;  
 He only knew that to one ear  
 The meaning of his words was clear.









ARTIST: F. S. CHURCH.

"O brother birds," St Francis said,  
"Ye come to me and ask for bread "  
*The Sermon of St. Francis.*



## BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind ;  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
    Blows through the city gate,  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheels of the august  
    Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste,  
    As General of the East ;  
Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday ;  
    Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,  
And torches at mast-head,  
    Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
    Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
    Rome and Parthenope ;  
And all the land was mine  
From the summits of Apennine  
    To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage,  
    To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan  
Like snow-drifts overran  
    The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold !  
Infirm and blind and old,  
    With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
    I stand and beg my bread !



Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced,—  
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings;  
The plaudits of the crowd

Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see forever the face  
Of the Monk of Ephesus!  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can bear;— I still  
Am Belisarius!

### SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,

Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame;  
For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

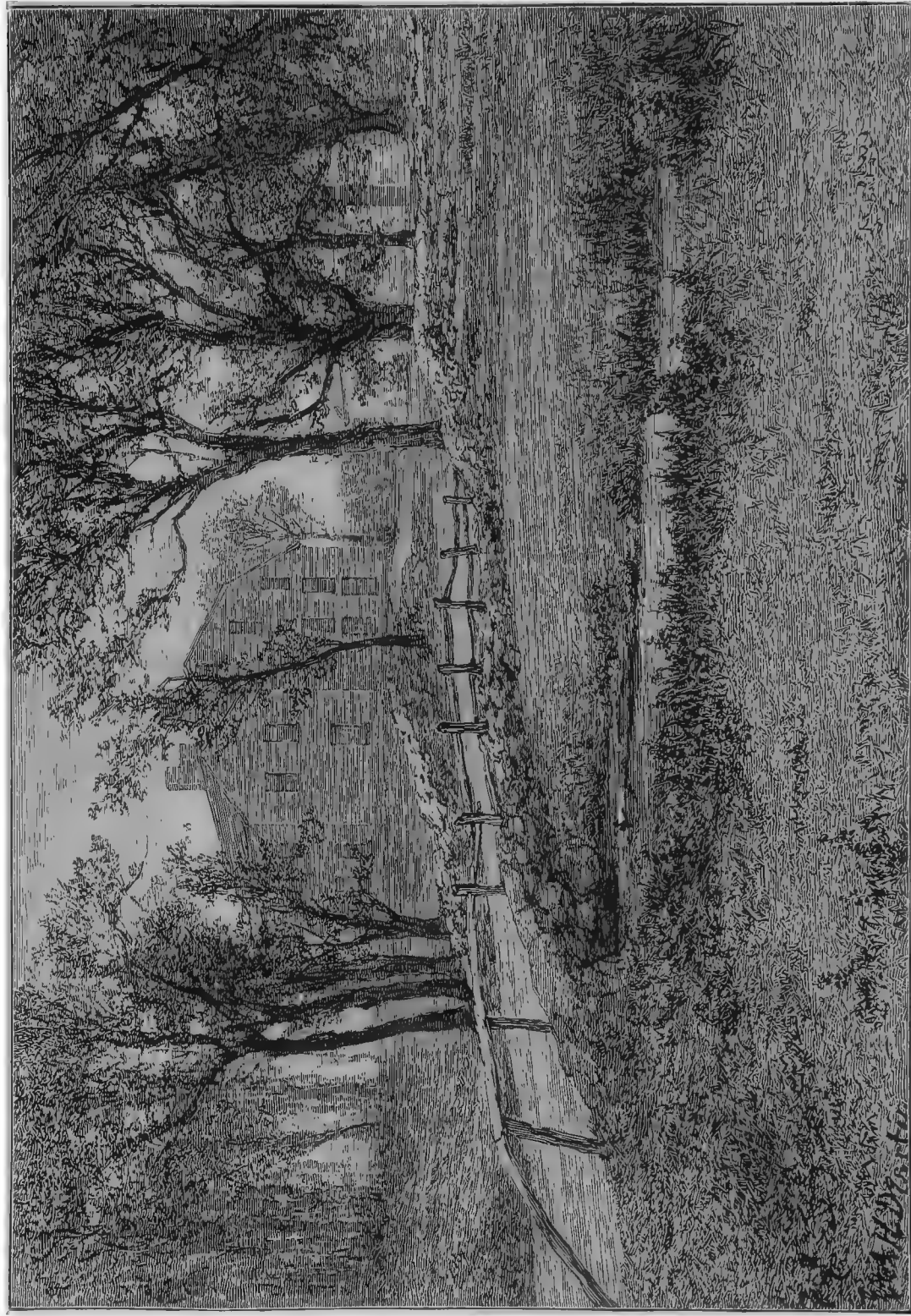
Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest awhile, nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste!"

"Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul."







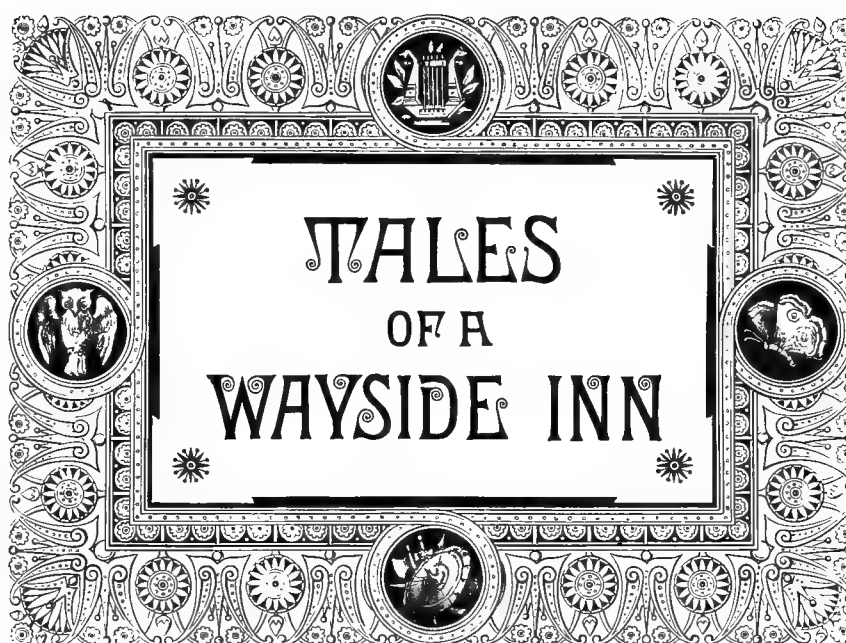
ARTIST: HOMER D. MARTIN

THE WAYSIDE INN.

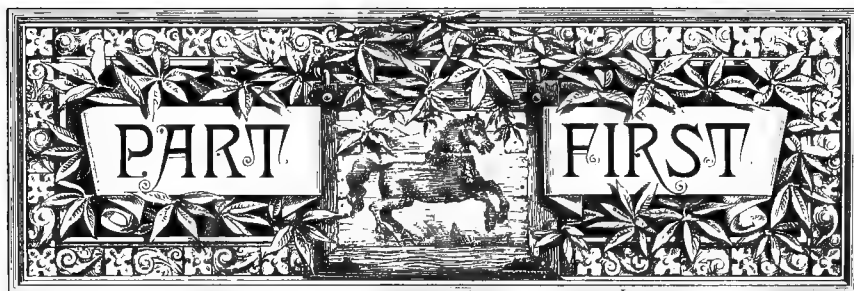












## PRELUDE.

### THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves  
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,  
On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,  
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,  
And, half effaced by rain and shine,

The Red Horse prances on the sign.  
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust  
Went rushing down the county road,  
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,  
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
Like water rushing through a weir:  
Oft interrupted by the din  
Of laughter and of loud applause,  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of a violin.  
The fire-light, shedding over all  
The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlor large and low;  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted grace  
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;  
It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
On the old spinet's ivory keys  
It played inaudible melodies,  
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,  
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,  
And painted with a livelier red  
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;  
And, flashing on the window-pane,  
Emblazoned with its light and shade  
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,

Writ near a century ago,  
By the great Major Molineaux,  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood;  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen, till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought, —  
The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain;  
Then, by the magic of his art,  
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,  
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends, entranced

With the delicious melodies;  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak trees.  
The fire-light on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,  
And, though of different lands and speech,  
Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please.  
And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all,  
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;  
Grave in his aspect and attire;  
A man of ancient pedigree,



A Justice of the Peace was he,  
 Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."  
 Proud was he of his name and race,  
 Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,  
 And in the parlor, full in view,  
 His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,  
 Upon the wall in colors blazed;  
 He beareth gules upon his shield,  
 A chevron argent in the field,  
 With three wolf's heads, and for the crest  
 A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
 Upon a helmet barred; below  
 The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."  
 And over this, no longer bright,  
 Though glimmering with a latent light,  
 Was hung the sword his grandsire bore  
 In the rebellious days of yore,  
 Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
 A Student of old books and days,  
 To whom all tongues and lands were known,  
 And yet a lover of his own;  
 With many a social virtue graced,  
 And yet a friend of solitude;  
 A man of such a genial mood  
 The heart of all things he embraced,  
 And yet of such fastidious taste,  
 He never found the best too good.  
 Books were his passion and delight,  
 And in his upper room at home  
 Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,  
 In vellum bound, with gold bedight,  
 Great volumes garmented in white,  
 Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.  
 He loved the twilight that surrounds  
 The border-land of old romance;  
 Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,  
 And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
 And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,  
 And mighty warriors sweep along,  
 Magnified by the purple mist,  
 The dusk of centuries and of song.  
 The chronicles of Charlemagne,  
 Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,  
 Mingled together in his brain  
 With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,  
 Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,  
 Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,  
 Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;  
 In sight of Etna born and bred,  
 Some breath of its volcanic air  
 Was glowing in his heart and brain,  
 And, being rebellious to his liege,  
 After Palermo's fatal siege,  
 Across the western seas he fled,  
 In good King Bomba's happy reign.  
 His face was like a summer night,  
 All flooded with a dusky light;  
 His hands were small; his teeth shone white  
 As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;  
 His sinews supple and strong as oak;  
 Clean shaven was he as a priest,  
 Who at the mass on Sunday sings,  
 Save that upon his upper lip  
 His beard, a good palm's length at least,  
 Level and pointed at the tip,  
 Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.  
 The poets read he o'er and o'er,  
 And most of all the Immortal Four  
 Of Italy; and next to those,  
 The story-telling bard of prose,  
 Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales  
 Of the Decameron, that make  
 Fiesole's green hills and vales  
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
 Much too of music was his thought;  
 The melodies and measures fraught  
 With sunshine and the open air,  
 Of vineyards and the singing sea  
 Of his beloved Sicily;  
 And much it pleased him to peruse  
 The songs of the Sicilian muse, —  
 Bucolic songs by Meli sung  
 In the familiar peasant tongue,  
 That made men say, "Behold! once more  
 The pitying gods to earth restore  
 Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from Alicant  
 With aspect grand and grave was there;  
 Vender of silks and fabrics rare,  
 And attar of rose from the Levant.  
 Like an old Patriarch he appeared,  
 Abraham or Isaac, or at least  
 Some later Prophet or High-Priest;  
 With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
 And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,  
 The tumbling cataract of his beard.

His garments breathed a spicy scent  
 Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
 Like the soft aromatic gales  
 That meet the mariner, who sails  
 Through the Moluccas, and the seas  
 That wash the shores of Celebes.  
 All stories that recorded are  
 By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,  
 And it was rumored he could say  
 The Parables of Sandabar,  
 And all the Fables of Pilpay,  
 Or if not all, the greater part !  
 Well versed was he in Hebrew books,  
 Talmud and Targum, and the lore  
 Of Kabala ; and evermore  
 There was a mystery in his looks ;  
 His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
 As if in vision or in trance  
 He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
 And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school  
 Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there ;  
 Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
 He preached to all men everywhere  
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
 The New Commandment given to men,  
 Thinking the deed, and not the creed,  
 Would help us in our utmost need.  
 With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
 Nor banished nature from his plan,  
 But studied still with deep research  
 To build the Universal Church,  
 Lofty as in the love of God,  
 And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse  
 Was tender, musical, and terse ;  
 The inspiration, the delight,  
 The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,  
 Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem  
 The revelations of a dream,  
 All these were his ; but with them came  
 No envy of another's fame ;  
 He did not find his sleep less sweet  
 For music in some neighboring street,  
 Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
 The laurels of Miltiades.  
 Honor and blessings on his head  
 While living, good report when dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,  
 Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood  
 Illumined by that fire of wood ;  
 Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,  
 His figure tall and straight and lithe,  
 And every feature of his face  
 Revealing his Norwegian race ;  
 A radiance, streaming from within,  
 Around his eyes and forehead beamed,  
 The Angel with the violin,  
 Painted by Raphael, he seemed.  
 He lived in that ideal world  
 Whose language is not speech, but song ;  
 Around him evermore the throng  
 Of elves and sprites their dances whirled ;  
 The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled  
 Its headlong waters from the height ;  
 And mingled in the wild delight  
 The scream of sea-birds in their flight,  
 The rumor of the forest trees,  
 The plunge of the implacable seas,  
 The tumult of the wind at night,  
 Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,  
 Old ballads, and wild melodies  
 Through mist and darkness pouring forth,  
 Like Elivagar's river flowing  
 Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played  
 Was in Cremona's workshops made,  
 By a great master of the past,  
 Ere yet was lost the art divine ;  
 Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
 That in Tyrolian forests vast  
 Had rocked and wrestled with the blast :  
 Exquisite was it in design,  
 Perfect in each minutest part,  
 A marvel of the lutist's art ;  
 And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
 The maker from whose hands it came  
 Had written his unrivalled name, —  
 "Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere  
 Was filled with magic, and the ear  
 Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,  
 Whose music had so weird a sound,  
 The hunted stag forgot to bound,



The leaping rivulet backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and  
tree,

The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,  
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;  
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,  
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,

A sound like that sent down at night  
By birds of passage in their flight,  
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began  
A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —  
The story promised them of old,  
They said, but always left untold;  
And he, although a bashful man,  
And all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded; and thus the story ran.

### THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

#### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with  
muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,



The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North  
Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret  
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!



A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a  
     spark  
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
 That was all! And yet, through the gloom and  
     the light,  
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in  
     his flight,  
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
 He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
 And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
 Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
 He heard the crowing of the cock,  
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
 And felt the damp of the river fog,  
 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
 When he galloped into Lexington.  
 He saw the gilded weathercock  
 Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
 And the meeting-house windows, blank and  
     bare,  
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
 As if they already stood aghast  
 At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
 He heard the bleating of the flock,  
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
 Blowing over the meadows brown.  
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
 Who that day would be lying dead,  
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have  
     read,  
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
 And so through the night went his cry of  
     alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
 Through all our history, to the last,  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
 The people will waken and listen to hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

## INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
 Then rising took down from its nail  
 The sword that hung there, dim with  
     dust,  
 And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
 And said, "This sword was in the fight."  
 The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
 "It is the sword of a good knight,  
 Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;  
 What matter if it be not named  
 Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,

Excalibar, or Aroundight,  
 Or other name the books record?  
 Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
 As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
 Mounted upon his old gray mare,  
 Seen here and there and everywhere,  
 To me a grander shape appears  
 Than old Sir William, or what not,  
 Clinking about in foreign lands  
 With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
 And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red  
 As his escutcheon on the wall;  
 He could not comprehend at all  
 The drift of what the Poet said;  
 For those who had been longest dead  
 Were always greatest in his eyes;  
 And he was speechless with surprise  
 To see Sir William's plumed head  
 Brought to a level with the rest,  
 And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease  
 The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,  
 The Student said, with careless ease,  
 "The ladies and the cavaliers,  
 The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
 The deeds of high emprise, I sing!  
 Thus Ariosto says, in words  
 That have the stately stride and ring

Of armed knights and clashing swords.  
 Now listen to the tale I bring;  
 Listen! though not to me belong  
 The flowing draperies of his song,  
 The words that rouse, the voice that charms.  
 The Landlord's tale was one of arms,  
 Only a tale of love is mine,  
 Blending the human and divine,  
 A tale of the Decameron, told  
 In Palmieri's garden old,  
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,  
 While her companions lay around,  
 And heard the intermingled sound  
 Of airs that on their errands sped,  
 And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,  
 And her own voice more sweet than all,  
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,  
 Perchance may lose its power to please."

### THE STUDENT'S TALE.

#### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,  
 Weary with labor in his garden-plot,  
 On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,  
 Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
 Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,  
 Hung its delicious clusters overhead.  
 Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed  
 The river Arno, like a winding road,  
 And from its banks were lifted high in air  
 The spires and roofs of Florence called the  
 Fair;

To him a marble tomb, that rose above  
 His wasted fortunes and his buried love.  
 For there, in banquet and in tournament,  
 His wealth had lavished been, his substance  
 spent,

To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,  
 Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,  
 Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,  
 The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,  
 To this small farm, the last of his domain,  
 His only comfort and his only care

To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;  
 His only forester and only guest  
 His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,  
 Whose willing hands had found so light of  
 yore

The brazen knocker of his palace door,  
 Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,  
 That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.  
 Companion of his solitary ways,  
 Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,  
 On him this melancholy man bestowed  
 The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years went round,  
 Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,  
 And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused  
 With folded, patient hands, as he was used,  
 And dreamily before his half-closed sight  
 Floated the vision of his lost delight.

Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird  
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber  
 heard

The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that  
 dare

The headlong plunge thro' eddying gulfs of  
 air,  
 Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,  
 Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,  
 And looking at his master, seemed to say,  
 "Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;  
 The tender vision of her lovely face,  
 I will not say he seems to see, he sees  
 In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,  
 Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child  
 With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,  
 Coming undaunted up the garden walk,  
 And looking not at him, but at the hawk.  
 "Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I  
 Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee  
 fly!"

The voice was hers, and made strange echoes  
 start  
 Through all the haunted chambers of his  
 heart,  
 As an æolian harp through gusty doors  
 Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said,  
 His hand laid softly on that shining head.  
 "Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay  
 A little while, and with your falcon play?  
 We live there, just beyond your garden wall,  
 In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard  
 As from afar each softly uttered word,  
 And drifted onward through the golden gleams  
 And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,  
 As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,  
 And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,  
 And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,  
 And voices calling faintly from the shore!  
 Then waking from his pleasant reveries,  
 He took the little boy upon his knees,  
 And told him stories of his gallant bird,  
 Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,  
 Had come with friends to pass the summer  
 time  
 In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
 O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;

With iron gates, that opened through long  
 lines  
 Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,  
 And terraced gardens, and broad steps of  
 stone,  
 And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,  
 And fountains palpitating in the heat,  
 And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its  
 feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,  
 The lovely lady whiled the hours away,  
 Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,  
 Herself the stateliest statue among all,  
 And seeing more and more, with secret joy,  
 Her husband risen and living in her boy,  
 Till the lost sense of life returned again,  
 Not as delight, but as relief from pain.  
 Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,  
 Stormed down the terraces from length to  
 length;

The screaming peacock chased in hot pur-  
 suit,  
 And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.  
 But his chief pastime was to watch the flight  
 Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,  
 Beyond the trees that fringed the garden  
 wall,

Then downward stooping at some distant  
 call;  
 And as he gazed full often wondered he  
 Who might the master of the falcon be,  
 Until that happy morning, when he found  
 Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell  
 On the great house, as if a passing-bell  
 Tolled from the tower, and filled each spa-  
 cious room

With secret awe and preternatural gloom;  
 The petted boy grew ill, and day by day  
 Pined with mysterious malady away.  
 The mother's heart would not be comforted;  
 Her darling seemed to her already dead,  
 And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,  
 "What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.  
 At first the silent lips made no reply,  
 But, moved at length by her importunate cry,  
 "Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,  
 "Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"  
 No answer could the astonished mother make:



How could she ask, e'en for her darling's  
sake.

Such favor at a luckless lover's hand,  
Well knowing that to ask was to command?  
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,  
In all the land that falcon was the best,  
The master's pride and passion and delight,  
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.  
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no  
less

Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,  
So promised, and then promising to keep  
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;  
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;  
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,  
That wild exhilaration in the air,  
Which makes the passers in the city street  
Congratulate each other as they meet.  
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,  
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and through the  
sheen

Of dewy sunshine showering down between.  
The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace  
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;  
Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that  
roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;  
The other with her hood thrown back, her  
hair

Making a golden glory in the air,  
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,  
Her young heart singing louder than the  
thrush.

So walked, that morn, through mingled light  
and shade,

Each by the other's presence lovelier made,  
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,  
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,  
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;

And when he looked and these fair women  
 spied,  
 The garden suddenly was glorified ;  
 His long-lost Eden was restored again,  
 And the strange river winding through the  
 plain  
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,  
 But the Euphrates watering Paradise !

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,  
 And with fair words of salutation said :  
 " Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,  
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends  
 For past unkindness. I who ne'er before  
 Would even cross the threshold of your door,  
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,  
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts dis-  
 dained,  
 This morning come, a self-invited guest,  
 To put your generous nature to the test,  
 And breakfast with you under your own  
 vine."  
 To which he answered : " Poor desert of  
 mine,  
 Not your unkindness call it, for if aught  
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,  
 From you it comes, and this last grace out-  
 weighs  
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,  
 Among the asters in the garden walk  
 He left his guests ; and to his cottage turned,  
 And as he entered for a moment yearned  
 For the lost splendors of the days of old,  
 The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,  
 And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,  
 By want embittered and intensified.  
 He looked about him for some means or  
 way  
 To keep this unexpected holiday ;  
 Searched every cupboard, and then searched  
 again,  
 Summoned the maid, who came, but came in  
 vain ;  
 " The Signor did not hunt to-day," she said,  
 " There's nothing in the house but wine and  
 bread."  
 Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook  
 His little bells, with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,  
 " If anything is wanting, I am here !"  
 Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird !  
 The master seized thee without further word.  
 Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round ;  
 ah me !  
 The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,  
 The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,  
 The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,  
 All these forevermore are ended now ;  
 No longer victor, but the victim thou !

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he  
 spread,  
 Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,  
 Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine  
 hot,  
 The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot ;  
 Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,  
 And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.  
 Ser Federigo, would not these suffice  
 Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and  
 spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame  
 With her companion to the cottage came,  
 Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell  
 The wild enchantment of a magic spell !  
 The room they entered, mean and low and  
 small,  
 Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,  
 With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown ;  
 The rustic chair she sat on was a throne ;  
 He ate celestial food, and a divine  
 Flavor was given to his country wine,  
 And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,  
 A peacock was, or bird of paradise !

When the repast was ended, they arose  
 And passed again into the garden-close.  
 Then said the lady, " Far too well I know,  
 Remembering still the days of long ago,  
 Though you betray it not, with what surprise  
 You see me here in this familiar wise.  
 You have no children, and you cannot guess  
 What anguish, what unspeakable distress  
 A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,  
 Nor how her heart anticipates his will.  
 And yet for this, you see me lay aside  
 All womanly reserve and check of pride,

And ask the thing most precious in your  
sight,  
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,  
Which if you find it in your heart to give,  
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,  
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:  
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task  
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask,  
One little hour ago, if I had known  
This wish of yours, it would have been my  
own.

But thinking in what manner I could best  
Do honor to the presence of my guest,  
I deemed that nothing worthier could be  
Than what most dear and precious was to  
me;

And so my gallant falcon breathed his last  
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,  
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,  
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make  
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,  
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,

That nothing she could ask for was denied;  
Then took her leave, and passed out at the  
gate  
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell  
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;  
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,  
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"  
Three months went by; and lo! a merrier  
chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas-time;  
The cottage was deserted, and no more  
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,  
But now, with servitors to do his will,  
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side  
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,  
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair  
High-perched upon the back of which there  
stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,  
And underneath the inscription, with a date,  
"All things come round to him who will but  
wait."

#### INTERLUDE.

SOON as the story reached its end,  
One, over eager to commend,  
Crowned it with injudicious praise;  
And then the voice of blame found vent,  
And fanned the embers of dissent  
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;  
"These old Italian tales," he said,  
"From the much-praised Decameron down  
Through all the rabble of the rest,  
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;  
The gossip of a neighborhood  
In some remote provincial town,  
A scandalous chronicle at best!  
They seem to me a stagnant fen,  
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,  
Where a white lily, now and then,

Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds  
And deadly nightshade on its banks!"

To this the Student straight replied,  
"For the white lily, many thanks!  
One should not say, with too much  
pride,  
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!  
Nor were it grateful to forget  
That from these reservoirs and tanks  
Even imperial Shakespeare drew  
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,  
And Romeo and Juliet,  
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said,  
"An Angel is flying overhead!"  
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,



And murmured with an inward breath :  
 "God grant, if what you say be true,  
 It may not be the Angel of Death!"  
 And then another pause; and then,  
 Stroking his beard, he said again :  
 "This brings back to my memory

A story in the Talmud told,  
 That book of gems, that book of gold,  
 Of wonders many and manifold,  
 A tale that often comes to me,  
 And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,  
 And never wearies nor grows old."



### THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

#### THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read  
 A volume of the Law, in which it said,  
 "No man shall look upon my face and live."  
 And as he read, he prayed that God would  
     give  
 His faithful servant grace with mortal eye  
 To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,  
 And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,  
 Holding a naked sword in his right hand.  
 Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
 Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
 With trembling voice he said, "What wilt  
     thou here?"

The angel answered, "Lo! the time draws  
     near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's  
     decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."  
 Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes  
 First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and  
 look."

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,  
 And rising, and uplifting his gray head,  
 "Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,  
 "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the  
 way."

The angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
 Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,  
 And set him on the wall, whence, gazing  
 down,

Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
 Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
 The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's  
 sword,  
 And through the streets there swept a sud-  
 den breath

Of something there unknown, which men  
 call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and  
 cried,

"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice  
 replied,

"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,  
 I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,  
 See what the son of Levi here hath done!  
 The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,  
 And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"  
 The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;  
 Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
 Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
 Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death  
 Heard the great voice, and said, with panting  
 breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go my  
 way."

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered,  
 "Nay!

Anguish enough already hath it caused  
 Among the sons of men." And while he  
 paused

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
 Resounding through the air, "Give back the  
 sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;  
 Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear  
 No human eye shall look on it again;  
 But when thou takest away the souls of men,  
 Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
 Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."  
 The Angel took the sword again, and swore,  
 And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

#### INTERLUDE.

HE ended: and a kind of spell  
 Upon the silent listeners fell.  
 His solemn manner and his words  
 Had touched the deep, mysterious  
 chords

That vibrate in each human breast  
 Alike, but not alike confessed.  
 The spiritual world seemed near:  
 And close above them, full of fear,  
 Its awful adumbration passed,  
 A luminous shadow, vague and vast.  
 They almost feared to look, lest  
 there,

Embodied from the impalpable air,

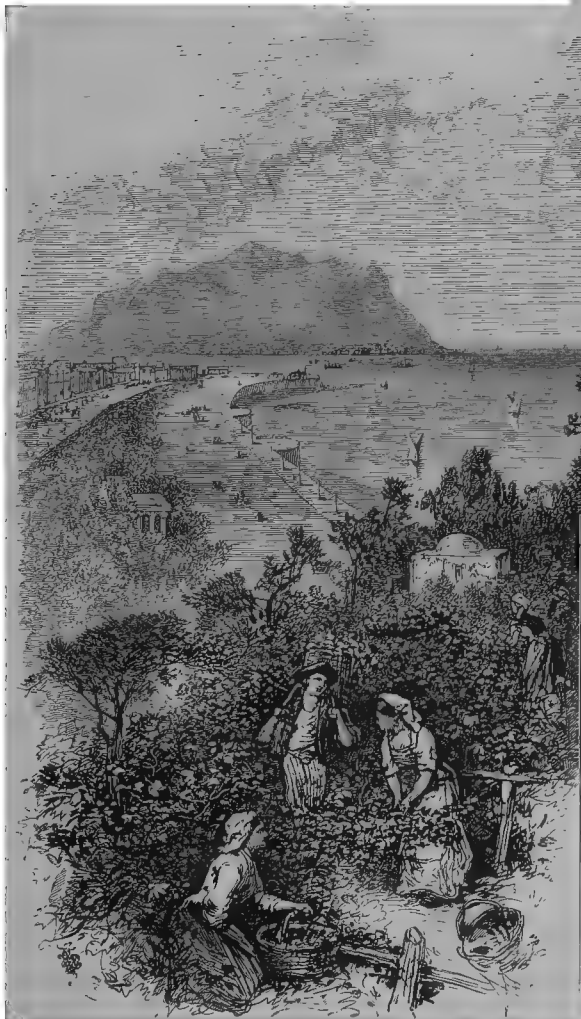
They might behold the Angel stand,  
 Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,  
 Not to disturb their dreamy mood,  
 Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,  
 Telling your legend marvellous,  
 Suddenly in my memory woke  
 The thought of one, now gone from us,—  
 An old Abate, meek and mild,  
 My friend and teacher, when a child,  
 Who sometimes in those days of old  
 The legend of an Angel told,  
 Which ran, as I remember, thus."

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"  
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made  
 answer meet,



"He has put down the mighty from their  
 seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree."  
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
 "'T is well that such seditious words are sung  
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
 For unto priests and people be it known,  
 There is no power can push me from my  
 throne?"  
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.  
 When he awoke, it was already night;  
 The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few  
 and faint,  
 Lighted a little space before some saint.  
 He started from his seat and gazed around,  
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
 He groped towards the door, but it was  
 locked ;  
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then  
 knocked,  
 And uttered awful threatenings and com-  
 plaints,  
 And imprecations upon men and saints.  
 The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
 As if dead priests were laughing in their  
 stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
 And thinking thieves were in the house of  
 prayer,  
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is  
 there ?"  
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely  
 said,  
 "Open : 't is I, the King ! Art thou afraid !"  
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a  
 curse,  
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !"  
 Turned the great key and flung the portal  
 wide ;  
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor  
 spoke,  
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with  
 mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
 Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in  
 his rage  
 To right and left each seneschal and page,  
 And hurried up the broad and sounding  
 stair,  
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless  
 speed ;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
 But all transfigured with angelic light !  
 It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
 With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
 Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
 The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
 Who met his look of anger and surprise  
 With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
 Then said, "Who art thou ? and why com'st  
 thou here ?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
 "I am the King, and come to claim my own  
 From an impostor, who usurps my throne !"  
 And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their  
 swords ;

The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
 "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped  
 cape,  
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
 And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and  
 prayers,  
 They thrust him from the hall and down the  
 stairs ;  
 A group of tittering pages ran before,  
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange  
 alarms,  
 The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
 With the mock plaudits of "Long live the  
 King !"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
 He said within himself, "It was a dream !"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,

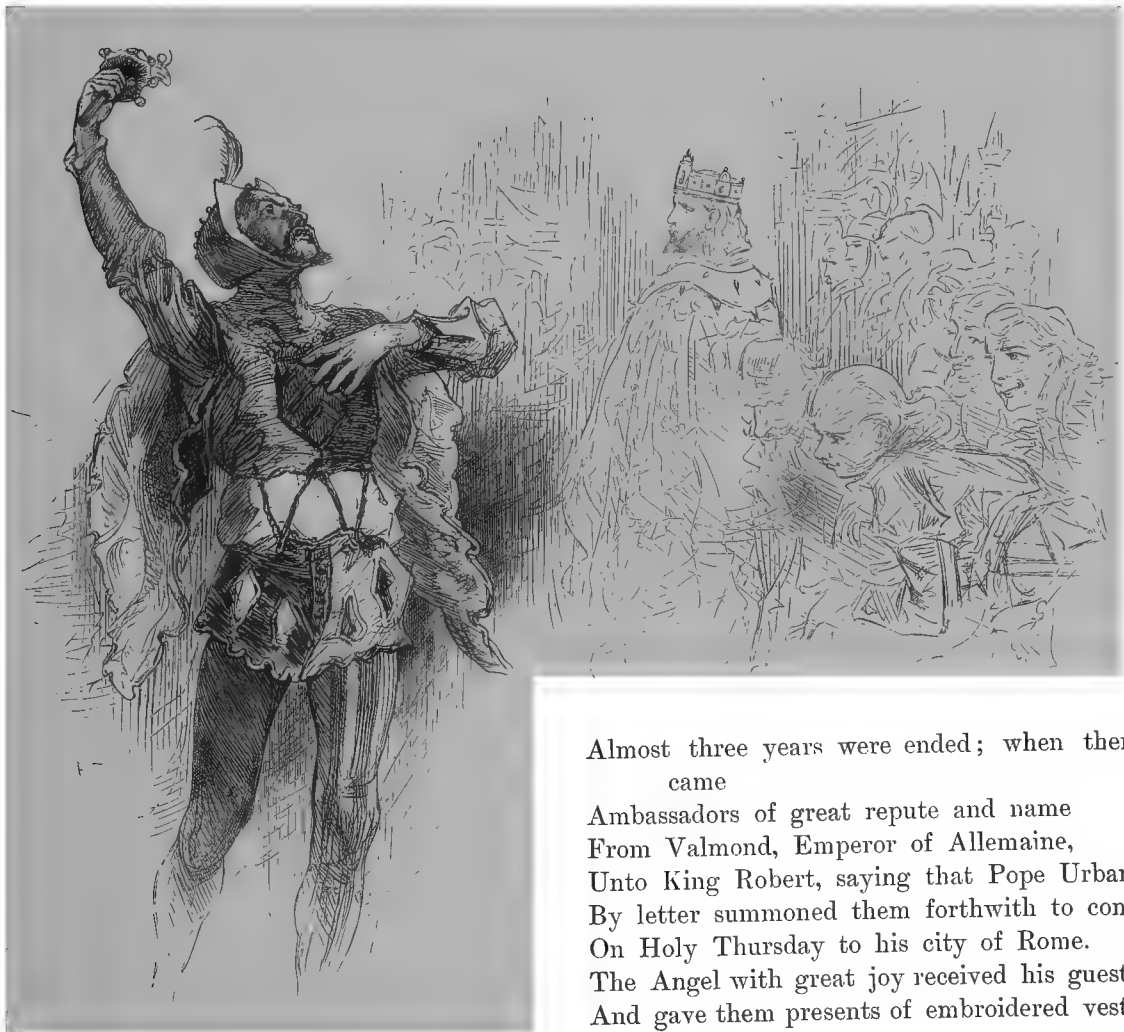
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"



Almost three years were ended; when there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
 Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
 Into the lovely land of Italy,  
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and  
     the stir  
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
 In all the country towns through which they  
     went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and  
     blare  
 Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
 Giving his benediction and embrace,  
 Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
 While with congratulations and with prayers  
 He entertained the Angel unawares,  
 Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
 "I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
 Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
 This man, who wears my semblance to your  
     eyes,  
 Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
 Do you not know me? does no voice within  
 Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
 The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
 Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
 The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange  
     sport  
 To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
 And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
 Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
 The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,  
 He felt within a power unfelt before,

And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
 He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
 Sweep through the silent air, ascending heav-  
     enward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
 The land was made resplendent with his train,  
 Flashing along the towns of Italy  
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
 And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
 As if the better world conversed with ours,  
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
 "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down  
     his head,  
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his  
     breast,  
 And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest  
     best!  
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
 Across those stones, that pave the way to  
     heaven,  
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"  
 The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
 A holy light illumined all the place,  
 And through the open window, loud and clear,  
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel  
     near,  
 Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree!"  
 And through the chant a second melody  
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the  
     throne,  
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
 But all apparelled as in days of old,  
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
 And when his courtiers came, they found him  
     there  
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent  
     prayer.

## INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told  
 A Saga of the days of old.  
 "There is," said he, "a wondrous  
     book  
 Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,  
 Of the dead kings of Norroway, —  
 Legends that once were told or sung  
 In many a smoky fireside nook  
 Of Iceland, in the ancient day,  
 By wandering Saga-man or Scald;  
 'Heimskringla' is the volume called;  
 And he who looks may find therein  
 The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made  
 Upon his violin he played,  
 As an appropriate interlude,  
 Fragments of old Norwegian tunes  
 That bound in one the separate runes,  
 And held the mind in perfect mood,  
 Entwining and encircling all  
 The strange and antiquated rhymes  
 With melodies of olden times;  
 As over some half-ruined wall,  
 Disjointed and about to fall,  
 Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,  
 And keep the loosened stones in place.

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

## THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

## I.

## THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.



I am the God Thor,  
 I am the War God,  
 I am the Thunderer!  
 Here in my Northland,  
 My fastness and fortress,  
 Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs  
 Rule I the nations;  
 This is my hammer,  
 Miölnir the mighty;  
 Giants and sorcerers  
 Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets  
 Wherewith I wield it,  
 And hurl it afar off;  
 This is my girdle;  
 Whenever I brace it,  
 Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest  
 Stream through the heavens,  
 In flashes of crimson,

Is but my red beard  
 Blown by the night-wind,  
 Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;  
 Mine eyes are the lightning;  
 The wheels of my chariot  
 Roll in the thunder,  
 The blows of my hammer  
 Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,  
 Has ruled it, shall rule it;  
 Meekness is weakness,  
 Strength is triumphant,  
 Over the whole earth  
 Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,  
 O Galilean!  
 And thus single-handed  
 Unto the combat,  
 Gauntlet or Gospel,  
 Here I defy thee!

## II.

## KING OLAF'S RETURN.

AND King Olaf heard the cry,  
 Saw the red light in the sky,  
     Laid his hand upon his sword,  
 As he leaned upon the railing,  
 And his ships went sailing, sailing  
     Northward into Drontheim fiord,

There he stood as one who dreamed;  
 And the red light glanced and gleamed  
     On the armor that he wore;  
 And he shouted, as the rifted  
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
     " I accept thy challenge, Thor! "

To avenge his father slain,  
 And reconquer realm and reign,  
     Came the youthful Olaf home,  
 Through the midnight sailing, sailing,  
 Listening to the wild wind's wailing,  
     And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name  
 Of his mother Astrid came,  
     And the tale she oft had told  
 Of her flight by secret passes  
 Through the mountains and morasses,  
     To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back  
 Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,  
     And a hurried flight by sea;  
 Of grim Vikings, and the rapture  
 Of the sea-fight, and the capture,  
     And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face  
 In the Esthonian market-place,  
     Scanned his features one by one,  
 Saying, " We should know each other;  
 I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,  
     Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son! "



Then as Queen Allogia's page,  
 Old in honors, young in age,  
 Chief of all her men-at-arms;  
 Till vague whispers, and mysterious,  
 Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,  
 Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,  
 Westward to the Hebrides  
 And to Scilly's rocky shore;  
 And the hermit's cavern dismal,  
 Christ's great name and rites baptismal  
 In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife  
 Glimmered through his lurid life,  
 As the stars' intenser light  
 Through the red flames o'er him trailing,  
 As his ships went sailing, sailing  
 Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,  
 Skilful in each manly sport,  
 Young and beautiful and tall;  
 Art of warfare, craft of chases,  
 Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,  
 Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,  
 He along the bending oars  
 Outside of his ship could run.  
 He the Smalsor Horn ascended,  
 And his shining shield suspended  
 On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,  
 Wield his sword with either hand,  
 And at once two javelins throw;  
 At all feasts where ale was strongest  
 Sat the merry monarch longest,  
 First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen  
 One so beautiful of mien,  
 One so royal in attire,  
 When in arms completely furnished,  
 Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,  
 Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,  
 When upon the night-wind blown  
 Passed that cry along the shore;  
 And he answered, while the rifted  
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
 "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"



## III.

## THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!  
 Danger and shame and death betide me!  
 For Olaf the King is hunting me down  
 Through field and forest, through thorp and  
 town!"

Thus cried Jarl Hakon  
 To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee  
 Neither shall shame nor death come near  
 thee!

But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie  
 Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon  
 Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker  
 Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon  
 darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,  
 Through the forest roads into Orkadale,  
 Demanding Jarl Hakon  
 Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever  
 The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"  
 Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,  
 Through the breathing-holes of the darksome  
 cave.

Alone in her chamber  
 Wept Thora, the fairest of women.



Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!  
 For all the king's gold I will never betray  
 thee!"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,

And then again black as the earth?" said  
 the Earl.

More pale and more faithful  
 Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started,  
     saying,  
 "Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was  
     laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king!  
 He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."  
     At the ring on her finger  
     Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows en-  
     cumbered,  
 But screamed and drew up his feet as he  
     slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged with his  
     knife,  
 And the Earl awakened no more in this life.  
     But wakeful and weeping  
     Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,  
 Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;  
 One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,  
 And the people are shouting from windows  
     and walls;  
     While alone in her chamber  
     Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

## IV.

## QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft  
 In her chamber, that looked over meadow  
     and croft.

Heart's dearest,  
 Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,  
 Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun  
     shine,  
 The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright  
     river lay  
 Between her own kingdom and Norrøway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,  
 The sword would be sheathed, the river be  
     spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,  
 Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune  
 Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all  
 Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,  
 From the door of Ládé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,  
 But her thoughts as arrows were keen and  
     swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,  
 Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,  
 Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth  
     must be told,  
 The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and  
     cheek,  
 She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,  
 There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,  
 And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered  
     of love,  
 And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered:  
     "O King,  
 Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on  
     the ring?"

And the King: "Oh speak not of Odin to me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level  
brows,  
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my  
vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened  
with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode through the  
room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he  
said, —  
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face with  
his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he  
fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook with his  
tread.

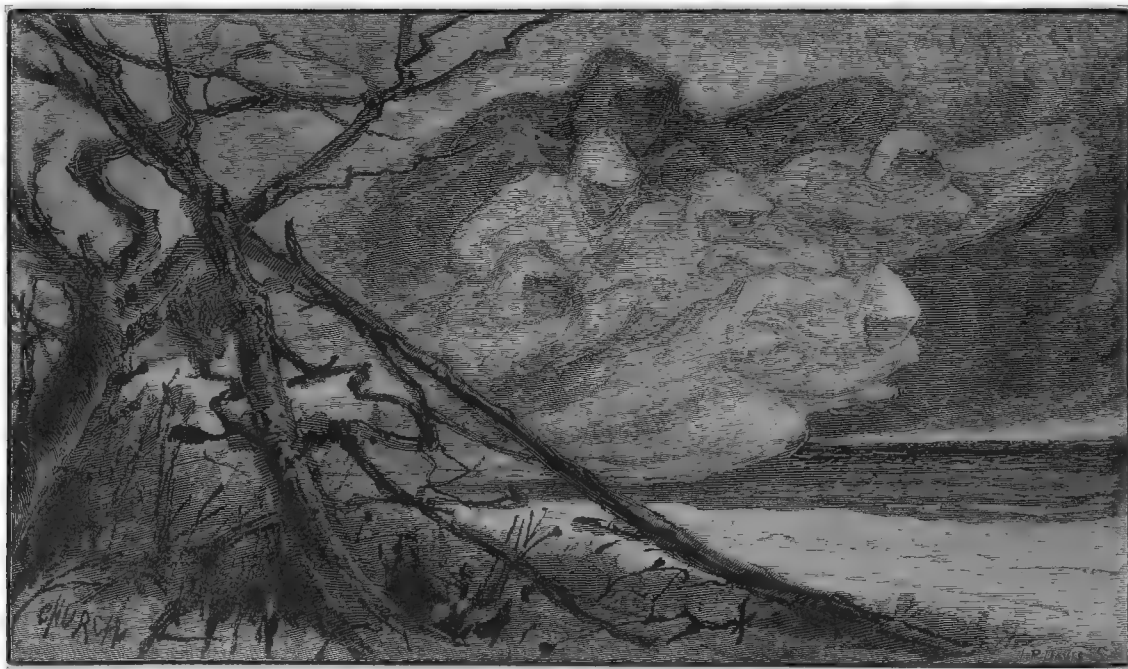
Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her  
breath,  
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy  
death!"  
Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

## V.

## THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms  
His men-at-arms  
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;  
To his house at Angvalds-ness  
Fast they press,  
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door  
Came the roar  
Of the sea upon the Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near  
Reached the ear,  
Mingling with their voices merry.



“Hark!” said Olaf to his Scald,  
 Halfred the Bald,  
 “Listen to that song, and learn it!  
 Half my kingdom would I give,  
 As I live,  
 If by such songs you would earn it!”

“For of all the runes and rhymes  
 Of all times,  
 Best I like the ocean’s dirges,  
 When the old harper heaves and rocks,  
 His hoary locks  
 Flowing and flashing in the surges!”

Halfred answered: “I am called  
 The Unappalled!  
 Nothing hinders me or daunts me.  
 Harken to me, then, O King,  
 While I sing  
 The great Ocean Song that haunts me.”

“I will hear your song sublime  
 Some other time,”  
 Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,  
 And retires; each laughing guest  
 Applauds the jest;  
 Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,  
 King Olaf’s guard  
 Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
 O’er the sands, and up the hill,  
 Gathering still  
 Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,  
 Nor misty flaw,  
 That above the landscape brooded;  
 It was Eyvind Kallda’s crew  
 Of warlocks blue  
 With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,  
 Weaving slow  
 Magic circles to encumber  
 And imprison in their ring  
 Olaf the King,  
 As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun  
 The Easter sun  
 Streamed with one broad track of splendor!  
 In their real forms appeared  
 The warlocks weird,  
 Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
 They groped and stared,  
 Round about with steps unsteady;  
 From his window Olaf gazed,  
 And, amazed,  
 “Who are these strange people?” said he.

“Eyvind Kallda and his men!”  
 Answered then  
 From the yard a sturdy farmer;  
 While the men-at-arms apace  
 Filled the place,  
 Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,  
 South and north,  
 Scoured the island coast around them,  
 Seizing all the warlock band,  
 Foot and hand  
 On the Skerry’s rocks they bound them.

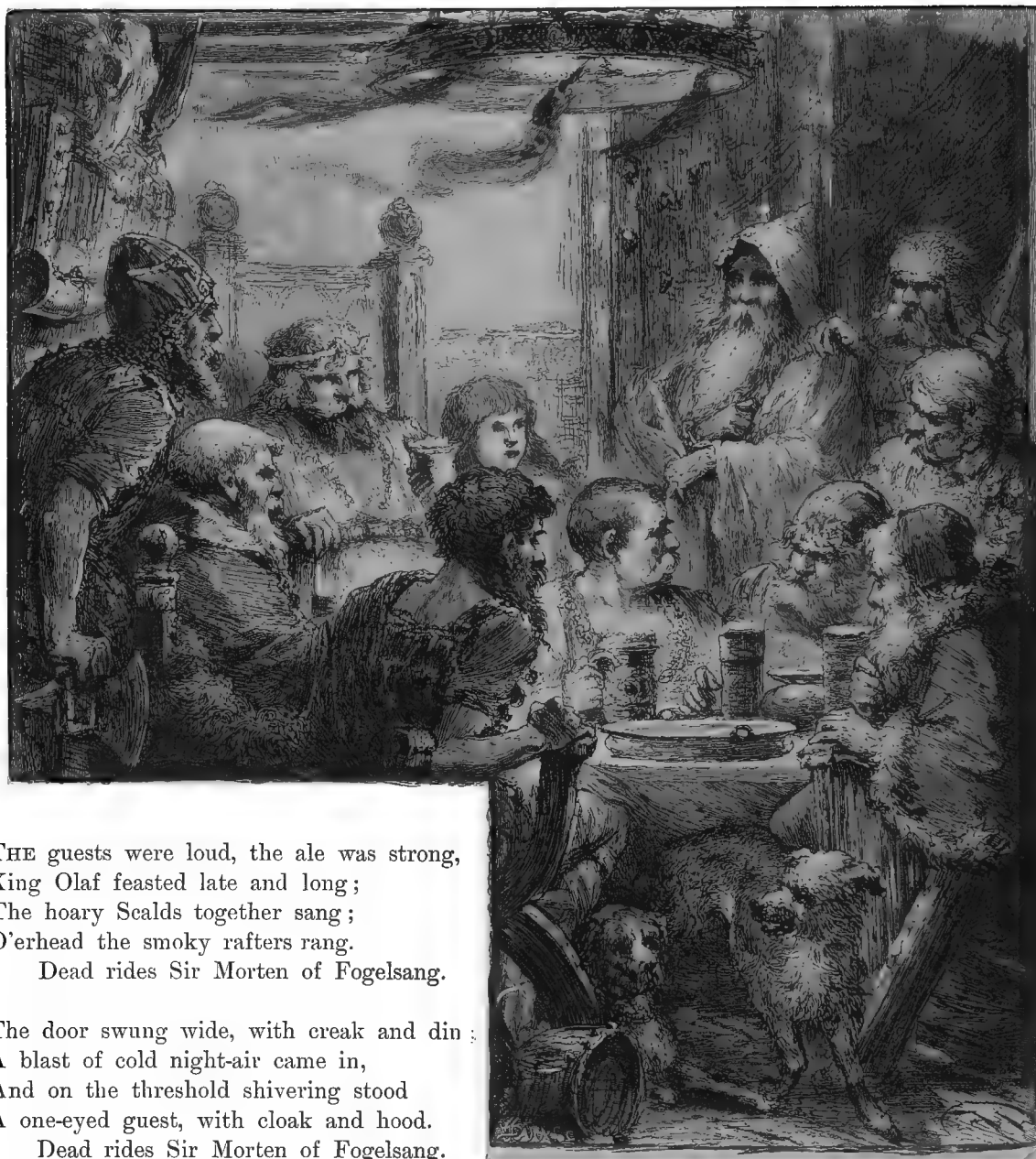
And at eve the king again  
 Called his train,  
 And, with all the candles burning,  
 Silent sat and heard once more  
 The sullen roar  
 Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
 Filled the air,  
 Growing fainter as they listened,  
 Then the bursting surge alone  
 Sounded on;—  
 Thus the sorcerers were christened!

“Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
 Your ocean-rhyme,”  
 Cried King Olaf: “it will cheer me!”  
 Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
 “The Skerry of Shrieks  
 Sings too loud for you to hear me!”

## VI.

## THE WRAITH OF ODIN.



THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,  
 King Olaf feasted late and long;  
 The hoary Scalds together sang;  
 O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;  
 A blast of cold night-air came in,  
 And on the threshold shivering stood  
 A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!  
 Come warm thee with this cup of ale."  
 The foaming draught the old man quaffed,  
 The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid:  
 Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,  
 And, seated at the table, told  
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,  
 The King demanded yet one more ;  
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,  
 "'Tis late, O King, and time for bed."  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest  
 Followed and entered with the rest ;  
 The lights were out, the pages gone,  
 But still the garrulous guest spake on.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,  
 He spake of heroes and their deeds,  
 Of lands and cities he had seen,  
 And stormy gulfs that tossed between.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled  
 The Havamal of Odin old,  
 With sounds mysterious as the roar  
 Of billows on a distant shore.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes  
 Made by the gods in elder times,

And do not still the great Scalds teach  
 That silence better is than speech ?"  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,  
 "Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;  
 For never was I so enthralled  
 Either by Saga-man or Scald."  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep !  
 Night wanes, O King ! 't is time for sleep !"  
 Then slept the King, and when he woke  
 The guest was gone, the morning broke.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,  
 They found the watch-dog in the yard,  
 There was no footprint in the grass,  
 And none had seen the stranger pass.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said :  
 "I know that Odin the Great is dead ;  
 Sure is the triumph of our Faith,  
 The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

## VII.

## IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer morn,  
 Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,  
 Sending his signal through the land of Dront-  
 heim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere  
 Gathered the farmers far and near,  
 With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,  
 Old Iron-Beard in Yriar  
 Heard the summons, chuckling with a low  
 laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,  
 Unharnessed his horses from the plough,  
 And clattering came on horseback to King  
 Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls ;  
 Little he cared for king or earls ;  
 Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming  
 passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,  
 And by the Hammer of Thor he swore ;  
 He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,  
 His ale at night, by the fireside warm,  
 Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,  
 The smell of the earth, and the song of  
 birds,  
 His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-  
 cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame ;  
His beard, from which he took his name,  
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the  
Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,  
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,  
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean :

“Such sacrifices shalt thou bring ;  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their devotion !”

King Olaf answered : “ I command  
This land to be a Christian land ;  
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes !

“But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,  
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

“Not slaves and peasants shall they be,  
But men of note and high degree,  
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gry-  
ting !”

Then to their Temple strode he in,  
And loud behind him heard the din  
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely  
fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods, with Thor supreme among  
them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade  
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,  
And downward shattered to the pavement  
flung them.

At the same moment rose without,  
From the contending crowd, a shout,  
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,  
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke :  
“Choose ye between two things, my folk,  
To be baptized or given up to slaughter !”

And seeing their leader stark and dead,  
The people with a murmur said,  
“O King, baptize us with thy holy water ;”

So all the Drontheim land became  
A Christian land in name and fame,  
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon  
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;  
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-  
Ting !

## VIII.

## GUDRUN.

ON King Olaf's bridal night  
Shines the moon with tender light,  
And across the chamber streams  
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,  
When all evil things have power,  
In the glimmer of the moon  
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,  
Something in her hand is pressed ;  
Like an icicle, its sheen  
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes  
Where her murdered father lies,  
And a voice remote and drear  
She seems to hear.



What a bridal night is this!  
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;  
Laden with the chill of death  
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,  
"Gleams so bright above my head?  
Wherefore standest thou so white  
In pale moonlight?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear  
When at night I bind my hair;  
It woke me falling on the floor;  
'T is nothing more."



"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;  
Often treachery lurking lies  
Underneath the fairest hair!  
Gudrun beware!"

Ere the earliest peep of morn  
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;  
And forever sundered ride  
Bridegroom and bride!

## IX.

## THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

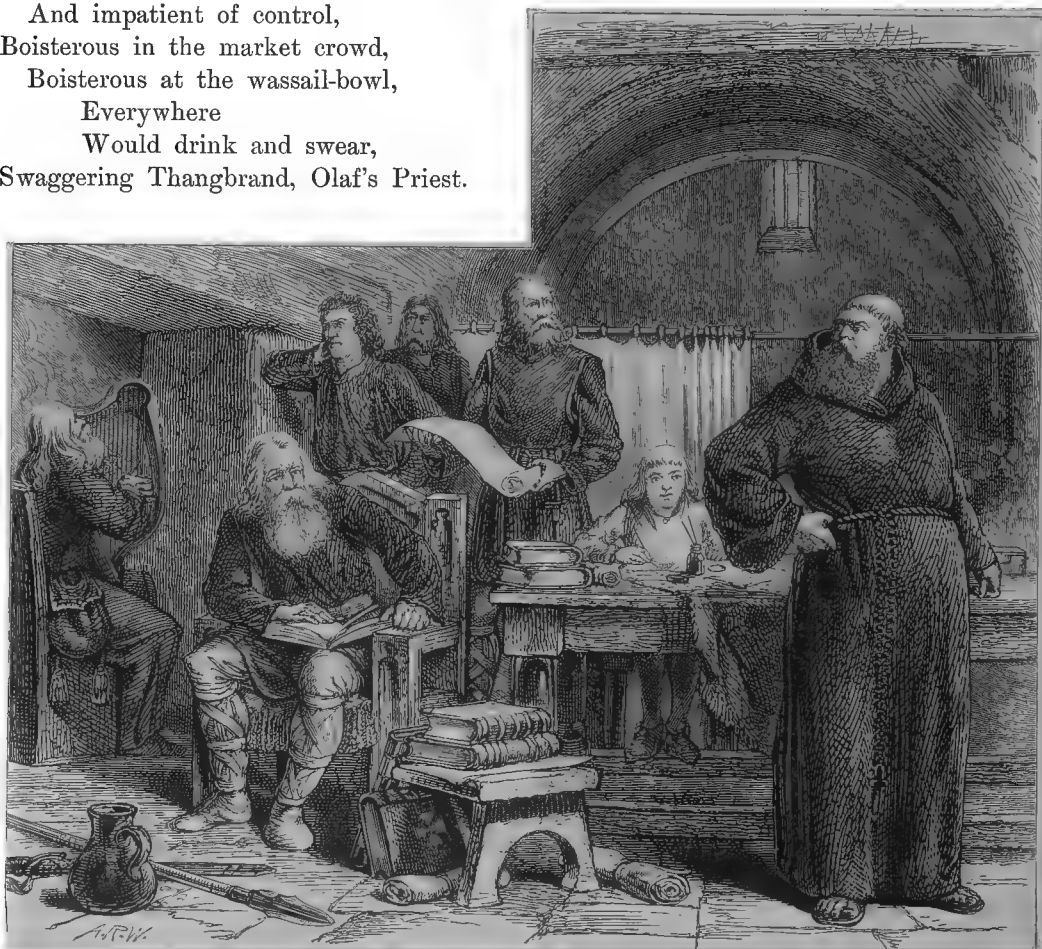
SHORT of stature, large of limb,  
 Burly face and russet beard,  
 All the women stared at him,  
 When in Iceland he appeared.  
 "Look!" they said,  
 With nodding head,  
 "There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,  
 He could preach like Chrysostome,  
 From the Fathers he could quote,  
 He had even been at Rome.  
 A learned clerk,  
 A man of mark,  
 Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
 And impatient of control,  
 Boisterous in the market crowd,  
 Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,  
 Everywhere  
 Would drink and swear,  
 Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent  
 Could the King no longer bear,  
 So to Iceland he was sent  
 To convert the heathen there,  
 And away  
 One summer day  
 Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books  
 Pored the people day and night,  
 But he did not like their looks,  
 Nor the songs they used to write.  
 "All this rhyme  
 Is waste of time!"  
 Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.



To the alehouse, where he sat,  
 Came the Scalds and Saga-men;  
 Is it to be wondered at,  
 That they quarrelled now and then,  
 When o'er his beer  
 Began to leer  
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord  
 Boasted of their island grand;  
 Saying in a single word,  
 "Iceland is the finest land  
 That the sun  
 Doth shine upon!"  
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use  
 Of this bragging up and down,  
 When three women and one goose  
 Make a market in your town!"  
 Every Scald  
 Satires scrawled  
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;  
 And what vexed him most of all  
 Was a figure in shovel hat,  
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall;  
 With words that go  
 Sprawling below,  
 "This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,  
 Then he smote them might and main,  
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.  
 "To-day we are gold,  
 To-morrow mould!"  
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,  
 Back to Norway sailed he then.  
 "O King Olaf! little hope  
 Is there of these Iceland men!"  
 Meekly said,  
 With bending head,  
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

## X.

## RAUD THE STRONG.

"ALL the old gods are dead,  
 All the wild warlocks fled;  
 But the White Christ lives and reigns,  
 And throughout my wide domains  
 His Gospel shall be spread!"  
 On the Evangelists  
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night  
 Beheld he the crimson light,  
 And heard the voice that defied  
 Him who was crucified,  
 And challenged him to the fight.  
 To Sigurd the Bishop  
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,  
 "The old gods are not dead,  
 For the great Thor still reigns,  
 And among the Jarls and Thanes

The old witchcraft still is spread."  
 Thus to King Olaf  
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord,  
 By rapine, fire, and sword,  
 Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong;  
 All the Godoe Isles belong  
 To him and his heathen horde."  
 Thus went on speaking  
 Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,  
 And lord of the wind and the sea;  
 And whichever way he sails,  
 He has ever favoring gales,  
 By his craft in sorcery."  
 Here the sign of the cross  
 Made devoutly King Olaf.

“ With rites that we both abhor,  
 He worships Odin and Thor;  
 So it cannot yet be said,  
 That all the old gods are dead,  
 And the warlocks are no more,”  
     Flushing with anger  
     Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:  
 “ I will talk with this mighty Raud,  
 And along the Salten Fiord  
 Preach the Gospel with my sword,  
 Or be brought back in my shroud!”  
     So northward from Drontheim  
     Sailed King Olaf!

# XI.

## BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing  
 As King Olaf's ships came sailing  
 Northward out of Drontheim haven  
     To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches  
 Fore and aft the rowers' benches,  
 Not a single heart is craven  
     Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
 But within it storm and riot,  
 Such as on his Viking cruises  
     Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways  
 Swept the reeling vessels sideways,  
 As the leaves are swept through sluices,  
     When the flood-gates open wide.

“ 'T is the warlock! 't is the demon  
 Raud!” cried Sigurd to the seamen;  
 “ But the Lord is not affrighted  
     By the witchcraft of his foes.”

To the ship's bow he ascended,  
 By his choristers attended,  
 Round him were the tapers lighted,  
     And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
 In his robes, as one transfigured,  
 And the Crucifix he planted  
     High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled  
 All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled:

Loud the monks around him chanted,  
     Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,  
 On each side the water parted;  
 Down a path like silver molten  
     Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,  
 And the White Christ through the vapors  
 Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,  
     As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling  
 On the little isle of Gelling;  
 Not a guard was at the doorway,  
     Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
 Lay the dragon-ship he builded,  
 'T was the grandest ship in Norway,  
     With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
 To the loft where Raud was sleeping,  
 With their fists they burst asunder  
     Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him,  
 Dragged him from his bed and bound him,  
 While he stared with stupid wonder,  
     At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: “ O Sea-King!  
 Little time have we for speaking,  
 Choose between the good and evil;  
     Be baptized, or thou shalt die!

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
 Answered: "I disdain thine offer;  
 Neither fear I God nor Devil;  
     Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,  
 When his frantic struggles ended,  
 Through King Olaf's horn an adder,  
     Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
 As he gnawed through bone and marrow;  
 But without a groan or shudder,  
     Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,  
 Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,

Far as swims the salmon, leaping,  
     Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin  
 Lay in dust and ashes trodden,  
 As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
     Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded  
 Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,  
 And the tiller single-handed,  
     Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,  
 Southward sailed the ship that bore him;  
 Till at Drontheim haven landed  
     Olaf and his crew again.

## XII.

## KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King  
 Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,  
     As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
 Drinking the nut-brown ale,  
 With his bearded Berserks hale  
     And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
 He held with Bishops and Priests,  
     And his horn filled up to the brim;  
 But the ale was never too strong,  
 Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
     For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign  
 He made of the cross divine,  
     As he drank, and muttered his prayers;  
 But the Berserks evermore  
 Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor  
     Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance  
 Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,  
     And laugh in the eyes of the King;  
 And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
 Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
     "Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,  
 With a sword in every line,  
     And this shall be thy reward."  
 And he loosened the belt at his waist,  
 And in front of the singer placed  
     His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,  
 Wherewith at a stroke he hewed  
     The millstone through and through,  
 And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,  
 Were neither so broad nor so long,  
     Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang  
 And loud through the music rang  
     The sound of that shining word;  
 And the harp-strings a clangor made,  
 As if they were struck with the blade  
     Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about  
 Broke forth into a shout  
     That made the rafters ring:  
 They smote with their fists on the board,  
 And shouted, "Long live the Sword,  
     And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,  
I miss the bright word in one  
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."  
And Halfred the Scald replied,  
"In another 't was multiplied  
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt  
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,  
And said, "Do not refuse;  
Count well the gain and the loss,  
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:  
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This  
In the name of the Lord I kiss,  
Who on it was crucified!"

And a shout went round the board,  
"In the name of Christ the Lord,  
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows  
The noonday sun uprose,  
Through the driving mists revealed,  
Like the lifting of the Host,  
By incense-clouds almost  
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
And shadowy cross was cast  
From the hilt of the lifted sword,  
And in foaming cups of ale  
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!  
To the Lord!"

## XIII.

## THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea,  
Whistling, said, "It would bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Raud the Strong,  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes,  
And his head turned sideways, drafting  
That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered  
Mallet huge and heavy axe;  
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;  
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging  
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master, —  
It was music to his ear;  
Fancy whispered all the faster,

"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting  
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges  
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,  
Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron  
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?  
Could you not be gone a minute  
But some mischief must be doing,  
Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting,  
From his homestead words of woe;  
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
Build ye thus and so.

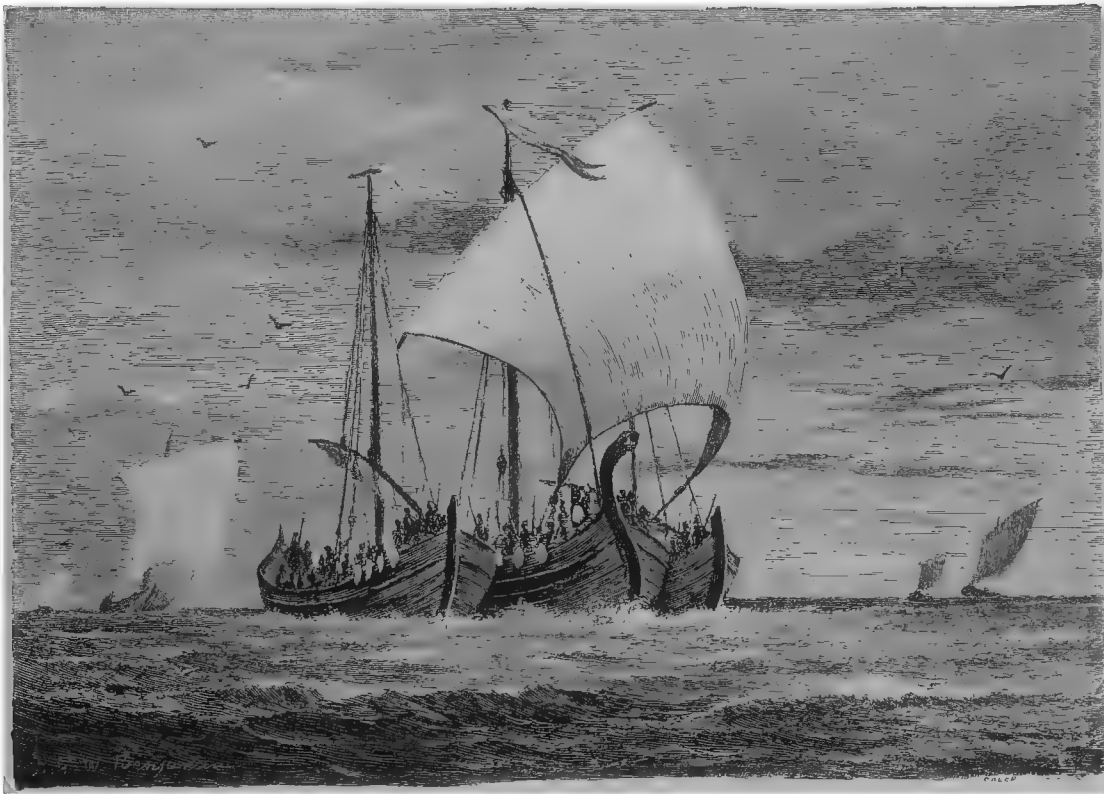
After long delays returning  
Came the master back by night;  
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
Hurried he, and did not leave it  
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"  
 On the morrow said the King;  
 "Finished now from keel to carling;  
 Never yet was seen in Norway  
 Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
 At the ship the workmen stared:  
 Some one, all their labor balking,  
 Down her sides had cut deep gashes,  
 Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"  
 With an oath King Olaf spoke;  
 "But rewards to his pursuer!"  
 And with wrath his face grew redder  
 Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,  
 Answered thus the angry King:  
 "Cease blaspheming and reviling,  
 Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting  
 Who has done this thing!"



Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,  
 Till the King, delighted, swore,  
 With much lauding and much thanking,  
 "Handsomer is now my Dragon  
 Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended  
 On the grass the vessel's keel;  
 High above it, gilt and splendid,  
 Rose the figure-head ferocious  
 With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,  
 In the ship-yard by the sea;  
 She was the grandest of all vessels,  
 Never ship was built in Norway  
 Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,  
 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!  
 They who to the Saga listened  
 Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting  
 For a hundred year!

## XIV.

## THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay  
 King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
     And, striped with white and blue,  
 Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
 As alights the screaming lanner;  
 Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
     The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;  
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
     His teeth as large and white;  
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,  
 Round as a swallow's nest descended;  
 As standard-bearer he defended  
     Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
 Like the King in garb and face,  
     So gallant and so hale;  
 Every cabin-boy and varlet  
 Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;  
 Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
     Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,  
 Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
     A figure gaunt and grand;  
 On his hairy arm imprinted  
 Was an anchor, azure-tinted;  
 Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted  
     Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
 To the winds his golden hair,  
     By the mainmast stood;  
 Graceful was his form, and slender,

And his eyes were deep and tender  
 As a woman's, in the splendor  
     Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
 Watched the sailors at their work:  
     Heavens! how they swore!  
 Thirty men they each commanded,  
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
     Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,  
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
     Till the waters vast  
 Filled them with a vague devotion,  
 With the freedom and the motion,  
 With the roll and roar of ocean  
     And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
 How they roared through Drontheim's street,  
     Boisterous as the gale!  
 How they laughed and stamped and pounded,  
 Till the tavern roof resounded,  
 And the host looked on astounded  
     As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea  
 Such a gallant company  
     Sail its billows blue!  
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,  
 Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,  
 Owned a ship so well appalled,  
     Boasted such a crew!

## XV.

## A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air  
 Is singing of Thyri the fair,      .  
     The sister of Svend the Dane;  
 And the song of the garrulous bird

In the streets of the town is heard,  
 And repeated again and again.  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
 And flee away from each other.





To King Burislaf, it is said,  
 Was the beautiful Thyri wed,  
     And a sorrowful bride went she;  
 And after a week and a day,  
 She has fled away and away,  
     From his town by the stormy sea.  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
     And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,  
 Through weald, they say, and through wold,  
     By day and by night, they say,  
 She has fled; and the gossips report  
 She has come to King Olaf's court,  
     And the town is all in dismay.  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
     And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
 Has talked with the beautiful Queen;  
     And they wonder how it will end;  
 For surely, if here she remain,  
 It is war with King Svend the Dane,  
 And King Burislaf the Vend!  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
     And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all!  
 It is published in hamlet and hall,  
     It roars like a flame that is fanned!  
 The King — yes, Olaf the King —  
 Has wedded her with his ring,  
 And Thyri is Queen in the land!  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
     And flee away from each other.

## XVI.

## QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim,  
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy,  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded,  
For the thoughts of Thyri  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter  
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried  
Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,  
And her jewelled fingers  
Through the green leaves glistened  
Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant,  
On the floor she threw them  
With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,  
"Gave King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
Than such worthless weeds ;

"When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing scatt and treasure  
For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture  
Through the Sound to Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
From King Burislaf ;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother,  
Scatter all thy vessels  
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,  
Like a reindeer bounding,  
With an oath he answered  
Thus the luckless Queen :

"Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin !"

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the doorway,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air.







ARTIST: CHARLES S. REINHART.

"Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri."  
*Queen Thyri and the Angelica Stalks*



All his ships he gathered,  
 Summoned all his forces,  
 Making his war levy  
 In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,  
 Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
 Sailed the fleet of Olaf  
 Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,  
 Steered he the Long Serpent,  
 Strained the creaking cordage,  
 Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing,  
 The domains of Thyri  
 He redeemed and rescued  
 From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,  
 "Not ten yoke of oxen  
 Have the power to draw us  
 Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it,  
 Better things are jewels  
 Than angelica stalks are  
 For a queen to wear."

## XVII.

## KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered  
 Svend of the Forked Beard,  
 As with his fleet he steered  
 Southward to Vendland;  
 Where with their courses hauled  
 All were together called,  
 Under the Isle of Svald  
 Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,  
 So the old Saga saith,  
 Plighted King Svend his faith  
 To Sigrid the Haughty;  
 And to avenge his bride,  
 Soothing her wounded pride,  
 Over the waters wide  
 King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,  
 Blushing with deep disgrace,  
 Bore she the crimson trace  
 Of Olaf's gauntlet;  
 Like a malignant star,  
 Blazing in heaven afar,  
 Red shone the angry scar  
 Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,  
 "For thine own honor's sake  
 Shalt thou swift vengeance take  
 On the vile coward!"



Until the King at last,  
Gusty and overcast,  
Like a tempestuous blast  
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,  
Svend of the Forked Beard  
High his red standard reared,  
Eager for battle;  
While every warlike Dane,  
Seizing his arms again,  
Left all unsown the grain,  
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King  
Summoned in haste a Thing,  
Weapons and men to bring  
In aid of Denmark;  
Eric the Norseman, too,  
As the war-tidings flew,  
Sailed with a chosen crew  
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day  
Sailed the three kings away,

Out of the sheltered bay,  
In the bright season;  
With them Earl Sigvald came,  
Eager for spoil and fame;  
Pity that such a name  
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,  
Now were their anchors cast,  
Safe from the sea and blast,  
Plotted the three kings;  
While, with a base intent,  
Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
On a foul errand bent,  
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course  
Unto King Olaf's force,  
Lying within the hoarse  
Mouths of Stet-haven;  
Him to ensnare and bring,  
Unto the Danish king,  
Who his dead corse would fling  
Forth to the raven!

## XVIII.

## KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

ON the gray sea-sands  
King Olaf stands,  
Northward and seaward  
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-tides curl,  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,  
The ships swing about,  
The yards are all hoisted,  
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed,  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,  
The harbor lies dead,  
As a corse on the sea-shore,  
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day,  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride,  
While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me!  
I your pilot will be,  
For I know all the channels  
Where flows the deep sea!"



So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils  
The ships and their sails;  
Queen Sigrîd the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails!

## XIX.

## KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.



"STRIKE the sails!" King Olaf said;  
"Never shall men of mine take flight;  
Never away from battle I fled,  
Never away from my foes!  
Let God dispose  
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;  
And suddenly through the drifting brume  
The blare of the horns began to ring,  
Like the terrible trumpet shock  
Of Ragnarock,  
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang  
Over the level floor of the flood;  
All the sails came down with a clang,  
And there in the midst overhead  
The sun hung red  
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet  
Three together the ships were lashed,  
So that neither should turn and retreat;  
In the midst, but in front of the rest  
The burnished crest  
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,  
 With bow of ash and arrows of oak,  
 His gilded shield was without a fleck,  
 His hemlet inlaid with gold,  
     And in many a fold  
 Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red  
 Watched the lashing of the ships;  
 "If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
 We shall have hard work of it here,  
     Said he with a sneer  
 On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
 "Have I a coward on board?" said he.  
 "Shoot it another way, O King!"  
 Sullenly answered Ulf,  
     The old sea-wolf;  
 "You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the  
     Danes,  
 Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;  
 To the right, the Swedish king with his  
     thanes;

And on board of the Iron Beard  
     Earl Eric steered  
 To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the  
     King,  
 "At home with their wives had better stay,  
 Than come within reach of my Serpent's  
     sting:  
 But where Eric the Norseman leads  
     Heroic deeds  
 Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,  
 Eric severed the cables of hide,  
 With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,  
 And left them to drive and drift  
     With the currents swift  
 Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,  
 Sharper the dragons bite and sting!  
 Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
 A death-drink salt as the sea  
     Pledged to thee,  
 Olaf the King!

## XX.

## EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
     Stood beside the mast;  
 From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,  
     Flew the arrows fast;  
 Aimed at Eric unavailing,  
     As he sat concealed,  
 Half behind the quarter-railing,  
     Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,  
     Just above his head;  
 "Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"  
     Then Earl Eric said.  
 "Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
     Sing his funeral wail!"  
 And another arrow flying  
     Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
     As the arrow passed,  
 Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman  
     Standing by the mast."  
 Sooner than the word was spoken  
     Flew the yeoman's shaft;  
 Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
     Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing  
     On the quarter-deck.  
 "Something heard I like the stranding  
     Of a shattered wreck."  
 Einar then, the arrow taking  
     From the loosened string,  
 Answered, "That was Norway breaking  
     From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"  
 Straightway Olaf said;  
 "Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,  
 Let thy shafts be sped."  
 Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
 Reached he from above;  
 Einar saw the blood-drops oozing  
 Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;  
 At the first assay,  
 O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
 Flung the bow away;

Said, with hot and angry temper  
 Flushing in his cheek,  
 "Olaf! for so great a Kämper  
 Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
 On his beardless lip,  
 Scaled he, light and self-reliant,  
 Eric's dragon-ship.  
 Loose his golden locks were flowing,  
 Bright his armor gleamed;  
 Like Saint Michael overthrowing  
 Lucifer he seemed.

## XXI.

## KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,  
 All day have the ships engaged,  
 But not yet is assuaged  
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,  
 The arrows of death are sped,  
 The ships are filled with the dead,  
 And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,  
 The grappling-irons are plied,  
 The boarders climb up the side,  
 The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again  
 See her sailors come back o'er the main;  
 They all lie wounded or slain,  
 Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,  
 Around him whistle and sing  
 The spears that the foemen fling,  
 And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,  
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,  
 His shield in the air he uprears,  
 By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck  
 Of the Long Serpent's deck

Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,  
 His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,  
 Till it falls, with the sails overcast,  
 Like a snow-covered pine in the vast  
 Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,  
 He rushes aft with his men,  
 As a hunter into the den  
 Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries,  
 When lo! on his wondering eyes,  
 Two kingly figures arise,  
 Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear  
 Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
 In a whisper that none may hear,  
 With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,  
 Two flashes of golden hair,  
 Two scarlet meteors' glare,  
 And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats  
 Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,  
 And cry, from their hairy throats.  
 "See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side  
Floats another shield on the tide,  
Like a jewel set in the wide  
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,  
How the King stripped off his mail,

Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,  
As he swam beneath the main;

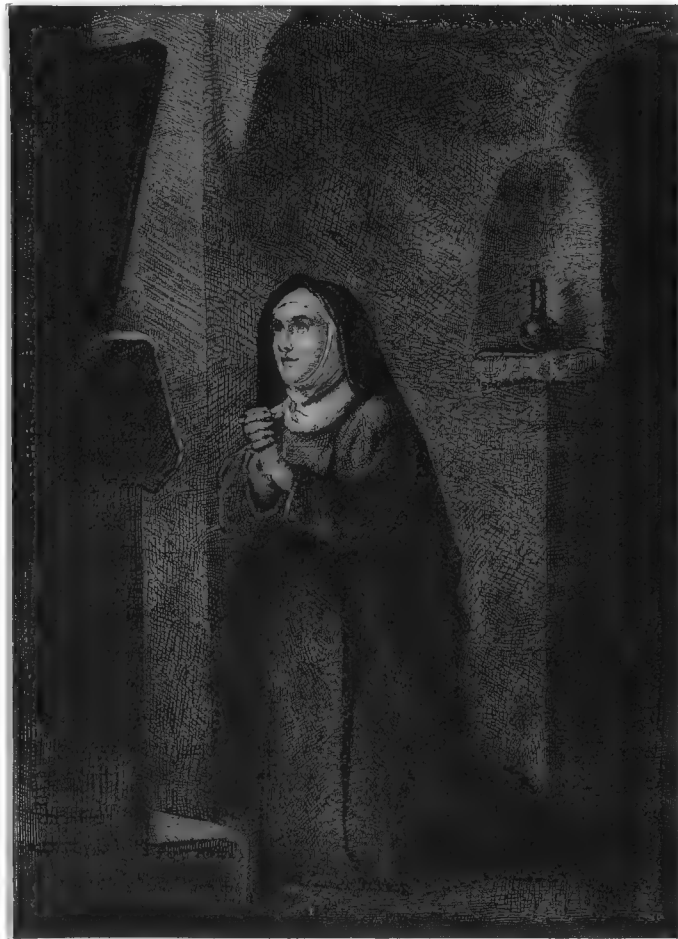
But the young grew old and gray,  
And never, by night or by day,  
In his kingdom of Norroway  
Was King Olaf seen again!

## XXII.

## THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

IN the convent of Drontheim,  
Alone in her chamber  
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,  
At midnight, adoring,  
Beseeching, entreating  
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence  
The voice of one speaking,  
Without in the darkness,  
In gusts of the night-wind  
Now louder, now nearer,  
Now lost in the distance.



The voice of a stranger  
It seemed as she listened,  
Of some one who answered  
Beseeching, imploring,  
A cry from afar off  
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,  
The beloved disciple,  
Who wandered and waited  
The Master's appearance,  
Alone in the darkness,  
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,  
The angry defiance,  
The challenge of battle!  
It is accepted,  
But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corselet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry!  
Patience is powerful;  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the

Sky is still cloudless,  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that behold it  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit;  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,  
A shape of the sea-mist,  
A shape of the brumal  
Rain, and the darkness  
Fearful and formless;  
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless;  
Love is eternal!  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us;  
Christ is eternal!"

#### INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,  
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,  
"The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world;  
While Love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for this:  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,

And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer, with words that  
scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account.  
And all, translated in the air,  
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

“Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?  
 Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
 Or holy water, books, and beads?  
 Must struggling souls remain content  
 With councils and decrees of Trent?  
 And can it be enough for these  
 The Christian Church the year em-  
     balms  
 With evergreens and boughs of palms,  
 And fills the air with litanies?”

“I know that yonder Pharisee  
 Thanks God that he is not like me;  
 In my humiliation dressed,  
 I only stand and beat my breast,  
 And pray for human charity.

“Not to one church alone, but seven,  
 The voice prophetic spake from heaven;  
 And unto each the promise came,  
 Diversified, but still the same;  
 For him that overcometh are  
 The new name written on the stone,  
 The raiment white, the crown, the throne,  
 And I will give him the Morning Star!

“Ah! to how many Faith has been  
 No evidence of things unseen,  
 But a dim shadow, that recasts  
 The creed of the Phantasiasts,  
 For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
 For whom the Tragedy Divine  
 Was but a symbol and a sign,  
 And Christ a phantom crucified!

“For others a diviner creed  
 Is living in the life they lead.  
 The passing of their beautiful feet  
 Blesses the pavement of the street,  
 And all their looks and words repeat  
 Old Fuller’s saying, wise and sweet,  
 Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
 The Holy Ghost came from above.

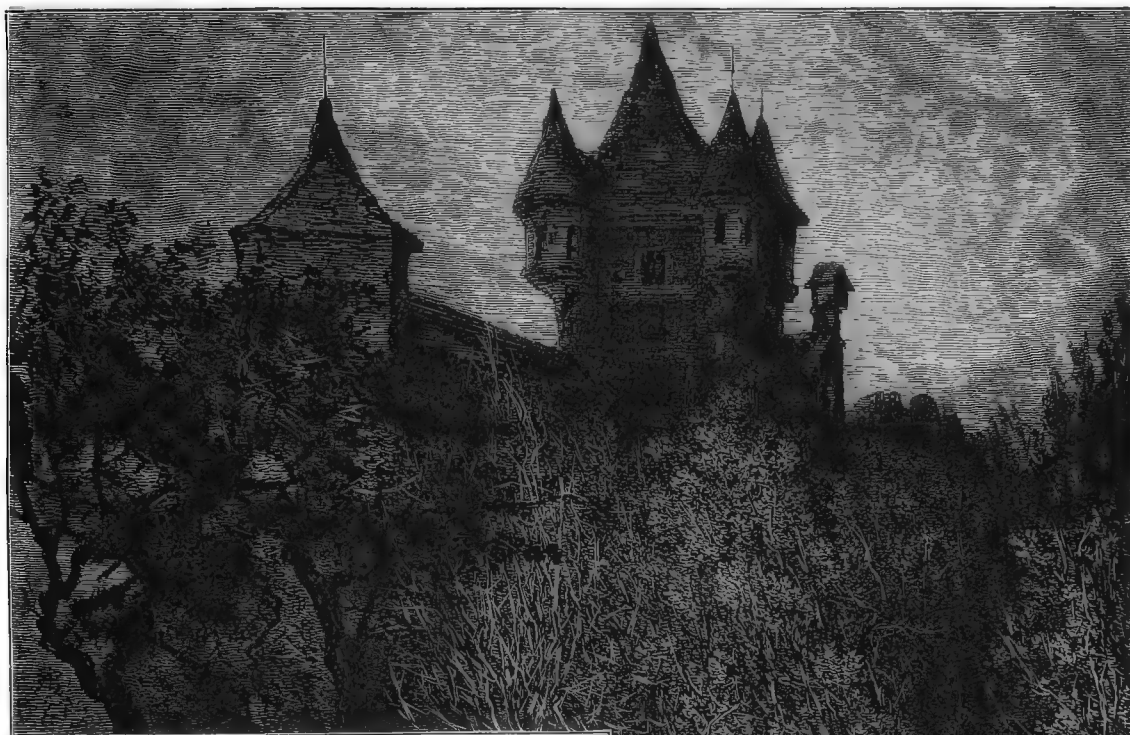
“And this brings back to me a tale  
 So sad the hearer well may quail,  
 And question if such things can be;  
 Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
 Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
 And naught can wash them white again,  
 So fearful is the tragedy.”

## THE THEOLOGIAN’S TALE.

### TORQUEMADA.

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand  
 And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,  
 And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
 Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
 In a great castle near Valladolid,  
 Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,  
 There dwelt, as from the chronicles we  
     learn,  
 An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,  
 Whose name has perished, with his towers  
     of stone,  
 And all his actions save this one alone;  
 This one, so terrible, perhaps ’t were best  
 If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;  
 Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein  
 The martyrdom triumphant o’er the sin;  
 A double picture, with its gloom and glow,  
 The splendor overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost  
 On which his feet no sacred threshold  
     crossed;  
 And when he chanced the passing Host to  
     meet,  
 He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street;  
 Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous  
     thought,  
 As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.  
 In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent,  
 Walked in processions, with his head down  
     bent,  
 At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen,  
 And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of  
     green.  
 His sole diversion was to hunt the boar  
 Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,  
 Or with his jingling mules to hurry down

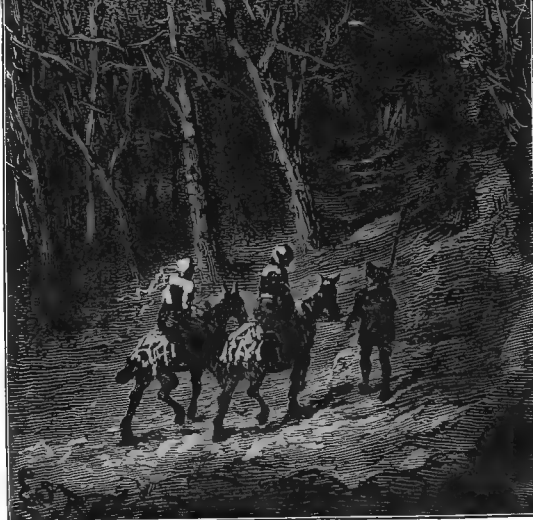


To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town,  
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,  
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.  
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;  
The demon whose delight is to destroy  
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,  
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,  
Returning from their convent school, had made

Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,  
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,  
When first she came into that gloomy place, —

A memory in his heart as dim and sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,  
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown  
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.



These two fair daughters of a mother dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.  
A joy at first, and then a growing care,  
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!"  
A vague presentiment of impending doom,  
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,  
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear  
That death to some one of his house was near,

With dark surmises of a hidden crime,  
 Made life itself a death before its time.  
 Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,  
 A spy upon his daughters he became ;  
 With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,  
 He glided softly through half-open doors ;  
 Now in the room, and now upon the stair.  
 He stood beside them ere they were aware ;  
 He listened in the passage when they talked,  
 He watched them from the casement when  
     they walked,  
 He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side,  
 He saw the monk among the cork-trees  
     glide ;  
 And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt  
 Of some dark secret, past his finding out,  
 Baffled he paused ; then reassured again  
 Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.  
 He watched them even when they knelt in  
     church ;  
 And then, descending lower in his search,  
 Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes  
 Listened incredulous to their replies ;  
 The gypsy ? none had seen her in the wood !  
 The monk ? a mendicant in search of food !

At length the awful revelation came,  
 Crushing at once his pride of birth and  
     name ;  
 The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,  
 And the ancestral glories of the past,  
 All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,  
 A turret rent from battlement to base.  
 His daughters talking in the dead of night  
 In their own chamber, and without a light,  
 Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,  
 And learned the dreadful secret, word by  
     word ;  
 And hurrying from his castle, with a cry  
 He raised his hands to the unpitying sky,  
 Repeating one dread word, till bush and  
     tree  
 Caught it, and shuddering answered, " Her-  
     esy ! "

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er  
     his face,  
 Now hurrying forward, now with lingering  
     pace,  
 He walked all night the alleys of his park,

With one unseen companion in the dark,  
 The Demon who within him lay in wait  
 And by his presence turned his love to hate,  
 Forever muttering in an undertone,  
 " Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out his  
     own ! "

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
 While yet the dew was glistening on the  
     grass,  
 And all the woods were musical with birds,  
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,  
 Walked homeward with the Priest, and in  
     his room  
 Summoned his trembling daughters to their  
     doom.  
 When questioned, with brief answers they  
     replied,  
 Nor when accused evaded or denied ;  
 Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
 All that the human heart most fears or feels,  
 In vain the Priest with earnest voice es-  
     sayed ;  
 In vain the father threatened, wept, and  
     prayed ;  
 Until at last he said, with haughty mien,  
 " The Holy Office, then, must intervene ! "

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
 With all the fifty horsemen of his train,  
 His awful name resounding, like the blast  
 Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,  
 Came to Valladolid, and there began  
 To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.  
 To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate  
 Demanded audience on affairs of state,  
 And in a secret chamber stood before  
 A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
 Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar ;  
 Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,  
 And in his hand the mystic horn he held,  
 Which poison and all noxious charms dis-  
     pelled.

He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
 Then answered in a voice that made him  
     quail :  
 " Son of the Church ! when Abraham of old  
 To sacrifice his only son was told,  
 He did not pause to parley nor protest,  
 But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.

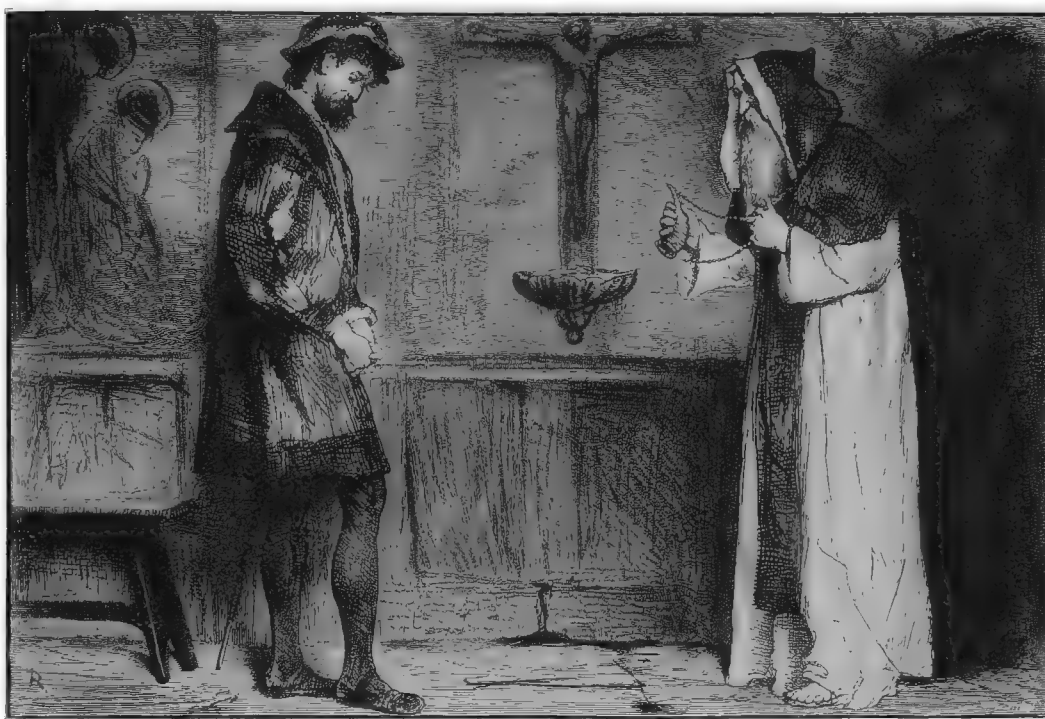


In him it was accounted righteousness ;  
The Holy Church expects of thee no less ! ”

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,  
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.  
Ah ! who will e'er believe the words I say ?  
His daughters he accused, and the same day  
They both were cast into the dungeon's  
gloom,  
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,

Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the  
flame,  
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more  
The Hidalgo went more eager than before,  
And said : “ When Abraham offered up his  
son,  
He clave the wood wherewith it might be  
done.



By his example taught, let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering ! ”  
And the deep voice, without a pause, re-  
plied :  
“ Son of the Church ! by faith now justified,  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt ;  
The Church absolves thy conscience from  
all guilt ! ”

Then this most wretched father went his way  
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,  
Where once his daughters in their childhood  
played  
With their young mother in the sun and  
shade.

Now all the leaves had fallen ; the branches  
bare  
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
And screaming from their eyries overhead  
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.  
With his own hands he lopped the boughs  
and bound  
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,  
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their  
way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose  
bent,  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,

And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
 And now, lest my atonement be as naught,  
 Grant me one more request, one last desire, —  
 With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"  
 And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
 "Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;  
 Her servants through all ages shall not cease  
 To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"  
 Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
 The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude,  
 Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,  
 Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes  
 Upon this place of human sacrifice,  
 Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,  
 With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,  
 And every roof and window was alive  
 With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.  
 The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,  
 Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,  
 A line of torches smoked along the street,  
 There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,  
 And, with its banners floating in the air,



Slowly the long procession crossed the square,  
 And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,  
 The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
 Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,  
 And louder sang the monks with bell and book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,  
 Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,  
 Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
 Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies ! why did your clouds retain  
 For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ?  
 O pitiless earth ! why open no abyss  
 To bury in its chasm a crime like this ?

That night, a mingled column of fire and  
 smoke  
 From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
 And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,  
 Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.  
 Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,  
 And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
 They saw the figure of that cruel knight  
 Lean from a window in the turret's height,

His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
 His hands upraised above his head in prayer,  
 Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
 Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones  
 Have piled the oblivious years like funeral  
 stones ;

His name has perished with him, and no trace  
 Remains on earth of his afflicted race ;  
 But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,  
 Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,  
 Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
 Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath !

### INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,  
 That cast upon each listener's face  
 Its shadow, and for some brief space  
 Unbroken silence filled the room.  
 The Jew was thoughtful and distressed ;  
 Upon his memory thronged and pressed  
 The persecution of his race,  
 Their wrongs and sufferings and dis-  
 grace ;

His head was sunk upon his breast,  
 And from his eyes alternate came  
 Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,  
 As one who long has lain in wait,  
 With purpose to retaliate,  
 And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.  
 "In such a company as this,

A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
 That by its terrible control  
 O'ermasters and drags down the soul  
 Into a fathomless abyss.  
 The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
 Some merry 'Night of Straparole,'  
 Or Machiavelli's 'Belpagor,'  
 Would cheer us and delight us more,  
 Give greater pleasure and less pain  
 Than your grim tragedies of Spain !"

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
 With such entreaty and command,  
 It stopped discussion at its birth,  
 And said : "The story I shall tell  
 Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;  
 Listen, and hear what once befell  
 The merry birds of Killingworth !"

### THE POET'S TALE.

#### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season, when through all the  
 land  
 The merle and mavis build, and building  
 sing  
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,  
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-  
 heart King ;

When on the boughs the purple buds ex-  
 pand,  
 The banners of the vanguard of the  
 Spring,  
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
 And wave their fluttering signals from the  
 steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,  
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with  
 their glee ;  
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were  
 proud  
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned  
 be ;  
 And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,  
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,  
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :  
 " Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread ! "

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,  
 Speaking some unknown language strange  
 and sweet  
 Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
 The village with the cheers of all their  
 fleet ;  
 Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed  
 Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and  
 boys.



Thus came the jocund Spring in Killing-  
 worth  
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;  
 And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,  
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,  
 That mingled with the universal mirth,  
 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;  
 They shook their heads, and doomed with  
 dreadful words  
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.  
 And a town-meeting was convened straight-  
 way

To set a price upon the guilty heads  
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,  
 Levied black-mail upon the garden beds  
 And cornfields, and beheld without dismay  
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering  
 shreds ;  
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.  
 Then from his house, a temple painted white,  
 With fluted columns, and a roof of red,  
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid  
 sight !

Slowly descending, with majestic tread,  
 Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor  
     right,  
 Down the long street he walked, as one  
     who said,  
 "A town that boasts inhabitants like me  
 Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,  
 The instinct of whose nature was to kill;  
 The wrath of God he preached from year  
     to year,  
 And read, with fervor, Edwards on the  
     Will;  
 His favorite pastime was to slay the deer  
     In Summer on some Adirondac hill;  
 E'en now, while walking down the rural  
     lane,  
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
 The hill of Science with its vane of brass,  
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
     Now at the clouds, and now at the green  
     grass,  
 And all absorbed in reveries profound  
     Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,  
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as  
     snow;  
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore;  
 His form was ponderous, and his step was  
     slow;  
 There never was so wise a man before;  
 He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told  
     you so!"  
 And to perpetuate his great renown  
 There was a street named after him in  
     town.

These came together in the new town-hall,  
 With sundry farmers from the region  
     round.  
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
 His air impressive and his reasoning  
     sound;

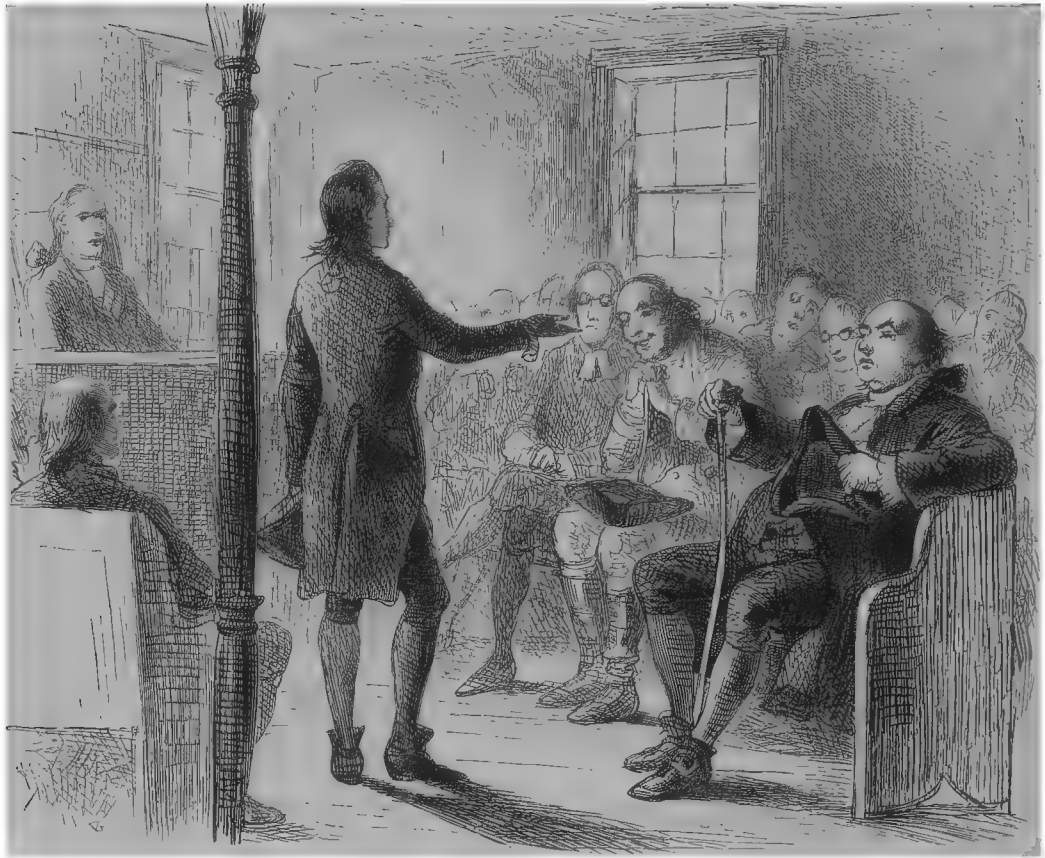
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and  
     small;  
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they  
     found,  
 But enemies enough, who every one  
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath  
     the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,  
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
 And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
     Looked round bewildered on the expectant  
     throng;  
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart  
     To speak out what was in him, clear and  
     strong,  
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
 And quite determined not to be laughed  
     down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
 From his Republic banished without pity  
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,  
     You put to death, by means of a Commit-  
     tee,  
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,  
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;  
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
     Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;  
 The bluebird balanced on some topmast  
     spray,  
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of  
     song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the  
     gain  
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
     Scratched up at random by industrious  
     feet,  
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain!  
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet



As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings  
these?

Do you ne’er think who made them, and  
who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought?  
Whose household words are songs in many  
keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er  
caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps  
through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the  
grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember  
too

’Tis always morning somewhere, and  
above

The awakening continents, from shore to  
shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“ Think of your woods and orchards without  
birds!

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and  
beams

As in an idiot’s brain remembered words  
Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his  
dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your  
teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to your door!

“What! would you rather see the incessant  
stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir  
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,  
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and  
brake?

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but  
know,

They are the winged wardens of your  
farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious  
foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred  
harms;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no  
less

The selfsame light, although averted  
hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your  
speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach?”

With this he closed; and through the au-  
dience went

A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;  
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some  
bent

Their yellow heads together like their  
sheaves;  
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
Who put their trust in bullocks and in  
bees.

The birds were doomed; and, as the record  
shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,  
Who had no voice nor vote in making  
laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,  
And crowned his modest temples with ap-  
plause;

They made him conscious, each one more  
than each,

He still was victor, vanquished in their  
cause.

Sweetest of all the applause he won from  
thee,

O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;

O’er fields and orchards, and o’er woodland  
crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on  
their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their  
nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were  
dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very  
ground

Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around

The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and  
found

No foe to check their march, till they had  
made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the  
town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees  
spun down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman’s bonnet, shawl, and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry;  
They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
 Confessed their error, and would not com-  
 plain,  
 For after all, the best thing one can do  
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
 Then they repealed the law, although they  
 knew  
 It would not call the dead to life again;  
 As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,  
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
 Without the light of his majestic look,  
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day  
 book.  
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their  
 shame,  
 And drowned themselves despairing in the  
 brook,  
 While the wild wind went moaning every-  
 where,  
 Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was  
 seen,  
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been  
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue!  
 A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
 All full of singing birds, came down the street,  
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

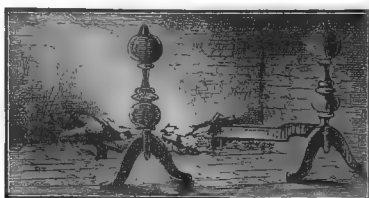
From all the country round these birds were  
 brought,  
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
 And, loosened from their wicker prisons,  
 sought  
 In woods and fields the places they loved  
 best,  
 Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
 Were satires to the authorities addressed,  
 While others, listening in green lanes, averred  
 Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they  
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know  
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
 And everywhere, around, above, below,  
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away.  
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

#### FINALE.

THE hour was late; the fire burned low,  
 The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,  
 And near the story's end a deep  
 Sonorous sound at times was heard,  
 As when the distant bagpipes blow.  
 At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,  
 As one awaking from a swoon,  
 And, gazing anxiously around,  
 Protested that he had not slept,  
 But only shut his eyes, and kept  
 His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."  
 Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
 To rake the embers of the fire,  
 And quench the waning parlor light;  
 While from the windows, here and there,  
 The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,  
 And the illumined hostel seemed  
 The constellation of the Bear,  
 Downward, athwart the misty air,  
 Sinking and setting toward the sun.  
 Far off the village clock struck one.







## PRELUDE.

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern window-pane,  
And made a river of the road;  
A sea of mist that overflowed  
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,  
And drowned the upland and the plain,  
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,  
Like phantom ships went drifting by;  
And, hidden behind a watery screen,  
The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint pallor in the sky;—  
Thus cold and colorless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,  
As if reluctant to begin,  
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear  
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,  
Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,  
As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the Squire,  
And said, "Behold me, and admire!"

Only the Poet seemed to hear,  
In drowse or dream, more near and near  
Across the border-land of sleep  
The blowing of a blithesome horn,  
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,  
As from the road with sudden sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,

And stopped beside the tavern door;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,  
And all was silent as before,—  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down,  
And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the parlor fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from town.  
First the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was heard  
Whistling and singing down the stair;  
Then came the Student, with a look  
As placid as a meadow-brook;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and the  
next;

The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams;  
Then the Musician, like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning streams;  
And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open, on the air  
Breathed round about him a perfume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued  
The promptings of his various mood;  
Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,

Lost in a pleasant revery ;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it "Edrehi,  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage, —  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest ;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and west,  
And sunshine of long summer days,  
Though outlawed now and dispossessed ! —  
Such was the Theologian's phrase.

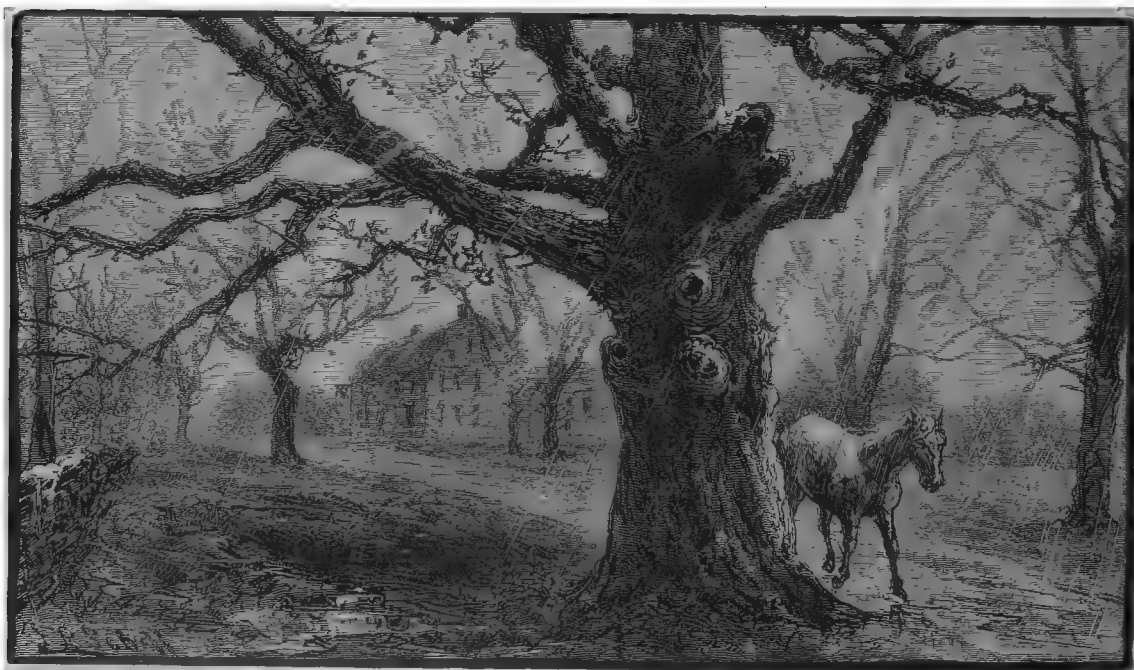
Meanwhile the Student held discourse  
With the Musician, on the source  
Of all the legendary lore  
Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide ;  
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,

With change of place and change of name,  
Disguised, transformed, and yet the same  
We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused, '  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, discrowned,  
And haggard with a pale despair,  
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift  
Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches, and the air  
Filled with the arrows of the rain,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,  
The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent,  
And drenched with rain from head to hoof,  
The rain-drops dripping from his mane  
And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had grown  
Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified



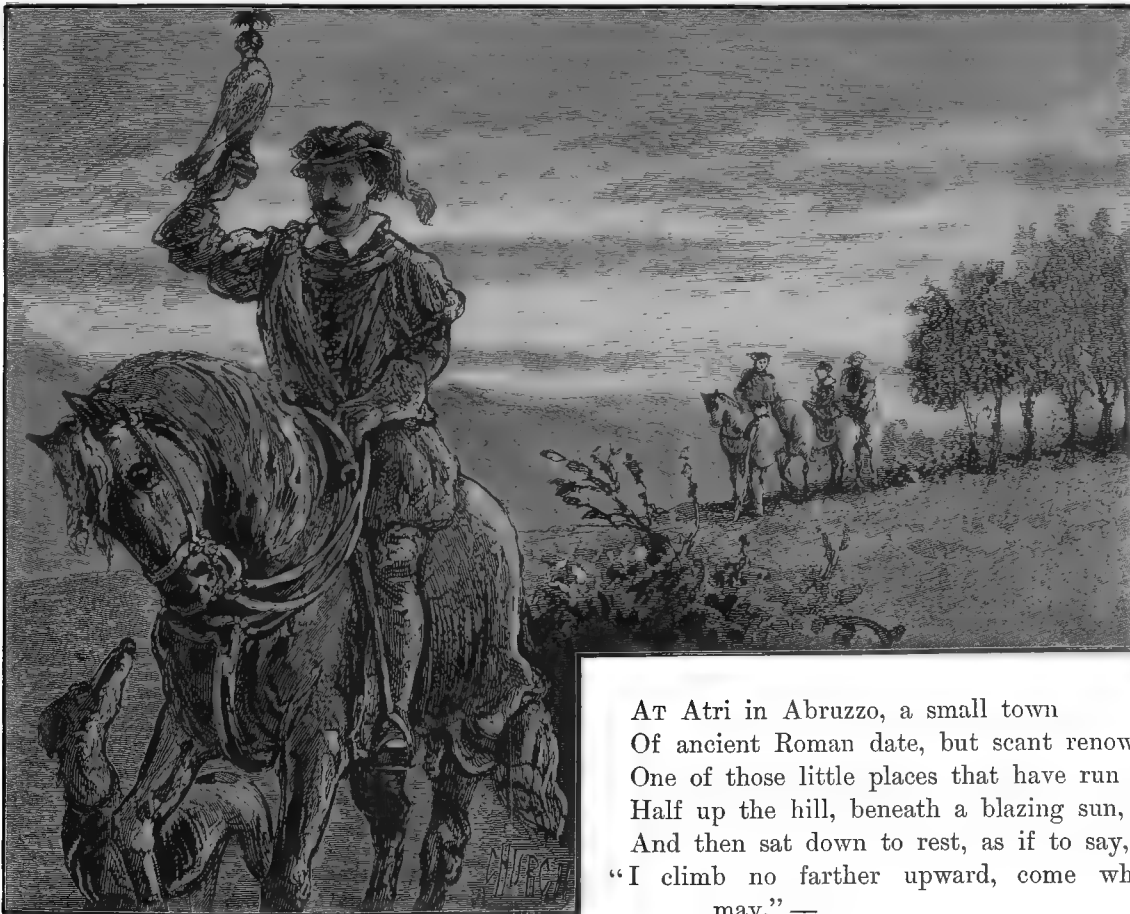
To see completely overthrown  
 His plans for angling in the brook,  
 And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone,  
 To watch the speckled trout glide by,  
 And float through the inverted sky,  
 Still round and round the baited hook —  
 Now paced the room with rapid stride,  
 And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
 Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,  
 And said: "Alas for human greed,  
 That with cold hand and stony eye  
 Thus turns an old friend out to die,  
 Or beg his food from gate to gate!  
 This brings a tale into my mind,

Which, if you are not disinclined  
 To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent; all wished to hear,  
 Not without many a jest and jeer,  
 The story of a spavined steed;  
 And even the Student with the rest  
 Put in his pleasant little jest  
 Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
 Is but a horse that with all speed  
 Bears poets to the hospital;  
 While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
 After a moment's interval  
 Began his simple story thus.

### THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

#### THE BELL OF ATRI.



At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
 One of those little places that have run  
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
 "I climb no farther upward, come what  
 may," —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
 So many monarchs since have borne the  
     name,  
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place,  
 Beneath a roof, projecting some small space  
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
 Then rode he through the streets with all  
     his train,  
 And, with the blast of trumpets loud and  
     long,  
 Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
 Was done to any man, he should but ring  
 The great bell in the square, and he, the  
     King,  
 Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
 Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
 What wrongs were righted, need not here  
     be said.  
 Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
 The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
 Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,  
 Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
 Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
 Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
 So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
 Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in  
     belt,  
 Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the  
     woods,  
 Who loved his falcons with their crimson  
     hoods,  
 Who loved his hounds and horses, and all  
     sports  
 And prodigalities of camps and courts; —  
 Loved, or had loved them; for at last,  
     grown old,  
 His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and  
     hounds,  
 Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
 Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
 To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
 And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
 Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or  
     need  
 To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
 Eating his head off in my stables here,  
 When rents are low and provender is dear?  
 Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
 I want him only for the holidays."  
 So the old steed was turned into the heat  
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
 And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and  
     thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
 It is the custom in the summer time,  
 With bolted doors and window-shutters  
     closed,  
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
 When suddenly upon their senses fell  
 The loud alarm of the accusing bell!  
 The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
 Turned on his couch, and listened, and then  
     rose  
 And donned his robes, and with reluctant  
     pace  
 Went panting forth into the market-place,  
 Where the great bell upon its cross-beam  
     swung  
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
 In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
 "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a  
     wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
 He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its  
     shade,  
 No shape of human form of woman born,  
 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
 Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
 "Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,  
 "This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
 He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy  
     crowd  
 Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
 And told the story of the wretched beast  
 In five-and-twenty different ways at least,



With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in  
reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with  
his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and  
gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly  
ear.

What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor  
brute?

He who serves well and speaks not, merits  
more

Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall  
take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people  
all

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed  
in glee,

And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth  
me!

Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the  
laws;

And this shall make, in every Christian  
clime,

The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

## INTERLUDE.

"YES, well your story pleads the cause  
Of those dumb mouths that have no  
speech,

Only a cry from each to each  
In its own kind, with its own laws;  
Something that is beyond the reach  
Of human power to learn or teach,—  
An inarticulate moan of pain,  
Like the immeasurable main  
Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;  
Then added, with impassioned cry,  
As one who feels the words he speaks,  
The color flushing in his cheeks,  
The fervor burning in his eye:  
"Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the least,  
That man I honor and revere  
Who without favor, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast,  
And tames with his unflinching hand  
The brutes that wear our form and  
face,  
The were-wolves of the human race!"  
Then paused, and waited with a frown,  
Like some old champion of romance,  
Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,  
Expectant leans upon his lance;  
But neither Knight nor Squire is found

To raise the gauntlet from the ground,  
And try with him the battle's chance.

"Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi!  
Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
A feint of being half awake,  
And tell us what your dreams may be.  
Out of the hazy atmosphere  
Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
Among us in this Wayside Inn;  
Tell us what visions and what scenes  
Illuminate the dark ravines  
In which you grope your way. Begin!"

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew  
Made no reply, but only smiled,  
As men unto a wayward child,  
Not knowing what to answer, do.  
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown  
With moss and intertangled vines,  
A streamlet leaps into the light  
And murmurs over root and stone  
In a melodious undertone;  
Or as amid the noonday night  
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines,  
There runs a sound as of the sea;  
So from his bearded lips there came  
A melody without a name,  
A song, a tale, a history,  
Or whatsoever it may be,  
Writ and recorded in these lines.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

## KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,  
At the head of his dusty caravan,  
Laden with treasure from realms afar,  
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
Rode the great captain Alau.

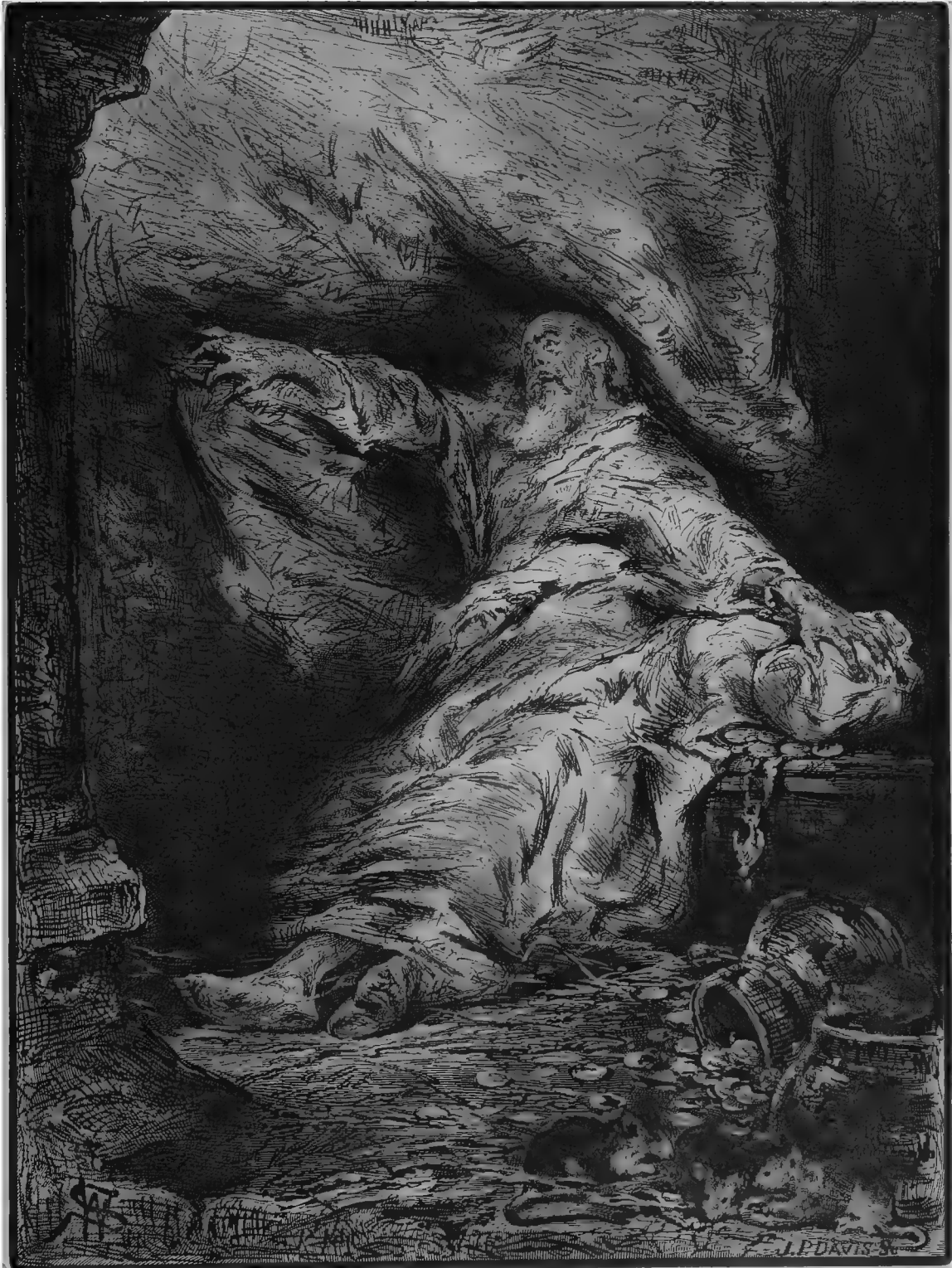
The Khan from his palace-window gazed,

And saw in the thronging street beneath,  
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed  
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan  
raised,  
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,  
And the shining scimitars of the guard,  
And the weary camels that bared their  
teeth,









ARTIST: WALTER SHIRLAW.

"Still clutching his treasure he had died."  
*Kambalu.*



As they passed and passed through the gates  
     unbarred  
 Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
 Rode the great captain Alau ;  
 And he stood before the Khan, and said :  
 “ The enemies of my lord are dead ;  
 All the Kalifs of all the West  
 Bow and obey thy least behest ;  
 The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,

The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
 The miners are sifting the golden sand,  
 The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,  
 And peace and plenty are in the land.

“ Baldacca’s Kalif, and he alone,  
 Rose in revolt against thy throne :  
 His treasures are at thy palace-door,  
 With the swords and the shawls and the  
     jewels he wore ;  
 His body is dust o’er the desert blown.



“ A mile outside of Baldacca’s gate  
 I left my forces to lie in wait,  
 Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,  
 And forward dashed with a handful of men,

To lure the old tiger from his den  
 Into the ambush I had planned.  
 Ere we reached the town the alarm was  
     spread,

For we heard the sound of gongs from  
 within ;  
 And with clash of cymbals and warlike din  
 The gates swung wide; and we turned and  
 fled ;  
 And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,  
 With the gray old Kalif at their head,  
 And above them the banner of Mohammed:  
 So we snared them all, and the town was  
 subdued.

“As in at the gate we rode, behold,  
 A tower that is called the Tower of Gold !  
 For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,  
 Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,  
 Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;  
 And thither the miser crept by stealth  
 To feel of the gold that gave him health,  
 And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye  
 On jewels that gleamed like a glowworm’s  
 spark,  
 Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

“I said to the Kalif: ‘Thou art old,  
 Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
 Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden  
 it here,  
 Till the breath of battle was hot and near,  
 But have sown through the land these use-  
 less hoards  
 To spring into shining blades of swords,

And keep thine honor sweet and clear.  
 These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;  
 These bars of silver thou canst not eat;  
 These jewels and pearls and precious stones  
 Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,  
 Nor keep the feet of Death one hour  
 From climbing the stairways of thy tower!’

“Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,  
 And left him to feed there all alone  
 In the honey-cells of his golden hive ;  
 Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan  
 Was heard from those massive walls of stone,  
 Nor again was the Kalif seen alive !

“When at last we unlocked the door,  
 We found him dead upon the floor ;  
 The rings had dropped from his withered  
 hands,  
 His teeth were like bones in the desert  
 sands :  
 Still clutching his treasure he had died ;  
 And as he lay there, he appeared  
 A statue of gold with a silver beard,  
 His arms outstretched as if crucified.”

This is the story, strange and true,  
 That the great captain Alan  
 Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,  
 When he rode that day into Kambalu  
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

#### INTERLUDE.

“I THOUGHT before your tale began,”  
 The Student murmured, “we should have  
 Some legend written by Judah Rav  
 In his Gemara of Babylon ;  
 Or something from the Gulistan, —  
 The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,  
 Or of that King of Khorasan  
 Who saw in dreams the eyes of one  
 That had a hundred years been dead  
 Still moving restless in his head,  
 Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust  
 Of power, though all the rest was dust.

“But lo! your glittering caravan  
 On the road that leadeth to Ispahan

Hath led us farther to the East  
 Into the regions of Cathay.  
 Spite of your Kalif and his gold,  
 Pleasant has been the tale you  
 told,  
 And full of color; that at least  
 No one will question or gainsay.  
 And yet on such a dismal day  
 We need a merrier tale to clear  
 The dark and heavy atmosphere.  
 So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,  
 Without a preface, what befell  
 A simple cobbler, in the year —  
 No matter; it was long ago;  
 And that is all we need to know.”

## THE STUDENT'S TALE.

## THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow  
 You all have heard of Hagenau,  
 A quiet, quaint, and ancient town  
 Among the green Alsatian hills,  
 A place of valleys, streams, and mills,  
 Where Barbarossa's castle, brown  
 With rust of centuries, still looks down  
 On the broad, drowsy land below, —  
 On shadowy forests filled with game,  
 And the blue river winding slow  
 Through meadows, where the hedges grow  
 That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,  
 While yet the Master-singers filled  
 The noisy workshop and the guild  
 With various melodies and rhymes,  
 That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
 A cobbler, — one who loved debate,  
 And, arguing from a postulate,  
 Would say what others only felt ;  
 A man of forecast and of thrift,  
 And of a shrewd and careful mind  
 In this world's business, but inclined  
 Somewhat to let the next world drift.



Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,  
 And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
 For their poetic fame had spread  
 Even to the town of Hagenau ;  
 And some Quick Melody of the Plough,  
 Or Double Harmony of the Dove  
 Was always running in his head.  
 He kept, moreover, at his side,  
 Among his leathers and his tools,  
 "Reynard the Fox," the "Ship of Fools,"  
 Or "Eulenspiegel," open wide ;

With these he was much edified :  
 He thought them wiser than the Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,  
 Liked not these worldly themes to hear ;  
 The Psalter was her book of songs ;  
 The only music to her ear  
 Was that which to the Church belongs,  
 When the loud choir on Sunday chanted,  
 And the two angels carved in wood,  
 That by the windy organ stood,

Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,  
And all the echoes, far and near,  
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,  
This humble votary of the muse  
Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
By a projecting cornice made,  
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
And singing a familiar tune:—

“Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care;  
Our egress from the world  
Will be nobody knows where:  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there;  
And I could tell you no more,  
Should I preach a whole year!”

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;  
And with his gestures marked the time,  
Closing together with a jerk  
Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme.  
Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,  
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,  
Gazing impatiently to see  
What the great throng of folk might be  
That onward in procession came,  
Along the unfrequented street,  
With horns that blew, and drums that  
beat,  
And banners flying, and the flame  
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet  
Voices of nuns; and as they sang  
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,  
There sat a monk in ample hood,  
Who with his right hand held aloft  
A red and ponderous cross of wood,  
To which at times he meekly bowed.  
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,  
With voice and air importunate,  
A boisterous herald cried aloud:  
“The grace of God is at your gate!”  
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
And, wagging his sagacious head,  
Unto his kneeling housewife said:  
“'T is the monk Tetzal. I have heard  
The cawings of that reverend bird.  
Don't let him cheat you of your gold;  
Indulgence is not bought and sold.”

The church of Hagenau, that night,  
Was full of people, full of light;  
An odor of incense filled the air,  
The priest intoned, the organ groaned  
Its inarticulate despair;  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the glare.  
Below, upon the altar-rail  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair.  
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound  
And carved with many a quaint device,  
Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,  
Tetzal the monk, with fiery glow,  
Thundered upon the crowd below.  
“Good people all, draw near!” he said;  
“Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,  
By which all sins, though unrevealed  
And unrepented, are forgiven!  
Count but the gain, count not the loss!  
Your gold and silver are but dross,  
And yet they pave the way to heaven.  
I hear your mothers and your sires  
Cry from their purgatorial fires,  
And will ye not their ransom pay?  
O senseless people! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?  
Will ye not enter in to-day?  
To-morrow it will be too late;  
I shall be gone upon my way.  
Make haste! bring money while ye may!”

The women shuddered, and turned pale;  
Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar-rail.  
Pieces of silver and of gold

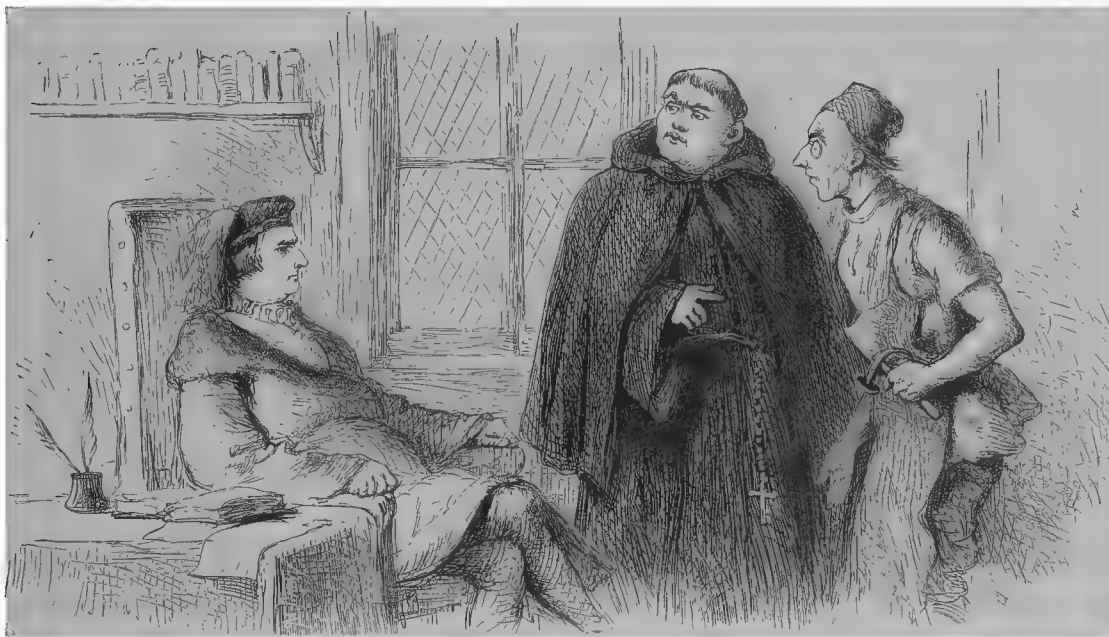
Into the tinkling strong-box fell  
 Like pebbles dropped into a well ;  
 And soon the ballads were all sold.  
 The cobbler's wife among the rest  
 Slipped into the capacious chest  
 A golden florin ; then withdrew,  
 Hiding the paper in her breast ;  
 And homeward through the darkness went  
 Comforted, quieted, content ;  
 She did not walk, she rather flew,  
 A dove that settles to her nest,  
 When some appalling bird of prey  
 That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,  
 The summer passed, the winter came ;  
 Though seasons changed, yet still the same  
 The daily round of life went on ;  
 The daily round of household care,  
 The narrow life of toil and prayer.  
 But in her heart the cobbler's dame  
 Had now a treasure beyond price,  
 A secret joy without a name,  
 The certainty of Paradise.  
 Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust !  
 Before the winter wore away,  
 Her body in the churchyard lay,

Her patient soul was with the Just !  
 After her death, among the things  
 That even the poor preserve with care, —  
 Some little trinkets and cheap rings,  
 A locket with her mother's hair,  
 Her wedding gown, the faded flowers  
 She wore upon her wedding day, —  
 Among these memories of past hours,  
 That so much of the heart reveal,  
 Carefully kept and put away,  
 The Letter of Indulgence lay  
 Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and pained,  
 Waited and wondered that no word  
 Of mass or requiem he heard,  
 As by the Holy Church ordained :  
 Then to the Magistrate complained,  
 That as this woman had been dead  
 A week or more, and no mass said,  
 It was rank heresy, or at least  
 Contempt of Church ; thus said the Priest :  
 And straight the cobbler was arraigned

He came, confiding in his cause,  
 But rather doubtful of the laws.  
 The Justice from his elbow-chair



Gave him a look that seemed to say :  
 "Thou standest before a Magistrate,  
 Therefore do not prevaricate !"  
 Then asked him in a business way,  
 Kindly but cold : "Is thy wife dead ?"  
 The cobbler meekly bowed his head ;  
 "She is," came struggling from his throat  
 Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote  
 The words down in a book, and then  
 Continued, as he raised his pen ;  
 "She is ; and hath a mass been said  
 For the salvation of her soul ?  
 Come, speak the truth ! confess the whole !"  
 The cobbler without pause replied :  
 "Of mass or prayer there was no need ;  
 For at the moment when she died  
 Her soul was with the glorified !"  
 And from his pocket with all speed  
 He drew the priestly title-deed,  
 And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;  
 And as he read his mirth increased ;  
 At times his shaggy brows he raised,  
 Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,  
 Now archly at the angry Priest.

"From all excesses, sins, and crimes  
 Thou hast committed in past times  
 Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,  
 Purified from all earthly taints,  
 To the communion of the Saints  
 And to the sacraments restore !  
 All stains of weakness, and all trace  
 Of shame and censure I efface ;  
 Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,  
 And make thee innocent and pure,  
 So that in dying, unto thee  
 The gates of heaven shall open be !  
 Though long thou livest, yet this grace  
 Until the moment of thy death  
 Unchangeable continueth !"

Then said he to the Priest : "I find  
 This document is duly signed  
 Brother John Tetzl, his own hand.  
 At all tribunals in the land  
 In evidence it may be used ;  
 Therefore acquitted is the accused."  
 Then to the cobbler turned : "My friend,  
 Pray tell me, didst thou ever read  
 'Reynard the Fox ?' " — "Oh yes, indeed ! " —  
 "I thought so. Don't forget the end."

#### INTERLUDE.

"WHAT was the end ? I am ashamed  
 Not to remember Reynard's fate ;  
 I have not read the book of late ;  
 Was he not hanged ?" the Poet said.  
 The student gravely shook his head,  
 And answered : "You exaggerate.  
 There was a tournament proclaimed,  
 And Reynard fought with Isegrim  
 The Wolf, and having vanquished him,  
 Rose to high honor in the State,  
 And Keeper of the Seals was named !"

At this the gay Sicilian laughed :  
 "Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft ;  
 Successful cunning seems to be  
 The moral of your tale," said he.  
 "Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
 Had none at all, that I could see ;  
 His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
 His violin the Minstrel drew,  
 And having tuned its strings anew,  
 Now held it close in his embrace,  
 And poising in his outstretched hand  
 The bow, like a magician's wand,  
 He paused, and said, with beaming face :  
 "Last night my story was too long ;  
 To-day I give you but a song,  
 An old tradition of the North ;  
 But first, to put you in the mood,  
 I will a little while prelude,  
 And from this instrument draw forth  
 Something by way of overture."

He played ; at first the tones were pure  
 And tender as a summer night,  
 The full moon climbing to her height,  
 The sob and ripple of the seas,



The flapping of an idle sail ;  
 And then by sudden and sharp degrees  
 The multiplied, wild harmonies  
 Freshened and burst into a gale ;  
 A tempest howling through the dark,  
 A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
 A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale  
 Told by the Minstrel ; and at times

He paused amid its varying rhymes,  
 And at each pause again broke in  
 The music of his violin,  
 With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
 Movements of trouble or of calm,  
 Creating their own atmosphere ;  
 As sitting in a church we hear  
 Between the verses of the psalm  
 The organ playing soft and clear,  
 Or thundering on the startled ear.

### THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

#### THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

##### I.



AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
 Within the sandy bar,  
 At sunset of a summer's day,  
 Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
 The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,  
 And played along her side ;  
 And through the cabin windows streamed  
 In ripples of golden light, that seemed  
 The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,  
 Old skippers brown and hale,  
 Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,  
 And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
 Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn  
 About Klaboterman,  
 The Kobold of the sea ; a spright  
 Invisible to mortal sight,  
 Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,  
 Sometimes upon the mast,  
 Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,  
 Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
 And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,  
 And toiled with jovial din ;  
 He helped them hoist and reef the sails,  
 He helped them stow the casks and bales,  
 And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
 The idlers of the crew;  
 Them to torment was his delight,  
 And worry them by day and night,  
 And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
 Klaboterman behold.  
 It is a certain sign of death! —  
 The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
 He felt his blood run cold.

## II.

THE jolly skipper paused awhile,  
 And then again began;  
 "There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,  
 "A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,  
 And is called the Carmilhan.



"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,  
 In tempests she appears;  
 And before the gale, or against the gale,  
 She sails without a rag of sail,  
 Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south,  
 But mostly the mid-sea,

Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare  
 Like furnace chimneys in the air,  
 And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship  
 That meets the Carmilhan;  
 Over her decks the seas will leap,  
 She must go down into the deep,  
 And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar  
 Laughed loud with merry heart.  
 "I should like to see this ship," said he;  
 "I should like to find these Chimneys Three  
 That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,  
 "With a good stiff breeze behind,  
 When the sea was blue, and the sky was  
 clear, —  
 You can follow my course by these pin-  
 holes here, —  
 And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,  
 He swore by the Kingdoms Three,  
 That, should he meet the Carmilhan,  
 He would run her down, although he ran  
 Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,  
 The cabin-boy had heard;  
 He lingered at the door to hear,  
 And drank in all with greedy ear,  
 And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
 But of a roving mind.  
 "Oh, it must be like heaven," thought he,  
 "Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
 And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
 The mariners blaspheme,  
 He thought of home, he thought of God,  
 And his mother under the church-yard sod,  
 And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;  
 'T was the Klaboterman,  
 Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
 And made a sign upon his breast,  
 All evil things to ban.

## III.

THE cabin windows have grown blank  
 As eyeballs of the dead;  
 No more the glancing sunbeams burn  
 On the gilt letters of the stern,  
 But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,  
 Who looketh with disdain  
 To see his image in the tide  
 Dismembered float from side to side,  
 And reunite again.

"It is the wind," those skippers said,  
 "That swings the vessel so;  
 It is the wind; it freshens fast,  
 'T is time to say farewell at last,  
 'T is time for us to go."

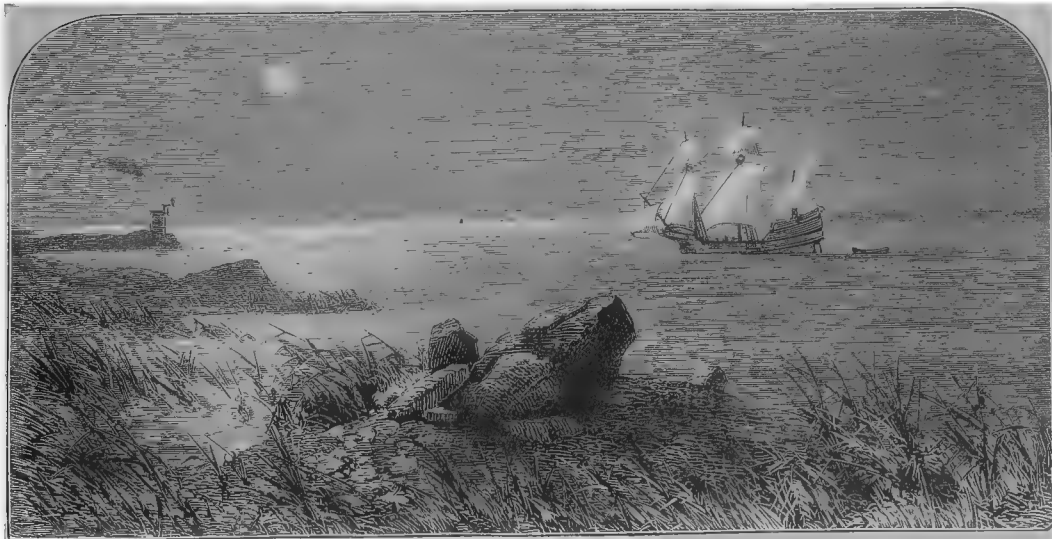
They shook the captain by the hand,  
 "Good luck! good luck!" they cried;  
 Each face was like the setting sun,  
 As, broad and red, they one by one  
 Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,  
 Serene o'er field and flood;  
 And all the winding creeks and bays  
 And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,  
 The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,  
 As fair as wind could be;  
 Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
 With all sail set, the Valdemar  
 Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
 As one who walks in dreams;  
 A tower of marble in her light,  
 A wall of black, a wall of white,  
 The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast  
 The lights begin to burn;  
 And now, uplifted high in air,  
 They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
 And now drop far astern.



The dawn appears, the land is gone,  
 The sea is all around ;  
 Then on each hand low hills of sand  
 Emerge and form another land ;  
 She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack  
 She flitteth like a ghost ;  
 By day and night, by night and day,  
 She bounds, she flies upon her way  
 Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
 Cape Finisterre is past ;  
 Into the open ocean stream  
 She floats, the vision of a dream  
 Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
 There is no land in sight ;  
 The liquid planets overhead  
 Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
 And longer stays the night.

## IV.

AND now along the horizon's edge  
 Mountains of cloud uprose,  
 Black as with forests underneath,  
 Above, their sharp and jagged teeth  
 Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
 But flushed each snowy peak  
 A little while with rosy light,  
 That faded slowly from the sight  
 As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black ;  
 The clouds were everywhere ;  
 There was a feeling of suspense  
 In nature, a mysterious sense  
 Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar  
 Was still as still could be ;  
 Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,  
 As ever and anon she rolled,  
 And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck  
 Went striding to and fro ;  
 Now watched the compass at the wheel,  
 Now lifted up his hand to feel  
 Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,  
 And now upon the deep ;  
 In every fibre of his frame  
 He felt the storm before it came,  
 He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
 With a great rush of rain,  
 Making the ocean white with spume,  
 In darkness like the day of doom,  
 On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,  
 And rent the sky in two ;  
 A jagged flame, a single jet  
 Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
 That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,  
 And blacker than before ;  
 But in that single flash of light  
 He had beheld a fearful sight,  
 And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,  
 The ghostly Carmilhan !  
 Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,  
 And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
 Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
 Or clambering up the shrouds ;  
 The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail  
 Were like the piping of the gale,  
 And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan  
 There rose up from the sea,  
 As from a foundered ship of stone,  
 Three bare and splintered masts alone :  
 They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,  
But cleft it unaware ;  
As when, careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar ;  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed ;  
They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed before,  
And some they wept, and some they swore,  
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,  
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light  
To streak the east began ;  
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan.



## INTERLUDE.

WHEN the long murmur of applause  
 That greeted the Musician's lay  
 Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
 And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
 That followed died upon their lips  
 And came unto a natural pause,  
 "These tales you tell are one and all  
 Of the Old World," the Poet said,  
 "Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall,  
 Dead leaves that rustle as they fall ;  
 Let me present you in their stead  
 Something of our New England earth,  
 A tale, which, though of no great  
       worth,  
 Has still this merit, that it yields  
 A certain freshness of the fields,  
 A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered : " Be discreet ;  
 For if the flour be fresh and sound,  
 And if the bread be light and sweet,

Who careth in what mill 't was ground,  
 Or of what oven felt the heat,  
 Unless, as old Cervantes said,  
 You are looking after better bread  
 Than any that is made of wheat ?  
 You know that people nowadays  
 To what is old give little praise ;  
 All must be new in prose and verse,  
 They want hot bread, or something worse,  
 Fresh every morning, and half baked ;  
 The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
 Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
 Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May  
 Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,  
 The Poet's face, before so gay,  
 Was clouded with a look of pain,  
 But suddenly brightened up again ;  
 And without further let or stay  
 He told his tale of yesterday.

## THE POET'S TALE.

## LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something  
       more,  
 In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern  
       door,  
 Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,  
 Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,  
 Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.  
 Above her head, resplendent on the sign,  
 The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
 In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,  
 Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,  
 Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,  
 And half resolved, though he was past his  
       prime,  
 And rather damaged by the lapse of time,  
 To fall down at her feet, and to declare  
 The passion that had driven him to de-  
       spair.

For from his lofty station he had seen  
 Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-  
       green,  
 Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in  
       hand,  
 Down the long lane, and out into the land,  
 And knew that he was far upon the way  
 To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay !

Just then the meditations of the Earl  
 Were interrupted by a little girl,  
 Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,  
 Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders  
       bare,  
 A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
 Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,  
 A creature men would worship and adore,  
 Though now in mean habiliments she bore



A pail of water, dripping through the  
street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —  
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;  
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;  
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and  
glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:  
And with uncommon feelings of delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her  
say

These words, or thought he did, as plain  
as day:

“O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go  
About the town half dressed, and looking  
so!”

At which the gypsy laughed, and straight  
replied:

“No matter how I look; I yet shall ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am.” And on the  
child

The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,  
As with her heavy burden she passed on,  
Looked back, then turned the corner, and  
was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,  
Arrested his attention was a gay  
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and  
spun,

The silver harness glittering in the sun,  
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose and  
sank,

While all alone within the chariot sat  
A portly person with three-cornered hat,

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,  
 Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered  
     hair,  
 And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,  
 Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.  
 Onward the pageant swept, and as it  
     passed,  
 Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and  
     fast ;  
 For this was Governor Wentworth, driving  
     down  
 To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,  
 Where his Great House stood looking out  
     to sea,  
 A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
 Near and yet hidden from the great high-  
     road,  
 Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,  
 Baronial and colonial in its style ;  
 Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,  
 And stacks of chimneys rising high in  
     air, —  
 Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that  
     blew  
 Made mournful music the whole winter  
     through.  
 Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,  
 Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;  
 Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen  
     dogs  
 Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of  
     logs ;  
 Doors opening into darkness unawares,  
 Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs ;  
 And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,  
 The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scrip-  
     ture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man  
     dwelt,  
 A widower and childless ; and he felt  
 The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,  
 That like a presence haunted every room :  
 For though not given to weakness, he could  
     feel  
 The pain of wounds, that ache because they  
     heal.

The years came and the years went, —  
     seven in all,  
 And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the  
     Hall ;  
 The dawns their splendor through its cham-  
     bers shed,  
 The sunsets flushed its western windows  
     red ;  
 The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the  
     rain ;  
 Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again ;  
 Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed  
     and died,  
 In the broad river ebbed and flowed the  
     tide,  
 Ships went to sea, and ships came home  
     from sea,  
 And the slow years sailed by and ceased  
     to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton  
     served  
 In the Great House, not wholly unob-  
     served :  
 By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,  
 Though hidden by clouds, her light still  
     shining through ;  
 A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,  
 A servant who made service seem divine !  
 Through her each room was fair to look  
     upon ;  
 The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,  
 The very knocker on the outer door,  
 If she but passed, was brighter than be-  
     fore.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill  
 Of time, that never for an hour stands  
     still,  
 Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birth-  
     day,  
 And powdered his brown hair with silver-  
     gray.  
 The robin, the forerunner of the spring,  
 The bluebird with his jocund carolling,  
 The restless swallows building in the eaves,  
 The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,  
 The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,  
 All welcomed this majestic holiday !



He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,  
Such as became the Governor of the State,  
Who represented England and the King,  
And was magnificent in everything.  
He had invited all his friends and peers, —  
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the  
rest ;

For why repeat the name of every guest?  
But I must mention one in bands and  
gown,

The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown  
Of the Established Church ; with smiling face  
He sat beside the Governor and said grace ;  
And then the feast went on, as others do,  
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many  
a cheer,

The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,  
Who disappeared, and presently there stood  
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,  
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,  
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.  
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!  
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty  
years,

How ladylike, how queenlike she appears ;  
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by

Is Dian now in all her majesty !  
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was  
there,

Until the Governor, rising from his chair,  
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked  
down,

And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown :  
" This is my birthday : it shall likewise be  
My wedding-day ; and you shall marry me ! "

The listening guests were greatly mystified,  
None more so than the rector, who replied :

" Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant  
task,

Your Excellency ; but to whom? I ask."

The Governor answered : " To this lady  
here ; "

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.  
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.  
The rector paused. The impatient Gov-  
ernor cried :

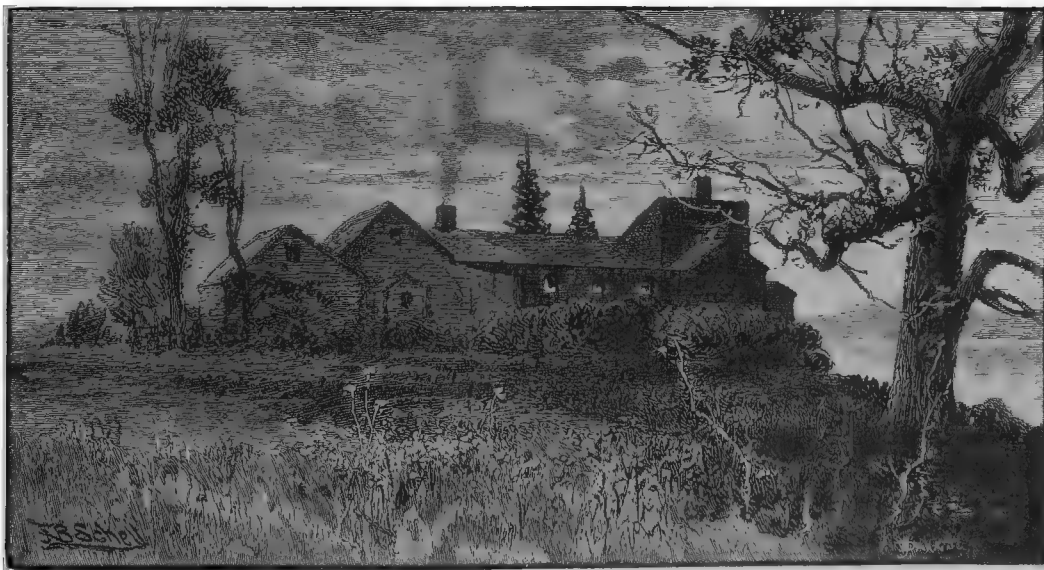
" This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?  
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."

The rector read the service loud and clear :

" Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"

And so on to the end. At his command  
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand  
The Governor placed the ring ; and that  
was all :

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!



## INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.  
 The Theologian said : " Indeed,  
 To praise you there is little need ;  
 One almost hears the farmer's flail  
 Thresh out your wheat, nor does there  
     fail

A certain freshness, as you said,  
 And sweetness as of home-made bread.  
 But not less sweet and not less fresh  
 Are many legends that I know,  
 Writ by the monks of long-ago,  
 Who loved to mortify the flesh,  
 So that the soul might purer grow,  
 And rise to a diviner state ;  
 And one of these — perhaps of all  
 Most beautiful — I now recall,  
 And with permission will narrate ;

Hoping thereby to make amends  
 For that grim tragedy of mine,  
 As strong and black as Spanish wine,  
 I told last night, and wish almost  
 It had remained untold, my friends ;  
 For Torquemada's awful ghost  
 Came to me in the dreams I dreamed,  
 And in the darkness glared and gleamed  
 Like a great light-house on the coast."

The Student laughing said : " Far more  
 Like to some dismal fire of bale  
 Flaring portentous on a hill ;  
 Or torches lighted on a shore  
 By wreckers in a midnight gale.  
 No matter ; be it as you will,  
 Only go forward with your tale."

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

" HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !"  
 That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
 Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
 Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
 For his sins of indecision,  
 Prayed for greater self-denial  
 In temptation and in trial ;  
 It was noonday by the dial,  
 And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
 An unwonted splendor brightened  
 All within him and without him  
 In that narrow cell of stone ;  
 And he saw the Blessed Vision  
 Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
 Like a vesture wrapped about Him,  
 Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
 Not in agonies of pain,

Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
 Did the Monk his Master see ;  
 But as in the village street,  
 In the house or harvest-field,  
 Halt and lame and blind He healed, .  
 When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
 Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
 Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
 Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
 Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
 Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
 To reveal thyself to me ?  
 Who am I, that from the centre  
 Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
 This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
 Loud the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Rang through court and corridor  
 With persistent iteration

He had never heard before.  
 It was now the appointed hour  
 When alike in shine or shower,  
 Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 To the convent portals came  
 All the blind and halt and lame,  
 All the beggars of the street,  
 For their daily dole of food  
 Dealt them by the brotherhood;  
 And their almoner was he  
 Who upon his bended knee,  
 Rapt in silent ecstasy  
 Of divinest self-surrender,  
 Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation  
 Mingled with his adoration;  
 Should he go or should he stay?

Should he leave the poor to wait  
 Hungry at the convent gate,  
 Till the Vision passed away?  
 Should he slight his radiant guest,  
 Slight this visitant celestial,  
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
 Beggars at the convent gate?  
 Would the Vision there remain?  
 Would the Vision come again?  
 Then a voice within his breast  
 Whispered, audible and clear  
 As if to the outward ear:  
 "Do thy duty; that is best;  
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
 And with longing look intent  
 On the Blessed Vision bent,



Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing.

Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling,

But he paused with awe-struck feeling

At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

#### INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the Legend more or less;  
Some liked the moral, some the verse;  
Some thought it better, and some worse  
Than other legends of the past;  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling, at last  
The Theologian gravely said:  
"The Spanish proverb, then, is right;  
Consult your friends on what you do,  
And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red."  
And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven,  
A cluster like the Pleiades,  
And lo! it happens, as with these,

That one is missing from our heaven.  
Where is the Landlord? Bring him here;  
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the bar,  
A place that landlords most frequent,  
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall;  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,  
Exclaiming: "Well, our bashful host  
Hath surely given up the ghost.

Another proverb says the dead  
 Can tell no tales ; and that is true.  
 It follows, then, that one of you  
 Must tell a story in his stead.  
 You must," he to the Student said,  
 "Who know so many of the best,  
 And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words beguiled,  
 The Student, happy as a child  
 When he is called a little man,  
 Assumed the double task imposed,  
 And without more ado unclosed  
 His smiling lips, and thus began.

### THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

#### THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
 Has left his château in the Pyrenees,  
 And sailed across the western seas.  
 When he went away from his fair demesne  
 The birds were building, the woods were  
 green ;  
 And now the winds of winter blow  
 Round the turrets of the old château,  
 The birds are silent and unseen,  
 The leaves lie dead in the ravine,  
 And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

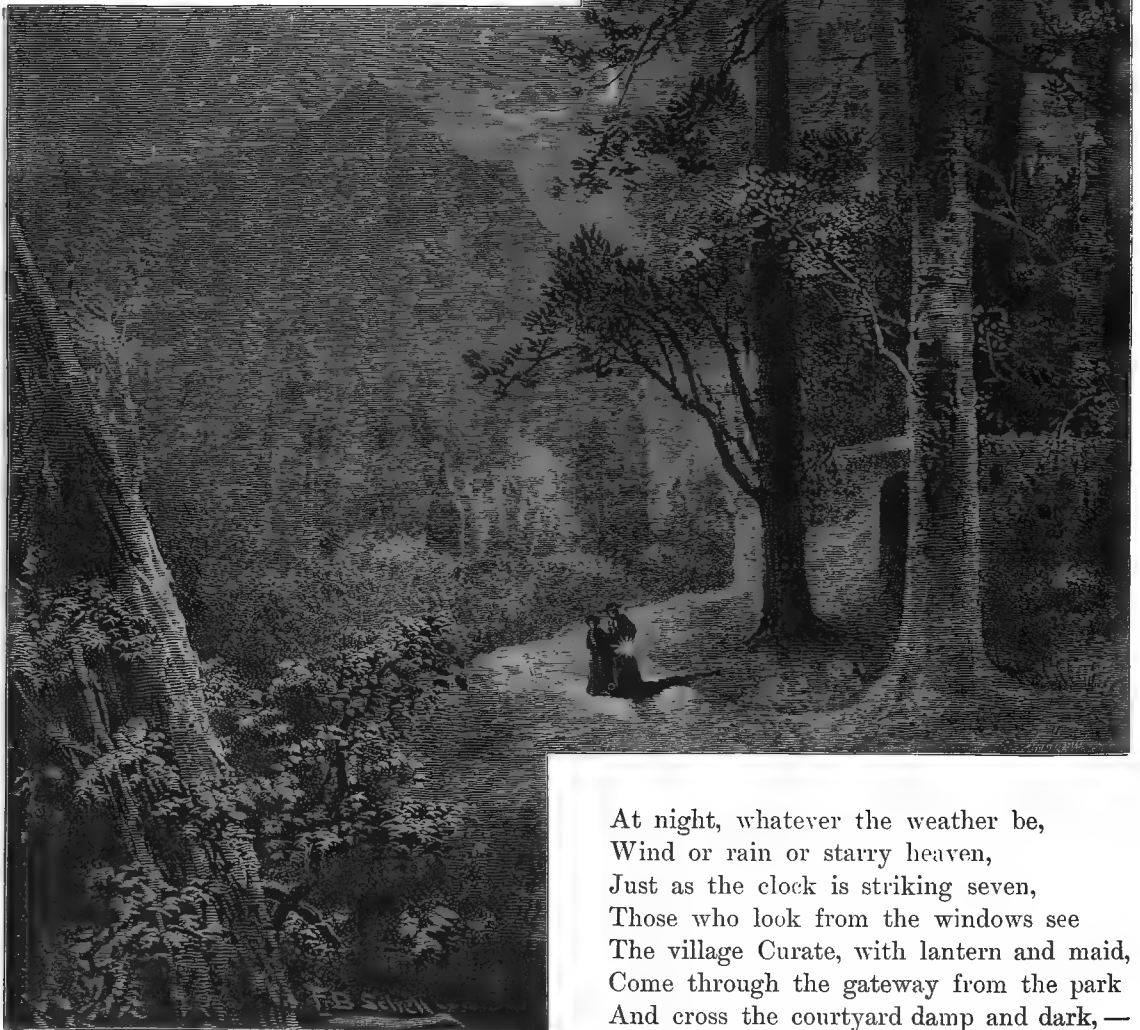
His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
 Sits by the fireside day by day,  
 Thinking ever one thought of care :  
 Through the southern windows, narrow and  
 tall,  
 The sun shines into the ancient hall,  
 And makes a glory round his hair.  
 The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,  
 Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,  
 Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,  
 So silent is it everywhere, —



So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall;  
And the old man rouses from his dreams,  
And wanders restless through the house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile;  
He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,  
Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay,  
There are the pictures bright and gay,  
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas;  
There are his powder-flask and gun,

And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan  
The chair by the window where he sat,  
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,  
Looking out on the Pyrenees,  
Looking out on Mount Marboré  
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.  
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;  
There is a mist before his eyes.



At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking seven,  
Those who look from the windows see  
The village Curate, with lantern and maid,  
Come through the gateway from the park  
And cross the courtyard damp and dark, —  
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands,  
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,  
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze  
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,  
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,  
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,  
And what they did, and what they said,  
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,  
His mind still coming back again  
To the one sad thought that haunts his  
brain,

"Are there any tidings from over sea?  
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"  
And the Curate answers, looking down,  
Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
"Young blood! young blood! It must so  
be!"

And draws from the pocket of his gown  
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,  
And wipes his spectacles, and they play  
Their little game of lansquenet  
In silence for an hour or so,  
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear  
From the village lying asleep below,  
And across the courtyard, into the dark  
Of the winding pathway in the park,  
Curate and lantern disappear,  
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,  
She has been signalled from below,  
And into the harbor of Bordeaux  
She sails with her gallant company.  
But among them is nowhere seen  
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;  
He hath tarried behind, I ween,  
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro  
Through the chambers of the old château,  
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
Of wheels on the road that runs below,  
Of servants hurrying here and there,  
The voice in the courtyard, the step on  
the stair,  
Waiting for some one who doth not come!  
But letters there are, which the old man  
reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night,  
Word by word, as an acolyte  
Repeats his prayers and tells his beads;  
Letters full of the rolling sea,  
Full of a young man's joy to be  
Abroad in the world, alone and free;  
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes  
Of hunting the deer through forests vast  
In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;  
Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines;  
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,  
And his daughters, glorious as queens,  
And beautiful beyond belief;  
And so soft the tones of their native  
tongue,  
The words are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:  
"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days  
We should have liked to hunt the deer  
All day amid those forest scenes,  
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines;  
But now it is better sitting here  
Within four walls, and without the fear  
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;  
For man is fire and woman is tow,  
And the Somebody comes and begins to  
blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise  
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
As fire-light on a window-pane  
Glimmers and vanishes again;  
But naught he answers; he only sighs,  
And for a moment bows his head;  
Then, as their custom is, they play  
Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month depart,  
When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.  
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,  
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand;  
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,



He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,  
 No malediction falls from his tongue ;  
 But his stately figure, erect and grand,  
 Bends and sinks like a column of sand  
 In the whirlwind of his great despair.  
 Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath  
 Of parley at the door of death  
 Is a blessing on his wayward son.  
 Lower and lower on his breast  
 Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ;  
 No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château  
 Lies tenantless and desolate ;  
 Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,  
 About its gables caws the crow ;  
 Only the porter at the gate  
 Is left to guard it, and to wait  
 The coming of the rightful heir ;  
 No other life or sound is there ;  
 No more the Curate comes at night,  
 No more is seen the unsteady light,  
 Threading the alleys of the park ;  
 The windows of the hall are dark,  
 The chambers dreary, cold, and bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past,  
 And birds are building, and woods are  
 green,

With flying skirts is the Curate seen  
 Speeding along the woodland way,  
 Humming gayly, "No day is so long  
 But it comes at last to vesper-song."  
 He stops at the porter's lodge to say  
 That at last the Baron of St. Castine  
 Is coming home with his Indian queen,  
 Is coming without a week's delay ;  
 And all the house must be swept and  
 clean,

And all things set in good array !  
 And the solemn porter shakes his head ;  
 And the answer he makes is : "Lackaday !  
 We will see, as the blind man said !"

Alert since first the day began,  
 The cock upon the village church  
 Looks northward from his airy perch,  
 As if beyond the ken of man  
 To see the ships come sailing on,  
 And pass the Isle of Oléron,  
 And pass the Tower of Cordouan.





In the church below is cold in clay  
 The heart that would have leaped for joy —  
 O tender heart of truth and trust! —  
 To see the coming of that day;  
 In the church below the lips are dust;  
 Dust are the hands, and dust the feet  
 That would have been so swift to meet  
 The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château  
 Is a blaze of light above and below;  
 There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the  
     street,  
 A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,  
 Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,  
 And the Baron hath come again to his own.  
 The Curate is waiting in the hall,  
 Most eager and alive of all  
 To welcome the Baron and Baroness;  
 But his mind is full of vague distress,  
 For he hath read in Jesuit books  
 Of those children of the wilderness,  
 And now, good, simple man! he looks  
 To see a painted savage stride  
 Into the room, with shoulders bare,  
 And eagle feathers in her hair,  
 And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame  
 A form of beauty undefined,  
 A loveliness without a name,  
 Not of degree, but more of kind;  
 Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
 But a new mingling of them all.  
 Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
 Transfigured and transfused, he sees  
 The lady of the Pyrenees,  
 The daughter of the Indian chief.  
 Beneath the shadow of her hair  
 The gold-bronze color of the skin  
 Seems lighted by a fire within,  
 As when a burst of sunlight shines  
 Beneath a sombre grove of pines, —  
 A dusky splendor in the air.  
 The two small hands, that now are pressed  
 In his, seem made to be caressed,  
 They lie so warm and soft and still,  
 Like birds half hidden in a nest,  
 Trustful, and innocent of ill.

And ah! he cannot believe his ears  
 When her melodious voice he hears  
 Speaking his native Gascon tongue;  
 The words she utters seem to be  
 Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
 They are not spoken, they are sung!  
 And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,  
 I told you but the simple truth;  
 Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day  
 The people gossip in their way,  
 And stare to see the Baroness pass  
 On Sunday morning to early Mass;  
 And when she kneeleth down to pray,  
 They wonder, and whisper together, and say  
 "Surely this is no heathen lass!"  
 And in course of time they learn to bless  
 The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns  
 A secret so dreadful, that by turns  
 He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.  
 The Baron at confession hath said,  
 That though this woman be his wife,  
 He hath wed her as the Indians wed,  
 He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!  
 And the Curate replies: "O profligate,  
 O Prodigal Son! return once more  
 To the open arms and the open door  
 Of the Church, or ever it be too late.  
 Thank God, thy father did not live  
 To see what he could not forgive;  
 On thee, so reckless and perverse,  
 He left his blessing, not his curse.  
 But the nearer the dawn the darker the  
     night,

And by going wrong all things come right;  
 Things have been mended that were worse,  
 And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.  
 For the sake of the living and the dead,  
 Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,  
 And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,  
 In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
 And pourest thine impartial light  
 Alike on mountain and on moor,  
 Pause for a moment in thy course,

And bless the bridegroom and the bride!  
 O Gave, that from thy hidden source  
 In yon mysterious mountain-side  
 Pursuest thy wandering way alone,  
 And leaping down its steps of stone,  
 Along the meadow-lands demure  
 Stealest away to the Adour,  
 Pause for a moment in thy course  
 To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,  
 The doors of the church are opened wide,

The people crowd, and press, and throng  
 To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
 They enter and pass along the nave;  
 They stand upon the father's grave;  
 The bells are ringing soft and slow;  
 The living above and the dead below  
 Give their blessing on one and twain;  
 The warm wind blows from the hills of  
 Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are green,  
 And Baron Castine of St. Castine  
 Hath come at last to his own again.

### FINALE.

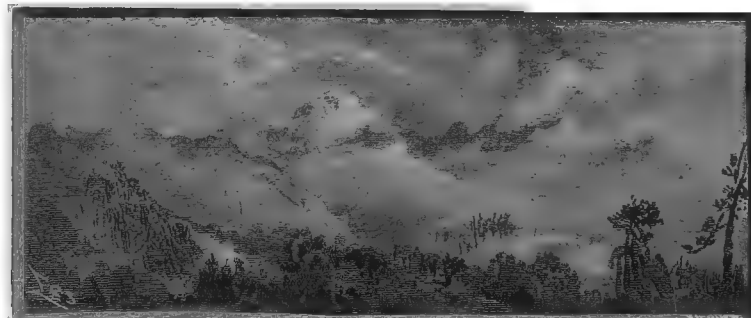
"*Nunc plaudite!*" the Student cried,  
 When he had finished; "now applaud,  
 As Roman actors used to say  
 At the conclusion of a play;"  
 And rose, and spread his hands abroad,  
 And smiling bowed from side to side,  
 As one who bears the palm away.  
 And generous was the applause and loud,  
 But less for him than for the sun,  
 That even as the tale was done  
 Burst from its canopy of cloud,  
 And lit the landscape with the blaze  
 Of afternoon on autumn days,  
 And filled the room with light, and made  
 The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west  
 Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;  
 The windows rattled with the blast,  
 The oak-trees shouted as it passed,  
 And straight, as if by fear possessed,  
 The cloud encampment on the hill

Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent  
 Vanished into the firmament,  
 And down the valley fled amain  
 The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky  
 A mass of clouds, like drifted snow  
 Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
 Was heaped together, vast and high,  
 On which a shattered rainbow hung,  
 Not rising like the ruined arch  
 Of some aerial aqueduct,  
 But like a roseate garland plucked  
 From an Olympian god, and flung  
 Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom,  
 Like birds escaping from a snare,  
 Like school-boys at the hour of play,  
 All left at once the pent-up room,  
 And rushed into the open air;  
 And no more tales were told that day.





## PRELUDE.

THE evening came ; the golden vane  
 A moment in the sunset glanced,  
 Then darkened, and then gleamed again,  
 As from the east the moon advanced  
 And touched it with a softer light ;  
 While underneath, with flowing mane,  
 Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,  
 And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon  
 That followed the dark day of rain,  
 And brighter than the golden vane  
 That glistened in the rising moon,  
 Within, the ruddy fire-light gleamed ;  
 And every separate window-pane,  
 Backed by the outer darkness, showed  
 A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed  
 And flickered to and fro, and seemed  
 A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,  
 Like an old actor on the stage,  
 With the uncertain voice of age,  
 The singing chimney chanted low  
 The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,  
 When midnight winds were in his hall ;  
 A ghostly and appealing call,  
 A sound of days that are no more !  
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,  
 And listened to the sound, and knew  
 The passing of the airy hosts,  
 The gray and misty cloud of ghosts  
 In their interminable flight ;

And listening muttered in his beard,  
 With accent indistinct and weird,  
 “Who are ye, children of the Night?”

Beholding his mysterious face,  
 “Tell me,” the gay Sicilian said,  
 “Why was it that in breaking bread  
 At supper, you bent down your head  
 And, musing, paused a little space,  
 As one who says a silent grace?”

The Jew replied, with solemn air,  
 “I said the Manichæan’s prayer.  
 It was his faith, — perhaps is mine, —  
 That life in all its forms is one,  
 And that its secret conduits run  
 Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
 From the great fountain-head divine  
 Through man and beast, through grain and  
 grass.

Howe’er we struggle, strive, and cry,  
 From death there can be no escape,  
 And no escape from life, alas !  
 Because we cannot die, but pass  
 From one into another shape :  
 It is but into life we die.

“Therefore the Manichæan said  
 This simple prayer on breaking bread,  
 Lest he with hasty hand or knife  
 Might wound the incarcerated life,  
 The soul in things that we call dead :  
 ‘I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,  
 I did not thrash thee, did not grind  
 thee,

Nor did I in the oven bake thee !  
 It was not I, it was another  
 Did these things unto thee, O brother ;  
 I only have thee, hold thee, break thee ! ”

“ That birds have souls I can concede , ”  
 The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks ;  
 “ The flocks that from their beds of reed  
 Uprising north or southward fly,  
 And flying write upon the sky  
 The biforked letter of the Greeks,  
 As hath been said by Rucellai ;  
 All birds that sing or chirp or cry,  
 Even those migratory bands,  
 The minor poets of the air,  
 The plover, peep, and sanderling,  
 That hardly can be said to sing,  
 But pipe along the barren sands, —  
 All these have souls akin to ours ;  
 So hath the lovely race of flowers :

Thus much I grant, but nothing more.  
 The rusty hinges of a door  
 Are not alive because they creak ;  
 This chimney, with its dreary roar,  
 These rattling windows, do not speak ! ”  
 “ To me they speak,” the Jew replied ;  
 “ And in the sounds that sink and soar,  
 I hear the voices of a tide  
 That breaks upon an unknown shore ! ”

Here the Sicilian interfered :  
 “ That was your dream, then, as you dozed  
 A moment since, with eyes half-closed,  
 And murmured something in your beard.”  
 The Hebrew smiled, and answered, “ Nay ;  
 Not that, but something very near ;  
 Like, and yet not the same, may seem  
 The vision of my waking dream ;  
 Before it wholly dies away,  
 Listen to me, and you shall hear.”

### THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate  
 At evening, on the pavement tessellate  
 Was walking with a stranger from the East,  
 Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,  
 The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned man,  
 And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.  
 And as they walked the guest became aware  
 Of a white figure in the twilight air,  
 Gazing intent, as one who with surprise  
 His form and features seemed to recognize ;  
 And in a whisper to the king he said :  
 “ What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,  
 Is watching me, as if he sought to trace  
 In the dim light the features of my face ? ”

The king looked, and replied : “ I know  
 him well ;  
 It is the Angel men call Azrael,  
 'Tis the Death Angel ; what hast thou to  
 fear ? ”  
 And the guest answered : “ Lest he should  
 come near,  
 And speak to me, and take away my breath !

Save me from Azrael, save me from death !  
 O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,  
 Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind.”

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,  
 Whispered a word, and raised his hand on  
 high,  
 And lo ! the signet-ring of chrysoprase  
 On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze  
 With hidden fire, and rushing from the west  
 There came a mighty wind, and seized the  
 guest  
 And lifted him from earth, and on they  
 passed,  
 His shining garments streaming in the blast,  
 A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,  
 A purple cloud, that gleamed and disap-  
 peared.  
 Then said the Angel, smiling : “ If this man  
 Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,  
 Thou hast done well in listening to his  
 prayer ;  
 I was upon my way to seek him there.”

## INTERLUDE.

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night  
Your ghostly legends of affright,  
And let the Talmud rest in peace;  
Spare us your dismal tales of death  
That almost take away one's breath;  
So doing, may your tribe increase."

Thus the Sicilian said; then went  
And on the spinet's rattling keys  
Played Marianina, like a breeze  
From Naples and the Southern seas,  
That brings us the delicious scent  
Of citron and of orange trees,  
And memories of soft days of ease  
At Capri and Amalfi spent.

"Not so," the eager Poet said;  
"At least, not so before I tell  
The story of my Azrael,  
An angel mortal as ourselves,

Which in an ancient tome I found  
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,  
Chained with an iron chain, and bound  
In parchment, and with clasps of brass,  
Lest from its prison, some dark day,  
It might be stolen or steal away,  
While the good friars were singing mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne,  
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers  
And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast,  
With lightning flaming through its show-  
ers,  
He swept across the Lombard plain,  
Beleaguering with his warlike train  
Pavia, the country's pride and boast,  
The City of the Hundred Towers."

Thus heralded the tale began,  
And thus in sober measure ran.



## THE POET'S TALE.

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,  
League after league of harvests, to the foot  
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach  
A mighty army, thronging all the roads  
That led into the city. And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth  
As hostage at the court of France, and knew  
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charle-  
magne  
Among that host?" And Olger answered:  
"No."

And still the innumerable multitude  
Flowed onward and increased, until the King  
Cried in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne  
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"  
And Olger answered slowly: "No; not yet;  
He will not come so soon." Then much dis-  
turbed  
King Desiderio asked: "What shall we do,  
If he approach with a still greater army?"  
And Olger answered: "When he shall ap-  
pear,  
You will behold what manner of man he is;  
But what will then befall us I know not."



Then came the guard that never knew repose,  
The Paladins of France; and at the sight  
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror  
cried:

"This must be Charlemagne!" and as before

Did Olger answer: "No; not yet, not yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete  
The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests  
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts;  
And Desiderio could no more endure  
The light of day, nor yet encounter death,  
But sobbed aloud and said; "Let us go  
down

And hide us in the bosom of the earth,  
Far from the sight and anger of a foe  
So terrible as this!" And Olger said:

"When you behold the harvests in the fields  
Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino  
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,  
Then may you know that Charlemagne is  
come."

And even as he spake, in the northwest,  
Lo! there uprose a black and threatening  
cloud,

Out of whose bosom flashed the light of  
arms

Upon the people pent up in the city;  
A light more terrible than any darkness,  
And Charlemagne appeared; — a Man of  
Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves  
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves  
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.  
In his left hand he held an iron spear,  
In his right hand his sword invincible.  
The horse he rode on had the strength of  
iron,

And color of iron. All who went before him,  
Beside him and behind him, his whole host,  
Were armed with iron, and their hearts  
within them

Were stronger than the armor that they  
wore.

The fields and all the roads were filled with  
iron,

And points of iron glistened in the sun  
And shed a terror through the city streets.  
This at a single glance Olger the Dane  
Saw from the tower, and turning to the king  
Exclaimed in haste: "Behold! this is the  
man

You looked for with such eagerness!" and  
then

Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

#### INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,  
That drew, the Student said, its pith  
And marrow from the ancient myth  
Of some one with an iron flail;  
Or that portentous Man of Brass  
Hephæstus made in days of yore,  
Who stalked about the Cretan shore,  
And saw the ships appear and pass,  
And threw stones at the Argonauts,  
Being filled with indiscriminate ire  
That tangled and perplexed his thoughts;  
But, like a hospitable host,  
When strangers landed on the coast,  
Heated himself red-hot with fire,  
And hugged them in his arms, and  
pressed  
Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered: "No, not thus  
The legend rose; it sprang at first  
Out of the hunger and the thirst  
In all men for the marvellous.  
And thus it filled and satisfied  
The imagination of mankind,  
And this ideal to the mind  
Was truer than historic fact.  
Fancy enlarged and multiplied  
The terrors of the awful name  
Of Charlemagne, till he became  
Armipotent in every act,  
And, clothed in mystery, appeared  
Not what men saw, but what they feared.

"Besides, unless my memory fail,  
Your some one with an iron flail

Is not an ancient myth at all,  
 But comes much later on the scene  
 As Talus in the 'Faerie Queene,'  
 The iron groom of Artegall,  
 Who threshed out falsehood and deceit,  
 And truth upheld, and righted wrong,  
 And was, as is the swallow, fleet,  
 And as the lion is, was strong."

The Theologian said: "Perchance  
 Your chronicler in writing this  
 Had in his mind the 'Anabasis,'  
 Where Xenophon describes the advance  
 Of Artaxerxes to the fight;  
 At first the low gray cloud of dust,  
 And then a blackness o'er the fields  
 As of a passing thunder-gust,

Then flash of brazen armor bright,  
 And ranks of men, and spears up-thrust,  
 Bowmen and troops with wicker shields,  
 And cavalry equipped in white,  
 And chariots ranged in front of these  
 With scythes upon their axle-trees.

To this the Student answered: "Well,  
 I also have a tale to tell  
 Of Charlemagne; a tale that throws  
 A softer light, more tinged with rose,  
 Than your grim apparition cast  
 Upon the darkness of the past.  
 Listen, and hear in English rhyme  
 What the good Monk of Lauresheim  
 Gives as the gossip of his time,  
 In mediæval Latin prose."

### THE STUDENT'S TALE.

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charle-  
 magne,  
 In the free schools of Aix, how kings should  
 reign,  
 And with them taught the children of the  
 poor  
 How subjects should be patient and en-  
 dure,  
 He touched the lips of some, as best befitted,  
 With honey from the hives of Holy Writ;  
 Others intoxicated with the wine  
 Of ancient history, sweet but less divine;  
 Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar  
 fed;  
 Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead,  
 That hang suspended in the vaulted sky  
 Like lamps in some fair palace vast and  
 high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see  
 That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,  
 With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,  
 And mingled love and reverence in his look,  
 Or hear the cloister and the court repeat  
 The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet,  
 Or watch him with the pupils of his school,  
 Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place,  
 Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,  
 Whose face was bright with flashes that  
 forerun  
 The splendors of a yet unrisen sun.  
 To him all things were possible, and seemed  
 Not what he had accomplished, but had  
 dreamed,  
 And what were tasks to others were his play,  
 The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,  
 With many a shrug and shaking of the head,  
 Surely some demon must possess the lad,  
 Who showed more wit than ever school-boy  
 had,  
 And learned his Trivium thus without the  
 rod;  
 But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device,  
 Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice;  
 Science of Numbers, Geometric art,  
 And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart;  
 A Minnesinger, long before the times  
 Of those who sang their love in Suabian  
 rhymes.



The Emperor, when he heard this good report  
 Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,  
 Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be  
 Purposely sent into the world for me;  
 He shall become my scribe, and shall be  
     schooled  
 In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."  
 Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain  
 To honor in the court of Charlemagne;  
 Became the sovereign's favorite, his right hand,

So that his fame was great in all the land,  
 And all men loved him for his modest grace  
 And comeliness of figure and of face.  
 An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,  
 A man of books, yet sacred from abuse  
 Among the armed knights with spur on heel,  
 The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;  
 And as the Emperor promised he was schooled  
 In all the arts by which the world is ruled.  
 But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,  
 The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.



Home from her convent to the palace came  
 The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet  
     name,  
 Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,  
 Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.  
 He saw her from his window, as in state  
 She came, by knights attended through the  
     gate;  
 He saw her at the banquet of that day,  
 Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;

He saw her in the garden, as she strayed  
 Among the flowers of summer with her maid,  
 And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose  
 The meaning and the mystery of the rose;"  
 And trembling he made answer: "In good  
     sooth,  
 Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs  
 By which one heart another heart divines?

How can I tell the many thousand ways  
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!  
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,  
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds  
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,  
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks  
But for this clerk, this man of thought and  
books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the  
stalks  
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;  
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,  
Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led,  
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold  
Into the lap of Danae of old;  
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,  
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.  
No more the garden lessons, nor the dark  
And hurried meetings in the twilight park;  
But now the studious lamp, and the delights  
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,  
And watching from his window hour by hour  
The light that burned in Princess Emma's  
tower.

At length one night, while musing by the  
fire,  
O'ercome at last by his insane desire, —  
For what will reckless love not do and dare?  
He crossed the court, and climbed the wind-  
ing stair,  
With some feigned message in the Emperor's  
name;  
But when he to the lady's presence came  
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid  
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,  
And whispered in his ear: "Arise, Sir Knight,  
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,  
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,  
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,  
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.  
And then they parted; but at parting, lo!  
They saw the palace courtyard white with  
snow,

And, placid as a nun, the moon on high  
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.  
"Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line  
Of footprints leading from thy door to  
mine,  
And none returning!" Ah, he little knew  
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can  
do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the  
cares  
And troubles that attend on state affairs,  
Had risen before the dawn, and musing  
gazed  
Into the silent night, as one amazed  
To see the calm that reigned o'er all su-  
preme,  
When his own reign was but a troubled  
dream.  
The moon lit up the gables capped with  
snow,  
And the white roofs, and half the court  
below,  
And he beheld a form, that seemed to  
cower  
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's  
tower, —  
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore  
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,  
And then returned in haste, but still es-  
sayed  
To tread the footprints she herself had  
made;  
And as she passed across the lighted space,  
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's  
face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,  
But seemed as one who hath been turned  
to stone;  
And stood there like a statue, nor awoke  
Out of his trance of pain, till morning  
broke,  
Till the stars faded, and the moon went  
down,  
And o'er the towers and steeples of the  
town  
Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who  
took

The empire of the world with sovereign look,  
 Suffusing with a soft and golden glow  
 All the dead landscape in its shroud of  
     snow,  
 Touching with flame the tapering chapel  
     spires,  
 Windows and roofs, and smoke of household  
     fires,  
 And kindling park and palace as he came;  
 The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in  
     flame.  
 And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,  
 Demure and modest with his comely beard  
 And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,  
 As was his wont, the day's appointed task.  
 The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,  
 And gently said: "My son, wait yet awhile;  
 This hour my council meets upon some great  
 And very urgent business of the state.  
 Come back within the hour. On thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt thou  
     learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,  
 He summoned straight his council, and secure  
 And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne  
 All the adventure of the night made known;  
 Then asked for sentence; and with eager  
     breath

Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not  
     mine;

Life is the gift of God, and is divine;  
 Nor from these palace walls shall one depart  
 Who carries such a secret in his heart;  
 My better judgment points another way.  
 Good Alcuin, I remember how one day  
 When my Pepino asked you, 'What are  
     men?'

You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,



'Guests of the grave and travellers that  
pass!'

This being true of all men, we, alas!  
Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,  
Let us be merciful as well as just;  
This passing traveller, who hath stolen away  
The brightest jewel of my crown to-day,  
Shall of himself the precious gem restore;  
By giving it, I make it mine once more.  
Over those fatal footprints I will throw  
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,  
And entered, and in presence of them all,  
The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to  
me

Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,  
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and  
thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate appeal,  
While I have been forgetful to requite

Thy service and affection as was right.  
But now the hour is come, when I, thy  
Lord,  
Will crown thy love with such supreme  
reward,  
A gift so precious kings have striven in  
vain  
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber  
wide,

And Princess Emma entered, in the pride  
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame  
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.  
And the good Emperor rose up from his  
throne,

And taking her white hand within his own  
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,  
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won;  
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

#### INTERLUDE.

THUS ran the Student's pleasant rhyme  
Of Eginhard and love and youth;  
Some doubted its historic truth,  
But while they doubted, ne'ertheless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim.

This they discussed in various mood;  
Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound  
As of a bowstring snapped in air;  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and found  
His dear, his darling violin  
Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again;  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair! two strings were broken in twain.

While all lamented and made moan,  
With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have heard  
Sweeter than they had heard before,  
They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire!  
He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned wood,  
To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared with rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they said,  
Missing, but whither had he fled?  
Where had he hidden himself away?  
No farther than the barn or shed;  
He had not hidden himself, nor fled;  
How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay,  
Or mending harness, cart, or sled?  
Now, having come, he needs must stay  
And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only: "These  
 Are logs from the dead apple-trees  
 Of the old orchard planted here  
 By the first Howe of Sudbury.  
 Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
 A flame, or burns so quietly,  
 Or leaves an ash so clean and white;"  
 Thinking by this to put aside  
 The impending tale that terrified;  
 When suddenly, to his delight,  
 The Theologian interposed,  
 Saying that when the door was closed,  
 And they had stopped that draft of cold,  
 Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
 To tell a tale world-wide apart  
 From that the student had just told;  
 World-wide apart, and yet akin,  
 As showing that the human heart  
 Beats on forever as of old,  
 As well beneath the snow-white fold  
 Of Quaker kerchief, as within  
 Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
 And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock struck eight,  
 Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
 Slow measuring out the march of time,  
 Like some grave Consul of Old Rome  
 In Jupiter's temple driving home  
 The nails that marked the year and date.  
 Thus interrupted in his rhyme,  
 The Theologian needs must wait;  
 But quoted Horace, where he sings  
 The dire Necessity of things,  
 That drives into the roofs sublime  
 Of new-built houses of the great  
 The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
 To herald from its wooden tower  
 The important transit of the hour,  
 The Theologian hastened on,  
 Content to be allowed at last  
 To sing his Idyl of the Past.



## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

ELIZABETH.

I.

"Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!  
 In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest  
 Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,  
 Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;  
 Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,  
 As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,  
 By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape  
 White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,  
 By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.  
 Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing  
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid :  
"Beautiful winter ! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,  
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.  
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it



Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,  
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going ;  
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.  
There is snow in the air, and see ! it is falling already ;  
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,  
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen ; and then, too,  
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day ?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving :  
"Surely the Lord will provide ; for unto the snow He sayeth,  
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth ; He is it  
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost."  
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,  
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there  
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter  
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,  
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,  
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,  
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo ! Joseph is long on his errand.  
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing  
For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph ;  
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid  
 Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was silent,  
 While her mistress went on: "The house is far from the village;  
 We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing  
 Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:  
 "Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;  
 Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons  
 In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,  
 Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:  
 "All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;  
 I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people  
 Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.  
 His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them  
 Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.  
 Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;  
 Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,  
 Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others  
 Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;  
 And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:  
 "Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,  
 When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,  
 Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?  
 No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,  
 Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,  
 Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind  
 Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.  
 Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,  
 Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me  
 That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

## II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,  
 First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,  
 Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,  
 Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.  
 Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,  
 And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,  
 "It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern  
 Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,  
 And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
 Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow

Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
 And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.  
 Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.  
 Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air ;  
 And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,  
 As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
 And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,  
 Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."  
 And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior,  
 "Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many  
 Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.  
 Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.  
 For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence  
 On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,  
 Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
 Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,  
 How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
 Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
 Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.  
 So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,  
 And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,  
 How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
 Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.  
 And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
 And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
 Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely  
 Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
 "Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee  
 Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and Joseph  
 Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,  
 Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper ;  
 For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,  
 But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,  
 Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,  
 Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,  
 Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty  
 All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter !  
 Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,  
 Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,  
 Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood ;  
 How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments  
 Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings





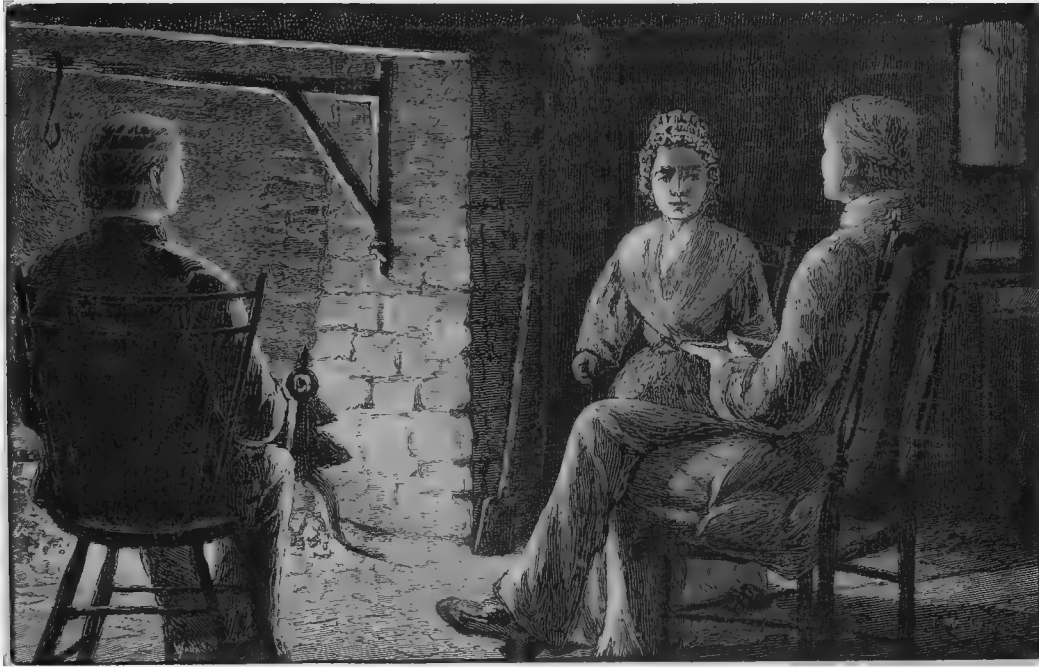




ARTIST: T. W. WOOD.

"And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,  
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence."  
*Elizabeth, in Tales of a Wayside Inn.*





Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,  
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people  
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely  
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed  
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid  
Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.  
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The maiden  
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward."  
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal  
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man  
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken!  
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.  
But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,  
Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,  
Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway  
Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed,  
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,  
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them  
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,  
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

## III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast  
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely  
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,  
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.  
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.



Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,  
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighboring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting  
 Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey  
 Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;  
 Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,  
 And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.  
 But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning  
 Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:  
 "Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,  
 Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;  
 Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."  
 And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.  
 It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;  
 It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,  
 As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:  
 "I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;  
 I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken,  
 "Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;  
 Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,  
 Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.  
 But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.  
 When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed  
 He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness  
 Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,  
 "So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.  
 It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow  
 Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not  
 When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,  
 Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me."  
 And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

## IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
 Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
 So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,  
 Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.  
 Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things  
 Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,  
 Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid  
 Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,  
 Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,  
 And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behavior,  
 For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,

Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor.  
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!  
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!  
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,  
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.  
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,  
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;  
For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay;" and then added:  
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

#### INTERLUDE.

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"  
The Student said, "though somewhat pale  
And quiet in its coloring,  
As if it caught its tone and air  
From the gray suits that Quakers wear;  
Yet worthy of some German bard,  
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,  
Who love of humble themes to sing,  
In humble verse; but no more true  
Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,  
And with some warmth, "That I deny;  
'Tis no invention of my own,  
But something well and widely known  
To readers of a riper age,  
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote  
The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
And Philothea's classic page.  
I found it like a waif afloat,  
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,  
On the swift tides that ebb and flow  
In daily papers, and at flood  
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,

But later, when the ebb is low,  
Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew;  
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies,  
Sayeth some proverb old and wise;  
And Love is master of all arts,  
And puts it into human hearts  
The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed  
Abruptly, ere 't was well begun;  
For the Sicilian interposed  
With, "Lordlings, listen, every one  
That listen may, unto a tale  
That's merrier than the nightingale;  
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
A single rag or shred of truth;  
That does not leave the mind in doubt  
As to the with it or without;  
A naked falsehood and absurd  
As mortal ever told or heard.  
Therefore I tell it; or, maybe,  
Simply because it pleases me."





## THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

## THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,  
 In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars  
 Wended their weary way with footsteps slow  
 Back to their convent, whose white walls  
 and spires  
 Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of  
 snow ;  
 Covered with dust they were, and torn  
 by briars,  
 And bore like sumpter-mules upon their  
 backs  
 The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare  
 And silent man, with pallid cheeks and  
 thin,  
 Much given to vigils, penance, fasting,  
 prayer,  
 Solemn and gray, and worn with disci-  
 pline,  
 As if his body but white ashes were,  
 Heaped on the living coals that glowed  
 within ;  
 A simple monk, like many of his day,  
 Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy,  
 Of larger mould and of a coarser paste ;  
 A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,  
 Broad in the shoulders, broader in the  
 waist,

Who often filled the dull refectory  
 With noise by which the convent was  
 disgraced,  
 But to the mass-book gave but little heed,  
 By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a  
 wood,

They saw, with mingled pleasure and  
 surprise,  
 Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood  
 Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.  
 The farmer Gilbert of that neighborhood  
 His owner was, who, looking for supplies  
 Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,  
 Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
 The patient animal, he said : " Good-lack !  
 Thus for our needs doth Providence pro-  
 vide ;

We'll lay our wallets on the creature's  
 back."

This being done, he leisurely untied  
 From head and neck the halter of the  
 jack,

And put it round his own, and to the tree  
 Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,  
 He cried to Brother Anthony : " Away !  
 And drive the ass before you with your  
 staff ;

And when you reach the convent you  
 may say  
 You left me at a farm, half tired and half  
 Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
 And that the farmer lent this ass to bear  
 Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare."

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks  
 Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade  
 Or reason with him on his quirks and  
 cranks,

But, being obedient, silently obeyed ;  
 And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,  
 Drove him before him over hill and glade,  
 Safe with his provend to the convent gate,  
 Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,  
 Forth issued from the wood, and stood  
 aghast

To see the ponderous body of the friar  
 Standing where he had left his donkey  
 last.

Trembling he stood, and dared not venture  
 nigher,

But stared, and gaped, and crossed him-  
 self full fast ;

For, being credulous and of little wit,  
 He thought it was some demon from the  
 pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he  
 gazed,

And dropped his load of fagots on the  
 ground,

Quoth Brother Timothy : " Be not amazed  
 That where you left a donkey should be  
 found

A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and  
 crazed,

Standing demure and with a halter  
 bound ;

But set me free, and hear the piteous story  
 Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

" I am a sinful man, although you see  
 I wear the consecrated cowl and cape ;  
 You never owned an ass, but you owned me,  
 Changed and transformed from my own  
 natural shape

All for the deadly sin of gluttony,  
 From which I could not otherwise escape,  
 Than by this penance, dieting on grass,  
 And being worked and beaten as an ass.

" Think of the ignominy I endured ;  
 Think of the miserable life I led,  
 The toil and blows to which I was inured,  
 My wretched lodging in a windy shed,  
 My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,

The damp and musty straw that formed  
my bed!  
But, having done this penance for my sins,  
My life as man and monk again begins."

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like  
these,  
Was conscience-stricken, and fell down  
apace  
Before the friar upon his bended knees,  
And with a suppliant voice implored his  
grace;  
And the good monk, now very much at  
ease,  
Granted him pardon with a smiling face,  
Nor could refuse to be that night his  
guest,  
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive thrives,  
With figures painted on its whitewashed  
walls,  
The cottage stood; and near the humming  
hives  
Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls;  
A place where those who love secluded lives  
Might live content, and, free from noise  
and brawls,  
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here  
Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content,  
They found his children, and the buxom  
wench  
His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent  
With years and labor, seated on a bench,  
Repeating over some obscure event



In the old wars of Milanese and French;  
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense  
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come  
to pass,

How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,  
Good Brother Timothy had been their ass,

You should have seen the wonder in  
their eyes;  
You should have heard them cry "Alas!  
alas!"

Have heard their lamentations and their  
sighs!

For all believed the story, and began  
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand  
 repast,  
 To satisfy the craving of the friar  
 After so rigid and prolonged a fast;  
 The bustling housewife stirred the kitchen  
 fire;  
 Then her two barn-yard fowls, her best and  
 last  
 Were put to death, at her express desire,  
 And served up with a salad in a bowl,  
 And flasks of country wine to crown the  
 whole.

It would not be believed should I repeat  
 How hungry Brother Timothy appeared;  
 It was a pleasure but to see him eat,  
 His white teeth flashing through his  
 russet beard,  
 His face aglow and flushed with wine and  
 meat,  
 His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed  
 and leered!  
 Lord! how he drank the blood-red country  
 wine  
 As if the village vintage were divine!

And all the while he talked without sur-  
 cease,  
 And told his merry tales with jovial glee  
 That never flagged, but rather did increase,  
 And laughed aloud as if insane were he,  
 And wagged his red beard, matted like a  
 fleece,  
 And cast such glances at Dame Cicely  
 That Gilbert now grew angry with his  
 guest,  
 And thus in words his rising wrath ex-  
 pressed.

“Good father,” said he, “easily we see  
 How needful in some persons, and how  
 right,  
 Mortification of the flesh may be.  
 The indulgence you have given it to-  
 night,  
 After long penance, clearly proves to me  
 Your strength against temptation is but  
 slight,  
 And shows the dreadful peril you are in  
 Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

“To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,  
 Go back unto your convent, nor refrain  
 From fasting and from scourging, for you  
 run  
 Great danger to become an ass again,  
 Since monkish flesh and asinine are one;  
 Therefore be wise, nor longer here re-  
 main,  
 Unless you wish the scourge should be ap-  
 plied  
 By other hands, that will not spare your  
 hide.”

When this the monk had heard, his color  
 fled  
 And then returned, like lightning in the  
 air,  
 Till he was all one blush from foot to  
 head,  
 And even the bald spot in his russet  
 hair  
 Turned from its usual pallor to bright red!  
 The old man was asleep upon his chair.  
 Then all retired, and sank into the deep  
 And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day drew  
 near,  
 Till the cock should have crowed, but  
 did not crow,  
 For they had slain the shining chanticleer  
 And eaten him for supper, as you know.  
 The monk was up betimes and of good  
 cheer,  
 And, having breakfasted, made haste to  
 go,  
 As if he heard the distant matin bell,  
 And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath of  
 kine;  
 Odors of herbs commingled with the  
 sweet  
 Balsamic exhalations of the pine;  
 A haze was in the air presaging heat;  
 Uprose the sun above the Apennine,  
 And all the misty valleys at its feet  
 Were full of the delirious song of birds,  
 Voices of men, and bells, and low of  
 herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was naught ;  
 He did not care for scenery, nor here  
 His busy fancy found the thing it sought ;  
 But when he saw the convent walls appear,  
     pear,  
 And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward  
     caught  
 And whirled aloft into the atmosphere,  
 He quickened his slow footsteps, like a  
     beast  
 That scents the stable a league off at least.

And as he entered through the convent gate  
 He saw there in the court the ass, who  
     stood  
 Twirling his ears about, and seemed to  
     wait,  
 Just as he found him waiting in the  
     wood ;  
 And told the Prior that, to alleviate  
 The daily labors of the brotherhood,  
 The owner, being a man of means and  
     thrift,  
 Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many days  
 Revolved this serious matter in his mind  
 And turned it over many different ways,  
     Hoping that some safe issue he might  
     find ;  
 But stood in fear of what the world would  
     say,  
 If he accepted presents of this kind,  
 Employing beasts of burden for the packs,  
 That lazy monks should carry on their  
     backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,  
 And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed  
 That he would cut the tedious matter short,  
 And sell the ass with all convenient  
     speed,  
 Thus saving the expense of his support,  
 And hoarding something for a time of  
     need.  
 So he despatched him to the neighboring  
     Fair,  
 And freed himself from cumber and from  
     care.



It happened now by chance, as some might say,

Others perhaps would call it destiny,  
Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,  
And nearer came, and saw that it was he,

And whispered in his ear, "Ah, lackaday!

Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,  
Has changed you back into an ass again,  
And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,  
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,

As if he were not pleased these words to hear,

And contradicted all that had been said.  
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,

"I know you well; your hair is russet-red;

Do not deny it; for you are the same  
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,

Was obstinate, and shook his head again;  
Until a crowd was gathered round about  
To hear this dialogue between the twain;  
And raised their voices in a noisy shout

When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long

With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

"If this be Brother Timothy," they cried,

"Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;

Thou canst not do too much for one so tried

As to be twice transformed into an ass."

So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied

His halter, and o'er mountain and morass  
He led him homeward, talking as he went  
Of good behavior and a mind content.



The children saw them coming, and advanced,  
 Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck, —  
 Not Gilbert's, but the ass's, — round him danced,  
 And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck  
 His sacred person; for again it chanced  
 Their childish feelings, without rein or check,  
 Could not discriminate in any way  
 A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

“O Brother Timothy,” the children said,  
 “You have come back to us just as before;  
 We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,  
 And we should never see you any more.”  
 And then they kissed the white star on his head,  
 That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,  
 And patted him upon the neck and face,  
 And said a thousand things with childish grace.

Thenceforward and forever he was known  
 As Brother Timothy, and led away  
 A life of luxury, till he had grown  
 Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,  
 And very vicious. Then in angry tone,  
 Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day,

“When simple kindness is misunderstood  
 A little flagellation may do good.”

His many vices need not here be told;  
 Among them was a habit that he had  
 Of flinging up his heels at young and old,  
 Breaking his halter, running off like mad  
 O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold,  
 And other misdemeanors quite as bad;  
 But worst of all was breaking from his shed  
 At night, and ravaging the cabbage-bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more  
 To his old life of labor and distress;  
 Was beaten worse than he had been before;  
 And now, instead of comfort and caress,  
 Came labors manifold and trials sore;  
 And as his toils increased his food grew less,  
 Until at last the great consoler, Death,  
 Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died;  
 And mainly that he died impenitent;  
 Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried,  
 The old man still remembered the event  
 In the French war, and Gilbert magnified  
 His many virtues, as he came and went,  
 And said: “Heaven pardon Brother Timothy,  
 And keep us from the sin of gluttony.”

#### INTERLUDE.

“SIGNOR LUIGI,” said the Jew,  
 When the Sicilian's tale was told,  
 “The were-wolf is a legend old,  
 But the were-ass is something new,  
 And yet for one I think it true.  
 The days of wonder have not ceased;  
 If there are beasts in forms of men,  
 As sure it happens now and then,  
 Why may not man become a beast,  
 In way of punishment at least?”

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“But this I will not now discuss;  
 I leave the theme, that we may thus  
 Remain within the realm of song.  
 The story that I told before,  
 Though not acceptable to all,  
 At least you did not find too long.  
 I beg you, let me try again,  
 With something in a different vein,  
 Before you bid the curtain fall.

Meanwhile keep watch upon the  
 door,  
 Nor let the landlord leave his chair,  
 Lest he should vanish into air,  
 And so elude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
 A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
 And then, as if it were a clew  
 To lead his footsteps safely through,  
 Began his tale as followeth.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won  
 By King Ladislaus, the Hun,  
 In fire of hell and death's frost,  
 On the day of Pentecost.  
 And in rout before his path  
 From the field of battle red  
 Flee all that are not dead  
 Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night  
 Iskander, the pride and boast  
 Of that mighty Othman host,  
 With his routed Turks, takes flight  
 From the battle fought and lost  
 On the day of Pentecost ;  
 Leaving behind him dead  
 The army of Amurath,  
 The vanguard as it led,  
 The rearguard as it fled,  
 Mown down in the bloody swath  
 Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
 Nor for Baron or Voivode,  
 As on through the night he rode  
 And gazed at the fateful stars,  
 That were shining overhead ;  
 But smote his steed with his staff,  
 And smiled to himself, and said :  
 "This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,  
 In a halt of the hurrying flight,  
 There came a Scribe of the King  
 Wearing his signet ring,  
 And said in a voice severe :  
 "This is the first dark blot

On thy name, George Castriot !  
 Alas ! why art thou here,  
 And the army of Amurath slain,  
 And left on the battle plain ?"

And Iskander answered and said :  
 "They lie on the bloody sod  
 By the hoofs of horses trod ;  
 But this was the decree  
 Of the watchers overhead ;  
 For the war belongeth to God,  
 And in battle who are we,  
 Who are we, that shall withstand  
 The wind of his lifted hand ?"

Then he bade them bind with chains  
 This man of books and brains ;  
 And the Scribe said : "What misdeed  
 Have I done, that, without need,  
 Thou doest to me this thing ?"  
 And Iskander answering  
 Said unto him ! "Not one  
 Misdeed to me hast thou done ;  
 But for fear that thou shouldst run  
 And hide thyself from me,  
 Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
 And a blessing be on thy tribe !  
 A writing sealed with thy ring,  
 To King Amurath's Pasha  
 In the city of Croia,  
 The city moated and walled,  
 That he surrender the same  
 In the name of my master, the King ;  
 For what is writ in his name  
 Can never be recalled."





And the Scribe bowed low in dread,  
And unto Iskander said !

“Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust ;  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King ?”

Then swift as the shooting star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander’s scimitar  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered : “ Write ! ”  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :  
“ Now follow whither I ride,  
For here thou must not stay.  
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,  
And honors without end  
Shall surround thee on every side,  
And attend thee night and day.”  
But the sullen Scribe replied :

“ Our pathways here divide ;  
Mine leadeth not thy way.”

And even as he spoke  
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,  
When no one else was near ;  
And the Scribe sank to the ground,  
As a stone, pushed from the brink  
Of a black pool, might sink  
With a sob and disappear ;  
And no one saw the deed ;  
And in the stillness around  
No sound was heard but the sound  
Of the hoofs of Iskander’s steed,  
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,  
With scarce three hundred men,  
Through river and forest and fen,  
O’er the mountains of Argentar ;  
And his heart was merry within,  
When he crossed the river Drin,  
And saw in the gleam of the morn  
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
The city Croia called,  
The city moated and walled,  
The city where he was born, —  
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van  
 On their silver bugles blew,  
 And in crowds about him ran  
 Albanian and Turkoman,  
 That the sound together drew.  
 And he feasted with his friends,  
 And when they were warm with wine,  
 He said: "O friends of mine,  
 Behold what fortune sends,  
 And what the fates design!  
 King Amurath commands  
 That my father's wide domain,  
 This city and all its lands,  
 Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White  
 He rode in regal state,  
 And entered in at the gate  
 In all his arms bedight,  
 And gave to the Pasha  
 Who ruled in Croia  
 The writing of the King,  
 Sealed with his signet ring.  
 And the Pasha bowed his head,  
 And after a silence said:  
 "Allah is just and great!  
 I yield to the will divine,  
 The city and lands are thine;  
 Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls  
 The crescent banner falls,  
 And the crowd beholds instead,  
 Like a portent in the sky,  
 Iskander's banner fly,  
 The Black Eagle with double head;  
 And a shout ascends on high,  
 For men's souls are tired of the Turks,  
 And their wicked ways and works,  
 That have made of Ak-Hissar  
 A city of the plague;  
 And the loud, exultant cry  
 That echoes wide and far  
 Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came  
 Once more unto his own;  
 And the tidings, like the flame  
 Of a conflagration blown  
 By the winds of summer, ran,  
 Till the land was in a blaze,  
 And the cities far and near,  
 Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,  
 In his Book of the Words of the Days,  
 "Were taken as a man  
 Would take the tip of his ear."





















